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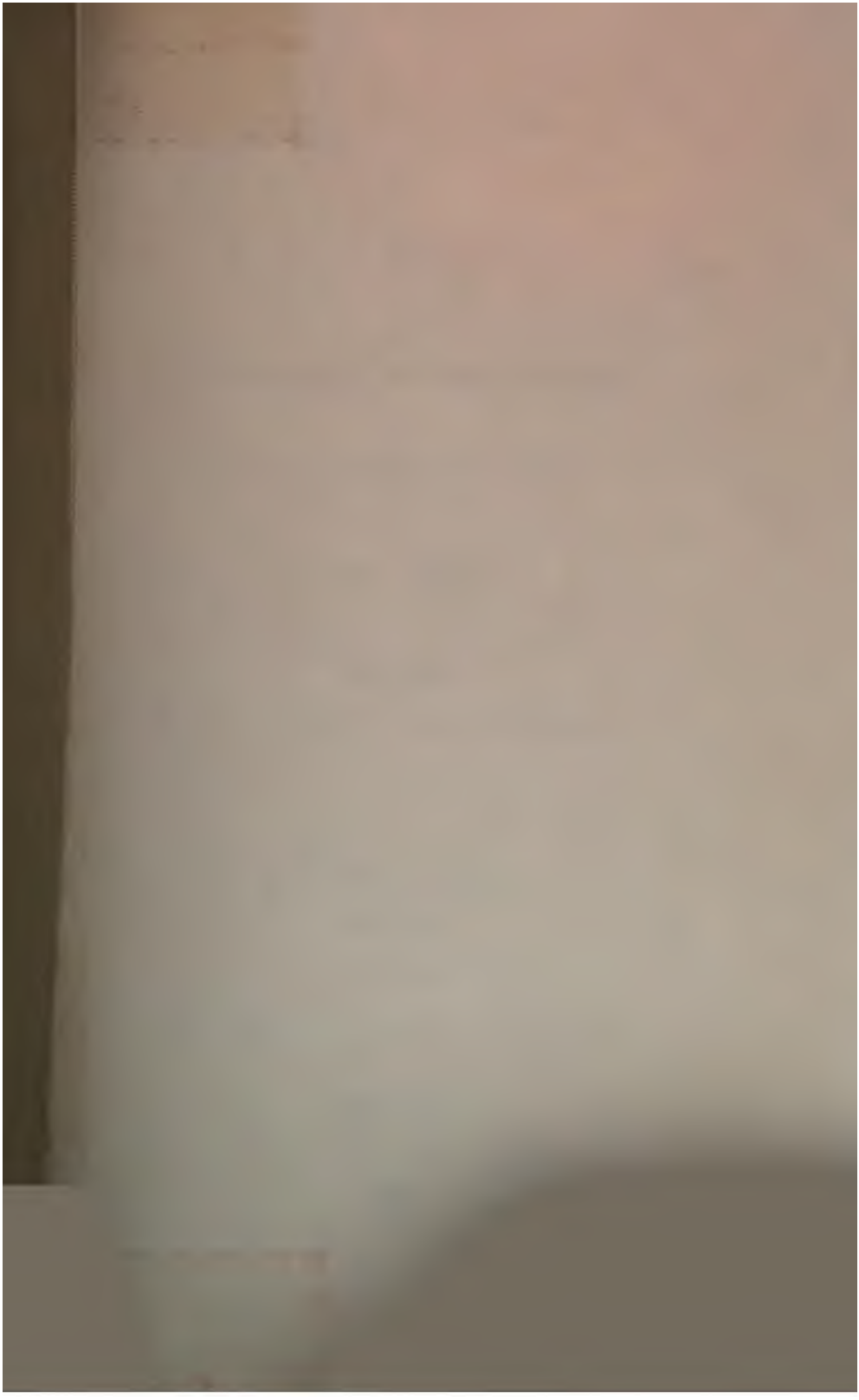

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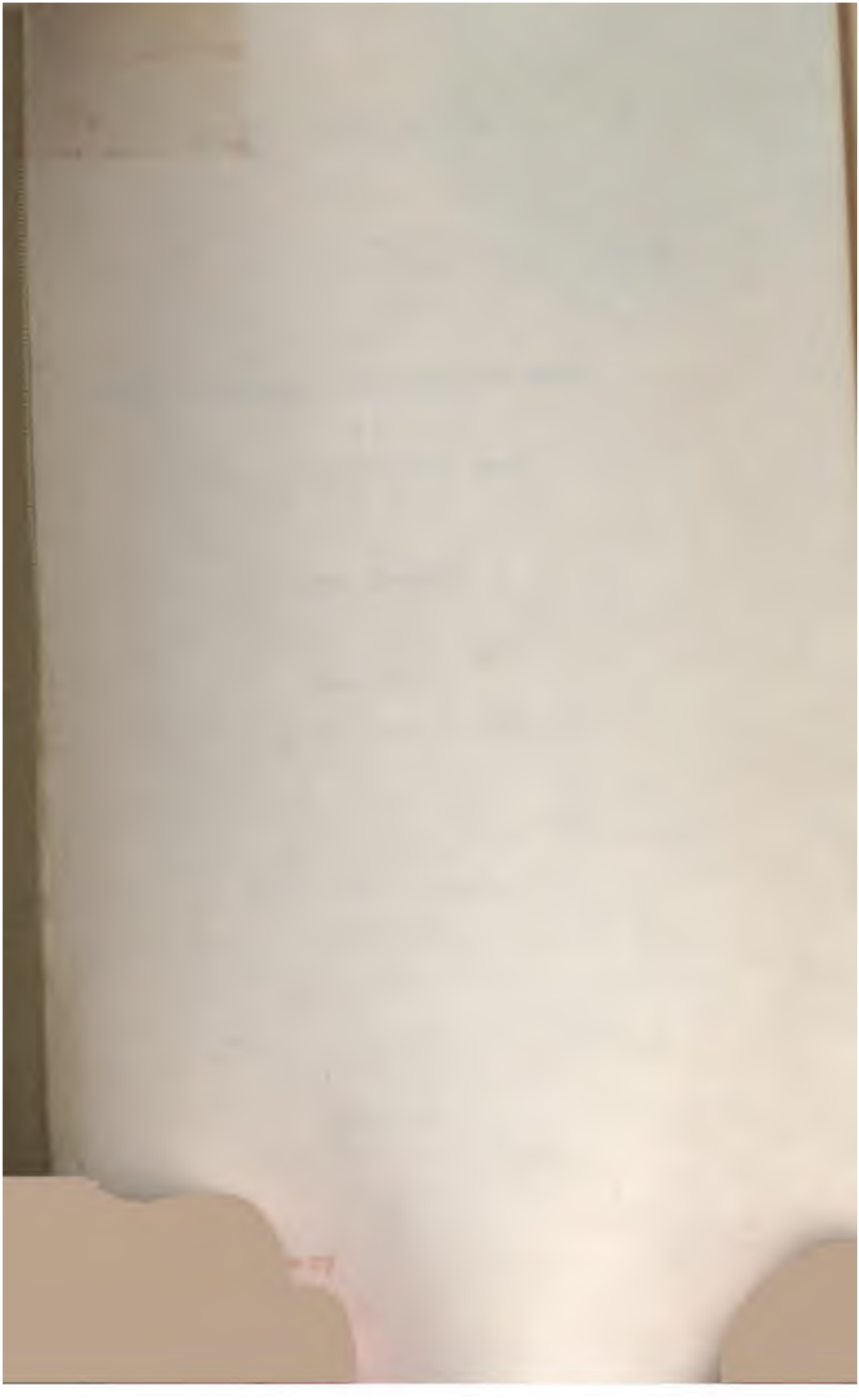

THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on his Life and Genius

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

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THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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THE

FATHERS;

OR,

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

A COMEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Comedy now published, was written by the late HENRY FIELDING some years before his death. The Author had shown it to his friend Mr. Garrick; and entertaining a high esteem for the taste and critical discernment of Sir Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuscript to Sir Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Russia, Sir Charles had not leisure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the Envoy into Russia, or was left behind, that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the embassy, we cannot determine. Sir Charles died in Russia, and the manuscript was lost.

AS MR. FIELDING has often mentioned this affair, many enquiries were made, after his decease, of several branches of Sir Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the comedy.

About two years ago, Thomas Johnes, Esq., member for Cardigan, received from a young friend, as a present, *a tattered manuscript play*, bearing indeed some tokens of *antiquity*, else the present had been of little worth, since the young gentleman assured Mr. Johnes, that it was 'a damn'd thing!'—Notwithstanding this unpromising character, Mr. Johnes took the dramatic foundling to his protection with much kindness; read it; determined to obtain Mr. Garrick's opinion of it; and for that purpose sent to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk-street,

who waited upon Mr. Garrick with the manuscript, and asked him, if he knew whether the late Sir Charles Williams had ever written a play?—Mr. Garrick cast his eye upon it—'The lost sheep is found!—This is Harry 'Fielding's Comedy!' cried Mr. Garrick, in a manner that evinced the most friendly regard for the memory of the Author.

This recognition of the play was no sooner communicated to Mr. Johnes, than he, with the most amiable politeness, restored his foundling to the family of Mr. FIELDING.

Two gentlemen, of the most distinguished dramatic talents of the age, have shewn the kindest attention to the fragment thus recovered. To the very liberal and friendly assistance of Mr. Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applause with which the Public have received the

FATHERS;

OR,

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF

THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

AND

MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE KING.

MY LORD,

THE Author of this Play was an upright, useful and distinguished magistrate for the County of Middlesex; and by his publications laid the foundation of many wholesome laws for the support of good order and subordination in this metropolis, the effects of which have been, and now are, forcibly felt by the Public. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining. His genius, so universally admired, has afforded delight and instruction to thousands. The memory of such a man calls for respect; and to have that respect shewn him by the great and praiseworthy, must do him the highest honour.

Under these circumstances this little orphan posthumous work, replete with humour and sound sense, looks up to your Grace for protection, as a nobleman who makes rank and affluence answer the great purposes of displaying true dignity and beneficence. Thus adorned by

accomplishments, and enriched by manly sentiments, it is the interest of society to join with me in the warmest wishes for the continuance of your Grace's health, and of all those powers so liberally and so constantly exerted by your Grace for the good of mankind.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

Respectful and

Obedient Servant,

JOHN FIELDING.

Brompton Place

PROLOGUE:

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK, SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet not content, the Public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living, was neglected,
And when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior, we his spirit raise:
From time's dark store-house, bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the Author? need I name the wit,
Whom nature prompted, as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye:
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair,
For and against the Author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm—
Brave, gen'rous Britons, shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it, should it not succeed,
Though with my Sophy blest—my heart will bleed
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear;
Courage, my master, Partridge cries, don't fear:
Should Envy's serpent hiss, or malice frown,
Though I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down:

Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read:
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart gilding,
He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING;
Right, Thwackum roars—no mercy, Sirs, I pray—
Scourge the dead Author, thro' his orphan play.
What words! (cries Parson Adams), fie, fie, disown 'em,
Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum:*
If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere 'em—
And thus they preach, the Devil alone shall hear 'em.
Now Slipslop enters—tho' this scriv'ning vagrant,
Salted my virtue, which was ever flagrant,
Yet, like black 'Thello, I'd bear scorns and whips,
Slip into poverty to the very hips,
T' exult this play—may it decrease in favour;
And be its fame immoraliz'd for ever!
'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,
Tall, yo!—Boys!—Yoax—Critics! hunt the fellow!
Damn 'em, these wits are varmint not worth breeding,
What good e'er came of writing and of reading?
Next comes, brim-full of spite and politics,
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks;
Wits are arm'd pow'rs, like France attack the foe;
Negotiate 'till they sleep—then strike the blow!
Allworthy last, pleads to your noblest passions—
Ye gen'rous leaders of the taste and fashions;
Departed genius left his orphan play
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the FATHER'S fond bequest,
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir George Boncour, ...	MR. KING.
Mr. Boncour, ...	MR. BENSLEY
Young Boncour, his Son, ...	MR. WEBSTER.
Old Valence, ...	MR. PARSONS.
Young Valence, his Son, ...	MR. WHITFIELD
Old Kennel, ...	MR. BADDELEY.
Young Kennel, his Son, ...	MR. DODD.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Boncour, ...	MRS. HOPKINS.
Miss Boncour, ...	MISS YOUNGE.
Miss Valence, ...	MRS. BADDELEY.

THE

FATHERS;

OR,

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Parlour in* MR. BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* MRS. BONCOUR.

BONCOUR.

PRAY be pacified——

Mrs. Bonc. It is intolerable, and I will never submit to it.

Bonc. But, my dear!

Mrs. Bonc. Good Mr. Boncour, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it; such fulsome stuff is nauseous to the ears of a woman of strict virtue.

Bonc. I don't doubt your virtue.

Mrs. Bonc. You don't——I am very much oblig'd to you, indeed; nor any one else, I apprehend: I thank Heaven my carriage is such that I dare confront the world.

Bonc. You mistake me, Madam.

Mrs. Bonc. That is as much as to say I have not common understanding; to be sure, I can't comprehend any thing.

Bonc. I should be sorry to think I had given you any reason to be out of humour.

Mrs. Bonc. Then I am in the wrong; a wife is always in the wrong, certainly; it is impossible for a wife to be in the right in any thing.

Bonc. My dear, I never said so.

Mrs. Bonc. That is as much as to say, I don't tell truth: I desire you will treat me with good manners at least; that I think I may expect. A woman of virtue, who brought you a fortune, may expect that.

Bonc. Madam, I esteem you for your virtue, and am grateful to you for your fortune; I should blush if you could upbraid me with lavishing it on my own pleasures, or ever denying you the enjoyment of it.

Mrs. Bonc. How! have I a coach at my command? you keep one, indeed, but I am sure I have no command of it.

Bonc. Indeed you wrong me.

Mrs. Bonc. Why, have you not lent it this very morning without my knowledge?

Bonc. My dear, I thought the chariot would have serv'd.

Mrs. Bonc. How can that serve when I am to take three other ladies with me?

Bonc. Who's there?

Enter SERVANT.

Bid John take the chariot to my cousin, and let the coach attend my wife—I ask your pardon, child; I own I should have told you of it, but business really put it out of my head.

Mrs. Bonc. Well, and suppose I should find but one of the ladies at home, must I drag about a heavy coach all over the town, like an alderman's or a country justice of peace's lady?

Bonc. Nay, since you are so unresolv'd—the promise was not absolute; you shall not be uneasy on any account——Tell the fellow he need not go to my cousin at all—(*Exit* Servant) now, my dear, you may have your choice, and I hope you will be easy.

Mrs. Bonc. Easy! yes; I have a great deal of reason to be easy, truly; now your relations, if they have not the coach will lay the whole blame upon me; sure never was so unfortunate a creature as I am!——no, let them have both, and then they will be satisfied; I dare say I shall find a coach amongst my acquaintance, though you deny me yours. [*Exit.*

Bonc. So! this comes of meddling with matters out of my sphere; but I deserve it, who know her temper so well.

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Brother, good morrow, I hope no accident hath happened, for I met my sister in a violent hurry at the door.

Bonc. No, nothing extraordinary: wives will have their humours, you know.

Sir Geo. Ay, wives who have such husbands.

Bonc. I hope I give her no occasion to be uneasy.

Sir Geo. Indeed you do—You are a very wicked man, brother.

Bonc. How!

Sir Geo. For you have spoilt a very good sort of a woman; you have many an uneasy hour, many a heart-ache, many a sigh, and many a tear to answer for, which you have been the occasion of to my poor sister.

Bonc. I don't remember I ever deny'd her any thing.

Sir Geo. That is the very reason; for what can a poor woman be oblig'd to consult so unsteady as her own inclinations? If you would contradict her a

little, it would prevent her contradicting herself. A man pretends to be a good husband, and yet imposes continually that hard task upon his wife, to know what she has a mind to.

Bonc. Brother, I admit raillery, but I should contemn myself, if I refused any thing to a woman who brought me so immense a fortune, to which my circumstances were so very unequal: I do not think with the world, that I make a woman amends for robbing her of her fortune, by taking her person into the bargain.

Sir Geo. I would not have you rob her; I would only have you keep her from robbing herself. Ah! I should have made an excellent husband, if I could ever have been persuaded to marry.

Bonc. Doubtless your wife would have agreed rarely with this doctrine.

Sir Geo. She must have been a most unreasonable woman else; for I should have desired no more of her than only to do whatever I would have her. I am not that person you would make me appear; for, except a few diversions which I have an antipathy to, such as music, balls, cards, plays, operas, assemblies, visits, and entertainments, I should scarce ever deny her any thing.

Bonc. Your exceptions put me in mind of some general pardons, where every thing is forgiven except crimes.

Sir Geo. I suppose you would have me suffer her to keep an assembly and rendezvous of all such idle people as can't stay at home; that is, have nothing to do any where else.

Bonc. Perhaps I love an assembly no more than you.

Sir Geo. Why do you keep one then?

Bonc. For the same reason that I do many other things not very agreeable to me, to gratify my wife.

Sir Geo. But, brother, pray for what purpose do you think the law gives you a power to restrain her?

Bonc. Brother, the law gives us many powers, which an honest man would scorn to make use of.

Sir Geo. So the advantage you receive from your wife's fortune, is to be her steward, while she lays it out in her own pleasures.

Bonc. And that no inconsiderable one.

Sir Geo. No!

Bonc. No: for the greatest pleasure I can enjoy is that of contributing to hers.

Sir Geo. You are a great deal too good for this world, indeed you are; and really, considering how good you are, you are tolerably lucky; for were I half so good, I should expect, whenever I returned home, to catch my wife in an intrigue; my servants robbing my house; my son married to a chambermaid; and my daughter run away with a footman.

Bonc. These would be ill returns to your goodness.

Sir Geo. That's true; but they are very common ones for all that; and I wish somewhat worse does not happen to your son; for I must tell you, and I am sorry to tell it you, the town talk of him.

Bonc. I hope they can say nothing ill of him.

Sir Geo. Nothing ill of him! they say every thing ill of him—O brother, I think myself obliged to discover it to you,—this son, this eldest son of yours, the hopes of your family, whom I intended my heir; this profligate rascal, I tell it with tears in my eyes—keeps—keeps—a wench.

Bonc. I know it—

Sir Geo. (*in a passion*). Know it!—wh—at—that he keeps a wench?

Bonc. I am sorry for it.

Sir Geo. If he was a son of mine, I'd skin him—

I'd flea him—I'd starve him. He shall never have a groat—a farthing of mine: I'll marry to morrow, and if I haven't an heir, I'll endow an hospital, or give my money to the Sinking Fund.

Bonc. Come, brother, I am in hopes to reclaim him yet.

Sir Geo. His vices are all owing to you.

Bonc. I never gave him instructions in that way.

Sir Geo. You have given him money, that is giving him instructions: whoever gives his son money is answerable for all the ill uses he puts it to.

Bonc. Rather, whoever denies his son a reasonable allowance is answerable for all the ill methods he is forced into to get money.

Sir Geo. Reasonable! brother: why there is our dispute; I am not so rigid as some fathers; I am not for totally curbing a young man; I would not have him without a shilling or two in his pocket, to appear scandalous at a coffee-house—no—

Bonc. Sir George, instead of disputing longer on this subject, will you go with me and visit my son?—suppose we should find him at his studies?

Sir Geo. I as soon expect to find him at his prayers —Well, I will go, as I have no other business; though I know the world better than to expect either to convince myself or you.

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you; my coach is at the door.

Sir Geo. If I should break the rascal's head, you'll forgive me—Keep—I'd keep him if he was a son of mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *at* YOUNG BONCOUR'S.

YOUNG BONCOUR, MISS BONCOUR, MISS VALENCE, *come forward.*

Young Bonc. Dear sister, how could you let this inundation of nonsense in upon us?

Miss Bonc. Nay, don't blame me.

Miss Val. O! I was a witness to what passed; however, now they are gone, I must remind you of your promise, to let me hear that song. I think both the words and air admirable.

Miss Bonc. You will make George proud if you praise his poetry.

Young Bonc. Love or poverty makes most poets; and I hope I shall never want at least one of those motives—as Mr. Warbler is gone, I will attempt it myself.

SONG, BY G. BONCOUR.

I.

While the sweet blushing spring glowing fresh in her prime,
All nature with smiles doth adorn;
Snatch at each golden joy—check the ravage of time,
And pluck every bud from the thorn.
In the May-morn of life, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

II.

The rose now so blooming, of nature the grace,
In a moment is shrunk and decay'd,
And the glow which now tinges a beautiful face,
Must soon, alas! wither and fade.

In the May-morn of life then, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

Enter BONCOUR *and* SIR GEORGE.

Young Bonc. My father! and uncle too—so, so!

Bonc. Dear George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment; your uncle and myself called only to see how you did, as we went by. If I had known you had had company, we should not have come up—Pray go on with your music.

Young Bonc. Sir! you are always the kindest and most condescending——but from you, Sir, this is an unexpected honour.

Sir Geo. Dear Sir, most obliging, and most gracious Sir,——you do me an infinite deal of honour——indeed ——you see he is at his studies, brother.——

Bonc. Pray, George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word my nephew shews an exceeding good taste in his morning diversions.

Young Bonc. Yes, Sir, these ladies have been so good as to hear a silly trifle of my own writing.

Sir Geo. I am sorry we came too late, for I think nonsense is never so agreeable as when set to music.

Miss Bonc. The music my brother design'd for me and this lady; and I doubt not, if he had had any expectation of your company, my dear uncle, he would have provided some more serious entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word, Sir, you have a very pretty house here, completely finished and furnished—when I was a young fellow we had not half so good a taste.

Young Bonc. No Sir, the age is improv'd since that

time——when a knight of the shire used to jog to town with a brace of geldings, and a single liveryman; and very prudently take a first floor in the Strand, when, if you ask'd in the shop for Sir Thomas, a dirty fellow behind the counter call'd out, Maid, is Sir Thomas above?—I dare swear, uncle, in your time, many a tradesman hath had half a dozen men of fashion in his house.

Sir Geo. If he had nine men of fashion in his house, he had fewer in his books, I believe.

Miss. Bonc. And once in seven years came up Madam in the stage-coach, to see one comedy, one tragedy, go once to the opera, and rig out herself and family till the next general election, ha! ha! ha!——

Sir Geo. Well, Miss Malapert, and what do you think you have said now? why, nothing more than that your grandmothers had ten times as much prudence as yourselves.

Enter SERVANT *hastily.*

Serv. Sir, I ask pardon. I thought your honour had been gone.

Bonc. Speak out, Sir.

Serv. Sir, there be below Mons. de Pannier, with a new suit; and Mons. de la Mouton Maigre, with some embroidery for your honour.

Sir Geo. There is another virtue of the age! if you will be extravagant—can't you let your own tradesmen reap the benefit of it? is it not enough to send your money out of your own family, but you must send it out of your own country too?

Young Bonc. I consider nothing farther than who serves me the best.

Bonc. I must join your uncle here, George,—I am afraid it is fashion rather that guides you to the choice;

but were it otherwise, every man ought to have some partiality for his own country; it is a laudable prejudice, without which no people ever were or can be great.

Sir Geo. It ever was the characteristic of this nation—but now a passion for French dress and fopperies is as prevailing as the use of their frippery tongue——Ah! there was a time, when we found the way to be understood in France, without the help of their language—(*looks on his watch*) but I have trifled away more time than I could well afford: shall I carry you any where, brother, or will you stay here?

Bonc. Have you any engagement, George?

Young Bonc. None at present.

Bonc. Then, brother, I wish you a good morning. I have some business with my son.

Sir Geo. Good morrow to you, brother—Pray, Sir, will you order some of your domestics to shew me out of these noble apartments, for there are so many doors to them, I may possibly miss my way.

Young Bonc. I will do myself that honour, Sir.

Sir Geo. Upon my soul, Sir, you are so full of complaisance you confound me; nay, Sir, pray walk first, I insist upon it.

Young Bonc. Sir, it is my duty to obey.

Sir Geo. Extravagant rascal! if I had such a son, I would make a little free with his coxcomical pate.

Bonc. I wish, child, you would take that young lady away, for I have something to say to your brother.

Miss Bonc. La, papa, you are always so full of secrets!

Bonc. You know, dear Harriet, how fond I am of your company.

Miss Bonc. Yes; eternally sending me away is a proof of it.

Bonc. This is a disobedience which I ought to love you for, instead of chiding you; and I will break an appointment to enjoy this evening with you and your brother.

Miss Bonc. Nay, I can't promise to be at home this evening, for I shall be engag'd to go to the play, and if I should not happen to go to the play, I shall be engag'd to a party at cards.

Miss Val. Miss Boncour, you must remember your promise to set me down at home; my time is out, and I dare not stay one minute beyond it.

Miss Bonc. Dare not? ha, ha, ha!

Miss Val. No; my father will never forgive me if I should.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. I have got my uncle into his chariot at last; but he was so full of ceremony I thought I never should; he has made fifty bows to my servants; I never saw him in such a humour.

Bonc. You know his temper, George, and may easily guess at the reason of it.

Miss Bonc. Well, if you are so positive——

Miss Val. Don't call me positive—I act against my inclination.

Young Bonc. Are you going already, Madam,——you will do me the honour——— [*Exit, leading her out.*

Bonc. (*alone.*) How wretched is that animal, whose whole happiness centres in himself; who cannot feel any satisfaction, but in the indulgence of his own appetite. I feel my children still a part of me; they are, as it were, additional senses, which let in daily a thousand pleasures to me; my enjoyments are not confin'd to those which nature hath adapted to my own years, but I can in my son's fruition, taste those of another age——nor am I

charitable but luxurious, when I bestow on them the instruments of their pleasures.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

So, George, you have soon quitted the young lady.

Young Bonc. I was going to make that excuse for leaving you so long.

Bonc. You have been a good husband this quarter.

Young Bonc. Sir; you are always so good as to prevent my necessities, and almost my wishes; for indeed I should have been obliged——

Bonc. I thought a hundred would not be burthensome. [*Giving him a note.*

Young Bonc. (*bowing respectfully with a smile*) A hundred! Gad, it is but a hundred.

Bonc. What are you considering, George?

Young Bonc. I was thinking, Sir, how happy such a sum as this would have made me when I was at school; but really, in my circumstances, it will go a very little way; it will but just pay for a picture which I bought yesterday.

Bonc. A hundred pounds is a large price for a picture.

Young Bonc. A mere trifle, Sir; one can get nothing to hang up in a room for less.

Bonc. I only give that hint, because I should be sorry that your demands should ever be such as I should be unable to answer.

Young Bonc. I am not such a stranger to your fortune, Sir, as to incur expence beyond its reach.

Bonc. No more of this: call on me by-and-by, and your wants shall be supplied; but, I believe, you guess by the formality of my preparation, and my sending away your sister, that I have something of moment to impart to you—without more preface—what think you of marriage?

Young Bonc. Marriage, Sir?

Bonc. Aye: I don't expect your good sense will treat my proposition with the common stale raillery of those noble free-spirited libertines, whose great souls disdain to be confined within the limits of matrimony: who laugh at constancy to the chaste arms of a woman of virtue, while at the expence of health and fortune they are strictly faithful to the deceitful embraces of some vile designing harlot.

Young Bonc. Pardon me, Sir; my thoughts of marriage are different; but I hope, Sir, you will indulge me in choosing a wife for myself.

Bonc. You need not apprehend too much compulsion or restraint; but the lady I shall recommend to you is so unexceptionable——

Young Bonc. To be sincere, Sir, my affections are already engaged; and though I have no hasty thoughts of marrying, yet when I do, I am determined on the person, and one whom I think unexceptionable on your side.

Bonc. Her name?

Young Bonc. Miss Valence.

Bonc. Her fortune, I apprehend, is much inferior to that of the lady I should have proposed; but neither her fortune or family are such as shall make me endeavour to oppose your inclinations.

Young Bonc. Sir, you are ever good; though indeed in this you indulge me only in the common right which nature has bestowed on me; for to restrain the inclination in that point, is not a lawful but a usurp'd power in a parent: how can nature give another the power to direct those affections which she has not enabled even ourselves to govern?

Bonc. However, you will give me leave to treat with Mr. Valence on this subject; for though I know he must

rejoice at that offer, yet he is a man of that kind, who must be dealt with with due circumspection; and the minds of lovers are too much wrapt up in sublime pleasures, to attend to the low settlement of worldly affairs.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Monsieur Valence desires to know if your honour be at home.

Young Bonc. I shall be glad to see him.

Bonc. I'll leave you, and go and find out the old gentleman.

Young Bonc. I believe, Sir, you may treat with him farther than for me; my sister's inclinations, I am confident, look toward the same family.

Bonc. Are you certain of that?

Young Bonc. By incontestable proofs.

Bonc. Well, Mr. Valence and I have been old acquaintance and neighbours; he is of a good family, and has a good fortune; and the world gives him and his children a fair character. I am glad you have dispos'd of your affections in no worse manner: good-morrow to you, George—I shall see you in the afternoon.

Young Bonc. I shall not forget to pay my duty to you, Sir.

Bonc. No ceremony with me. [*Exit.*

Young Bonc. Sir (*bows*); I believe I have the most complaisant father in Christendom. Though all fathers are too niggardly—This sneaking hundred: ha, ha, ha! my dear Valence, good-morrow:—

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Why look you so sprightly and gay? some unexpected happiness has befallen you.

Young Val. O Boncour! my father, can you believe it? he sent for me this morning, of his own accord,

without the least petition, the least motion of mine, sent for me, and with the utmost generosity, made me a present of ten pieces.

Young Bonc. Ha, ha, ha!

Young Val. Why do you laugh?

Young Bonc. To see you so much over-rate a trifle. My father paid me a visit this morning, and with the utmost generosity made me a present of a hundred: upon which, with the utmost gratitude, I asked him for more! Why, tell me, Charles, dost thou think it is not his duty who hath begot us with all those appetites and passions, to supply them to the utmost of his power? But, Charles, I hope you will make your friends partakers of your father's generosity: you will dine with us to-day.

Young Val. Your company is generally too expensive for me.

Young Bonc. Why, faith, the world is grown to such a pass, that, without expence, a man cannot keep good company.

Young Val. By good company, I suppose you mean embroider'd company; for men of sense are to be come at cheaper.

Young Bonc. By good company, I mean polite company; for true politeness, though it does not make a man of sense, it mends him.

Young Val. But does politeness never dine without a French cook, nor eat out of anything but plate?

Young Bonc. To shew you I think otherwise, I will dine with you wherever you please.

Young Val. Why, my business with you was, to let you know my father has been so good to give my sister leave to spend this day at your house; now, if you will, without ceremony, let me invite myself to the same place——

Young Bonc. You make me perfectly happy, and I hope to know something this afternoon which will make you so; at least, if you wish to call me brother as eagerly as I do to call you by that name.

Young Val. Need I declare that to you?

Young Bonc. Then I assure you, your father's consent is only wanting.

Young Val. Ha!——you make me happy, indeed; for were the alliance less advantageous, he is so good, so indulgent, I will fly to him, and throw myself at his feet to obtain it.

Young Bonc. I believe my chariot is at the door; I will carry you—O, my dear Charles, my spirits are now so high, that it must be an uncommon accident which will ruffle them: and believe me, the vast delight, which the near prospect of enjoyment of my love affords me, is not a little heightened by the expectations of seeing you also happy in your wishes; and I can look down with contempt on the merchant, who sees the anchor cast to his ship; the general, who has just obtained a victory; or the despairing minister, who has just carried his point, and subverted the designs of his enemies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Room in* VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter OLD VALENCE *and* SERVANT.

OLD VALENCE.

TELL Mr. Boncour I shall be glad to see him.—What can this formal visit mean? I hope he has not discovered

the intimacy between our children: if I could once compass that double marriage, I should complete my wishes; why not? For I know the violent passion of the young people, and the extreme indulgence of the father; but, though he is a weak man, it is impossible he should give his consent; the disparity of fortune is too great: well! but, as he has brought up his children to hate and despise him, perhaps they may not ask it; no, it would make me too happy.

Enter BONCOUR.

Bonc. My good old friend and neighbour, how do you do?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I am heartily glad to see you; this is extremely kind, and hath prevented me this very morning paying you that visit, which I have been obliged to owe you some time against my inclination.

Bonc. Ceremony between old friends, my good neighbour, is ridiculous; it is the privilege of friendship and love, to throw aside those forms, which only serve men to keep up an appearance of affection where there is none; there has been a long acquaintance and intimacy between our families.

Val. There has been so indeed, and highly to my satisfaction.

Bonc. I am deceived, my very good old friend, if there are not some who wish a much closer alliance; you know, Mr. Valence, my way hath been always to discover my sentiments, without great formality of introduction; in short, I have discover'd a very particular intimacy between our younger branches; I am mistaken if they are not desirous to knit the alliance still closer.

Val. So! (just what I fear'd). [*Aside.*

Bonc. But you know, my old friend, the views of young people, and of their parents, in matrimony, are extremely different; theirs is only the satisfaction of an

immediate passion, ours looks forward to their future happiness.

Val. Sir, I am surpris'd at what you tell me.

[*Confusedly.*

Bonc. Why surpris'd? it is but a natural affection.

Val. It is an affection, Sir, which I never encourag'd in them.

Bonc. It is in our power, Mr. Valence——

Val. I shall be very ready to contribute mine, I assure you; I scorn to connive at my children's stealing a match into any family, particularly my friend's: I do assure you, I should scorn it.

Bonc. I believe, indeed, you wou'd—But——

Val. If I had had but the least suspicion—if such a thing had ever enter'd into my thoughts, you should have known it that moment.

Bonc. I am convinc'd, but give me leave——perhaps the advantage may be somewhat of your side.

Val. Dear Sir, the whole world knows how infinitely it is so; but I am not like the world in all respects; I am not so devoted to my interest to do a mean thing; I would not do a mean thing for the world.

Bonc. Nor am I so like the world to place my own, or my children's interest in riches only, or rather to sacrifice their happiness to my own vanity; I am willing, when they have taken out a licence, that they shall have no more to do with Doctors' Commons; for which reason I will neither marry my daughter to a spindle-shank'd beau, nor my son to a rampant woman of quality. Mr. Valence, our children love each other, and their passions, if encourag'd, may make them happy: my business with you, my neighbour, is not to frustrate, but to complete their attachments; in a word, what think you of a double marriage between our families?

Val. (*Surpris'd.*) Sir!——

Bonc. Are you willing it should be so?

Val. Are you in earnest?

Bonc. I thought you had known me too well to suspect me of jesting on such an occasion; I assure you I have no other business here at present: I know my son's happiness is wrapt up in your daughter, and for ought I know, my daughter may have the same affection for your son; I do not only therefore propose the match to you, but I do it with earnestness.

Val. Do you? Why then, for that very reason, I shall put on some backwardness; eagerness is always to be taken advantage of. [*Aside.*

Bonc. Be not surpris'd; perhaps there may be some advantage in point of fortune on one side or other: if it should be on mine, I can never give it up better than to an old friend.

Val. Hum—that estate of mine in Northumberland is a very good estate, and very improvable; let me tell you, it is an estate that——

Bonc. It will be the business of hereafter to consider each particular; we have been neighbours to each other so long, that our affairs in general can be no secret to either. At present I should be glad of your direct answer.

Val. A double marriage between our children! It is a matter, Mr. Boncour, which will require great consideration.

Bonc. Aye!——

Val. Are you certain your son has so violent an affection for my daughter?

Bonc. I am certain.

Val. And that your daughter has the same liking towards my son?

Bonc. Women are not so open on these occasions, but I have reason to believe it.

Val. And they meet, I suppose, with a suitable return of affection from my children?

Bonc. I believe they do.

Val. And you are entirely willing to have this double match go forward?

Bonc. I am desirous of it, earnestly desirous.

Val. So that my consent alone is wanting?

Bonc. Even so.——

Val. It will require great consideration.

Bonc. How?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I have always had the greatest respect for you and your family; there is nothing in my power which I would not do to serve you; consider, Sir, I have but two children, a boy and a girl, they are my all, and the disposal of them is a matter of great weight; you cannot expect me to be so hasty in taking any measures leading to it.

Bonc. Why, what objections can you apprehend?

Val. I don't know: I have not yet considered enough of the matter.—You will excuse me, Mr. Boncour, but treaties of this nature oblige us to enquire a little into one another's affairs: why, that estate now of yours in Hampshire, is a very ill timber'd estate.

Bonc. Sir, I am in no doubt but that my estate will be able to answer your demands.

Val. They will not be unreasonable, Mr. Boncour; I shall act in a most generous manner; I have always despised those who have used any art in their actions: I shall be glad if it happens to fall within my power to oblige you; but, truly, this affair requires great consideration.

Bonc. Well, Sir, I will leave you to it; in the afternoon I shall expect your answer.

Val. Mr. Boncour, you shall have my answer this very evening; be assured, if possible, I will comply with your desires.

Bonc. I shall expect you this afternoon.

Val. I will wait on you, and hope there will be no difficulty.

Bonc. There shall be none on my side. [*Exit.*

Val. This is beyond my utmost expectation;—but I must not appear forward, that I may make the better bargain;—nothing is so foolish as leaping eagerly at an advantageous proposal.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

So, son, where have you been? I have wanted you; is it impossible for you to stay at home with money in your pocket?

Young Val. Sir, if I had known you would have wanted me——

Val. But you are not to know always: I don't know myself, you must keep in the way; young fellows now-a-days mind nothing but their pleasures.

Young Val. Sir, you will have no reason to complain of that, for to please you is my greatest pleasure.

Val. And so it ought to be, for I think my generosity to you this morning shews you that I have a pleasure in pleasing you.

Young Val. O, Sir, if my happiness can give you pleasure, it is in your power to make me so happy!

Val. So, something else is wanted, I see; but, whatever it be, I may thank myself for it: bestowing one favour is giving right to ask a second; the first is a gift, the rest are payments.

Young Val. If a son hath any right to ask, it is the favour I shall ask of you; and if any son could hope to obtain, I must; since the only reason which prompts a father to deny is in my favour, and the lady on whom I have placed my affection is my superior in fortune.

Val. Ay! perhaps, he means my friend's daughter, and then my prudent backwardness will be finely rewarded (*aside*). Who is the lady?

Young Val. One whose person, family, and fortune are not unknown to you; but why should I fear to name her? Miss Boncour.

Val. Who—What?

Young Val. Miss Boncour; sure you can have no objections.

Val. What a way is that of talking? You are sure I can have no objections? How can you tell what objections I may make? Are you to dictate to me? This is the consequence of my generosity to you this morning; this all arises from my foolish prodigality.

Young Val. Sir, I own my obligations, and am sorry I used an unguarded expression, by which I meant no more than that I hoped her fortune would be agreeable to you.

Val. I don't know that.

Young Val. I thought, Sir, so long an acquaintance with her father——

Val. And pray, why have you thought that my long acquaintance with her father must let me into the knowledge of his circumstances? Mr. Boncour has the reputation of a weak man, but notwithstanding that, I know he has a little low cunning in him, which makes it more difficult to see through his affairs than those of a wiser man; so let me give you a little advice: if you have an affection for this girl, don't let her father see it; I hate deceit, and love to act openly and honestly with mankind; but still with some prudence towards such a cunning knave as Boncour.

Young Val. Sir, I shall pay an exact observance to your orders.

Val. Well, well, perhaps you might have settled your

affections worse; I don't know, I don't promise anything, but if matters appear exactly to my mind——

Young Val. Sir, you are the best and most indulgent of fathers.

Val. Remember, I promise nothing.

Young Val. You are the kindest of men, and I the happiest.

Val. Observe my advice.

Young Val. I should be unworthy, indeed, were I to neglect it.

Val. Go, send your sister to me, remember I promise nothing.

Young Val. Sir, you are the best of fathers. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the effect of severity; severity is, indeed, the whole duty of a parent—now for my daughter—a little caution would suffice with her; for women of their own accord are apt enough to practise deceit, and now, I think, I have my old neighbour's fortune at my disposal.

Enter MISS VALENCE.

Miss Val. My brother told me, Sir, you had sent for me.

Val. Yes, Sophy, I did. Come hither, I have not very lately given you any pocket money.

Miss Val. Sir, it is not my business to keep an account where I have no demand, but from the generosity of the giver.

Val. But I think I have not lately, that is, very lately, given you much.

Miss Val. No, really, Sir, I don't remember to have had any thing of you, since you gave me a ticket for the opera, and that is almost a year ago.

Val. Well, well, there are a couple of pieces for you; be a good housewife, and you shan't want money.

Miss Val. I give you a thousand thanks, Sir.

Val. Now, Sophy, look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of young Boncour.

Miss Val. Why should you ask me what I think of him, Sir?

Val. What an impertinent question is that! You give me fine encouragement to be generous to you; why should I ask you? I have reason, no doubt of it, but your cheeks answer me better than your lips; that blush sufficiently assures me what you think of him.

Miss Val. If I blush'd, Sir, it was at your suspicion, for I am sure Mr. Boncour is no more to me than another man.

Val. But suppose I have a desire he should be more to you?

Miss Val. I shall be dutiful to you in all things.

Val. I believe it will be an easy piece of duty; you are all very dutiful when you are ordered to follow your inclinations; but, young lady, what I insist on at present is, that if this gentleman has your affections you will be so good as to conceal them.

Miss Val. Pray, Sir, why should you think he has my affections?

Val. Again at your why's! Madam, I tell you I expect you to behave with discretion; that is, in other words, to deal as dishonestly with your lover as you do with your father; I am sure you can never repine at such easy commands; so this afternoon I desire you will put on all your reserve, all your airs and indifference: but, perhaps you have given him encouragement already, perhaps you have dutifully intended to marry him without consent or approbation of mine.

Miss Val. Indeed, Sir, you have no reason——

Val. How, have I no reason! a pretty compliment to your father; go to your chamber, Madam, and stay there till you have learnt a more respectful behaviour.

Miss Val. Sir, I obey— [*Exit.*

Val. Ah, there's nothing like severity! children are so vile, that one dares not indulge one's good inclination towards them: I have brought all this on me by my own generosity: but now for the business with Boncour, I will go to my lawyer, and we will draw up proposals together. An imprudent man in my situation would have testified immediate raptures, but the best general rule I know is, never to discover your thoughts, either in your words, or your countenance. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE, BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* MISS BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Dear papa, don't teaze me about the fellow: I care not if he was hanged, and all other fellows! I affections for the creature! I wonder who can have put it into your head.

Bonc. Nay, if it be not so, tell me frankly, and you shall be left out of the treaty which I am carrying on with the old gentleman, relative to a match between your brother and his daughter.

Miss Bonc. A match between my brother and Miss Valence!

Bonc. We met this morning, and shall meet again this afternoon about it.

Miss Bonc. And pray tell me, dear Sir, what makes you suspect any thing between me and Mr. ——, I forget the creature's name?

Bonc. Are my suspicions well grounded?

Miss Bonc. La, Sir, I can't conceive what should make you imagine any such thing.

Bonc. You will not answer me directly?

Miss Bonc. I don't know what to answer.

Bonc. Nay I desire no more! well, my dear, we will not be long in finishing the settlements.

Miss Bonc. Settlements! Sir, you frighten me. I hope I have not said any thing—can't one converse and dance with a man—But, I assure you, Sir, it is no such thing.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Bonc. So, George, you find me engaged in an impossible task.

Young Bonc. I am sorry for that, Sir, pray what is it?

Bonc. Nothing more than trying to get truth from a woman; it seems we have been under a mistake all this while, and one half of our treaty is abortive; your sister disavows all regard for Mr. Valence.

Young Bonc. I am glad of it! for I should be sorry if she threw away her affections on one so worthless—one who, while he is addressing her, is engaged to another woman.

Bonc. How!

Young Bonc. Sir, I have had ocular demonstration; nay, I question if he be not married already; at least, I am certain every thing is concluded.

Bonc. Say you so; this very well accounts for that backwardness which surprised me in the father—

Miss Bonc. Ha, ha, ha,—an affection, indeed—ha, ha, ha!—no, I assure you, Sir, I have no affection—an affection truly!—no, I have all the abhorrence and contempt in the world for him.

Young Bonc. Dear sister, don't be in a passion.

Miss Bonc. I am in no passion, brother; it is impossible for a man I hate and despise to put me in a passion; no, brother, when I know a man to be a villain, I assure

you, brother, he shall never have it in his power to give me uneasiness.

Young Bonc. But, my dear——

Miss Bonc. No, brother, I would not have you think I am in a passion on his account; all that vexes me is, that my father should think I had a value for him.

Young Bonc. Well, dear Sir, I believe I need not fear to ask you the success of the business you was so kind to undertake.

Bonc. Upon my word, George, it was such as surprised me, till you accounted for it, by this engagement of young Valence's; I think, on comparing his circumstances, I might have expected a more hearty concurrence; but I do assure you, the best answer I could obtain was, that he would consider of it.

Young Bonc. O, Sir, that was only to lessen the opinion which he feared you might have had of the advantageousness of the proposal; I think I know him so well, that he would make an outward difficulty of assenting to a point, which inwardly, he heartily wish'd to compass; especially, when he had no fear of losing it by so doing; as perhaps your good-natur'd forwardness made him secure on that side.

Bonc. Aye, faith, it is surprising there should be such foolish wise men in the world.

Miss Bonc. Brother, one word with you; who told you this villain was to be married?

Young Bonc. Excuse me—I cannot tell you.

Miss Bonc. I would not deny you, brother.

Young Bonc. I should not have curiosity enough to ask what no ways concern'd me.

Miss Bonc. But suppose it did concern me.

Young Bonc. Is that possible?—what, he that never made any addresses to you?—

Miss Bonc. Addresses, pugh!—Pshaw, this is using me in a manner I did not expect; I would not conceal a secret from you, especially a secret of this nature.

Young Bonc. Oh! a secret of this nature; now, be honest, and tell me why you call'd Valence a villain, and I will discover the whole.

Miss Bonc. A villain! if you knew as much as I, you would think it a term too gentle. Don't imagine I have the least concern at losing him; but if what you say is true, he is the most perfidious wicked villain that ever broke his solemn vows to a woman.

Young Bonc. Then to be as honest and sincere with you, there is not one single syllable of truth in all I have said. I am convinc'd he loves you sincerely, and since I find you return his passion with equal ardour—

Miss Bonc. What do you mean, brother?—

Bonc. Nay, child, 'tis in vain to dissemble, you are fairly caught.

Miss Bonc. Well, I protest now, this is the most barbarous treatment; and so the story you rais'd of poor Valence is absolutely false?

Young Bonc. As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a newspaper.

Bonc. Well, child, I think you need say no more to encourage me to include you in the treaty, at least I shall take your silence for consent.

Miss Bonc. Then if I must speak——

Young Bonc. Let it be truth for once.

Miss Bonc. The devil take the story—for I never was more frightened by one in all my life.

Bonc. George, I think there will be no farther obstruction; Mr. Valence will be here this afternoon; and as soon as matters can be settled by the lawyers, you may depend on your happiness.

Young Bonc. Here is my mother coming this way; I

believe it would be my sister's wish, as well as mine, that this affair should be yet a secret from her.

Bonc. I think you are in the wrong there; nor am I willing she should be unacquainted with a thing of this nature.

Young Bonc. At least, Sir, till I have the honour of seeing you again.

Miss Bonc. Aye, do, dear Sir.

Bonc. Well, so far I will indulge you.

[*Exeunt* Young Bonc. *and* Miss Bonc.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. Bonc. Do Mr. Valence's family dine here to-day?

Bonc. Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Bonc. Very well, then I will dine abroad.

Bonc. As you please, child, since your daughter is at home.

Mrs. Bonc. I know, Sir, it is a matter of indifference to you; but I think you need not affect it—it would be civiller to express some regard for me, though it was never so counterfeit.

Bonc. Would you have me say you shall not dine abroad?

Mrs. Bonc. Shall not! I should laugh at that indeed!

Bonc. Why, my dear, should I ever discover an inclination contrary to yours, by which you must be driven to the uneasiness of knowing you thwart one or the other? you know, child, concealments of this kind are the greatest delicacies of friendship.

Mrs. Bonc. To be sure I can conceal nothing, nor I have no delicacy of friendship about me; I wonder you would choose so indelicate a woman.

Bonc. Come, it is happy for you I did choose you; at least, you might have fallen to the lot of one who would

have been less observant of your temper; suppose you had been married to my brother Sir George?

Mrs. Bonc. Sir George! why Sir George? I know no man who would make a better husband.

Bonc. So he says himself, and this I must confess, he would never have had a dispute of this kind with his wife; for he would have told her peremptorily, Madam, I have invited the company, and you shall stay and dine with them.

Mrs. Bonc. Well, and that would have been kinder than indifference; for my part, I aver, I could bear contradiction from a man that was fond of me.

Bonc. What, rather than compliance?

Mrs. Bonc. I am not that fool you may imagine me; I know a little of human nature, and am convinc'd there is no man truly fond of his wife, who is not uneasy at the loss of her company.

Bonc. Will it please you if I order you to stay at home?

Mrs. Bonc. Order me! no, truly, if my company be so indifferent that you consult only my pleasure in desiring it, I shall never think myself oblig'd to you on that account: I thank heaven, I am not every where so despicable, but that there are some weak enough to desire my conversation, and, perhaps, might prefer it to the agreeable Miss Valence herself.

Bonc. She is a guest of my daughter's, not of mine: surely you don't conceive I have any particular pleasure in Miss Valence's company?

Mrs. Bonc. O, I am not jealous, I assure you, you wrong me mightily if you think I am jealous; she must be a poor creature, indeed, who could be jealous of every little flirt; no, I should have too much contempt for the man who delighted in the conversation of such flirts; but this I think I might reasonably expect, that he

would enjoy them by himself, and not insist on my being of the company.

Bonc. You cannot charge me with any such behaviour, nay, scarce with a single desire that would contradict your inclinations; therefore, when you told me you would dine abroad, I answered, just as you please; though I knew not the company to be disagreeable to you.

Mrs. Bonc. But I will not dine abroad, Mr. Boncour, I will dine at home; pray give me leave to know my own inclinations better than you; I am neither a fool nor a child, whatever you may think of me, nor will I be treated as such by any husband in the universe! What! I suppose I must shortly come with my hands before me, and ask you leave before I do any thing; pray, Mr. Boncour, will you give me leave to make a few visits this morning?

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! My dear, did I ever deny you!

Mrs. Bonc. You insist on my asking then, it seems, but I assure you I shall not; I did not part with my fortune to part with my liberty too, so your servant.

[*Exit.*

Bonc. Well, Sir George is in the right; I have spoil'd this woman certainly; for her temper from a good one, is now become intolerable; but she brought me a fortune; true, she did, and an immense one, and with it, what I took for better and for worse; and so it is idle to complain.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MR. BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

MR. VALENCE'S man left this letter.

Bonc. So! here I shall have, I suppose, my neighbour's sentiments at large on this important business. (*Reads the letter.*)

'SIR,

'I have maturely weigh'd your proposal; and to con-
'vince you of the desire I have to an alliance with your
'family, notwithstanding some offers made me, which,
'to a worldly minded man, might perhaps appear more
'advantageous, I have consented to the union between
'our children, for which purpose I have drawn up a few
'articles, not doubting but you will think them very
'reasonable.

'First, You shall vest your whole estate immediately
'in the possession of your son, out of which, besides
'your wife's fortune, you shall be allotted two hundred
'pounds per annum during life.

'Secondly, You shall pay down fifteen thousand
'pounds as your daughter's portion, for which she shall
'have a proportionable settlement, as our lawyers shall
'agree.

'Thirdly, That, as a very large part of my estate will,
'at my death, descend to my son, I shall remain in
'possession of the whole during my life, except——'
But why should I read any farther? is this man mad, or doth he conclude me to be so?

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. I call'd on you, brother, to let you know I shall dine with you, for my friend has sent me word the house will sit late.

Bonc. Oh, Sir George, I am particularly glad to see you; I will give you an instance that your opinion of mankind is juster than my own; since I saw you, I have, to comply with my son's inclinations, propos'd a match in Mr. Valence's family; could you imagine he would send me such a letter as this in answer? oh, you need only look at the articles.

Sir Geo. (*reading.*) Well, what of this?

Bonc. What! can you think the man is in his senses?

Sir Geo. Certainly; for 'tis impossible he should suppose you to be in yours, when you made him the offer to which this letter is an answer.

Bonc. But, brother, is my making him an advantageous offer a reason for so impudent an imposition?

Sir Geo. Aye, surely, no one can give another a stronger hint to impose upon him than by first imposing upon himself; you have infinite obligations to him I think, for he sees you have an inclination to beggary, and therefore would make you a beggar. Besides, can any thing be more reasonable than what he proposes? I am sure I should not expect such gentle terms in the same case! what doth he desire of you more than to throw yourself on the bounty of your son? well, and who the devil would make any scruple of trusting a son, especially such a son as yours—a fine gentleman—one who keeps a wench—never fear, man, I warrant he'll allow you pocket-money enough.

Bonc. Raillery, Sir George, may exceed the bounds of good-nature, as well as good-breeding; I did not expect that you would have treated the serious concerns of my

family in so ludicrous a manner, nor have laughed at me when I ask'd your advice.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what shall I say? I thought to have pleas'd you, by calling his demands reasonable; shall I take the other side of the question? for, like a lawyer, I can speak on either; he hath taken the most prudent way of calling you a fool, and his proposals seem to proceed rather from a design of insulting you, than from any hopes of success.

Bonc. It really has that appearance.

Sir Geo. Well, then, and do you want my advice what to do?

Bonc. I shall, undoubtedly, reject them with scorn, and, if myself alone were concern'd, I could with ease: —but my son, I fear, has set his heart on the young lady.

Sir Geo. Then break his heart: why what a devil of a fellow is this son of yours! he sets his fortune on one wench, and his heart on another!

Bonc. Come, brother, you are a little too hasty: when we reflect on the follies of our youth, we should be more candid to the faults of our children.

Sir Geo. You are welcome to throw the sins of my youth in my face: I own I have been as wicked as any, and therefore, I would not suffer a son to be so; of what use is a parent's experience, but to correct his children; and, give me leave to tell you, you are a very unnatural father, in not suffering your son to reap any benefit from your former sins; but you, brother, to obtain the character of a good-natur'd man, are content to be the bubble of all the world.

Bonc. Well, I had rather be the bubble of other men's will than of my own; for, let me tell you, brother, whatever impositions knavery puts upon others, it puts greater on itself.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, dinner is upon the table.

Bonc. Well, we will defer this affair till the afternoon, when I believe my behaviour will please you.

Sir Geo. It will surprise me too, if it does. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter VALENCE *and* SERVANT.

Val. Sir Gregory come to town, say you?

Serv. He is at the coffee-house, and will be here immediately.

Val. Well, shew him up. (*Exit* Servant.) What great affair can have brought him up? who has not, I believe, been in town these twenty years: something of vast importance must have drawn him from his fox-hounds! he hath been so long absent, the town will be a sight to him, at least he will be a sight to the town. (Sir Gregory *halloos without.*) He is not far off, I hear.

Enter SIR GREGORY KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Hey a vox, Master Valence—how goes it, my old friend? you look surpris'd to see me in town.

Val. I must confess, Sir Gregory, you were one of the last persons I expected to see here.

Sir Greg. It is like a fox running against the wind: well, how does Madam, and how does your fine son do?

Val. Alas! my wife, poor woman, I have lost her some time: I thought you must have heard of that.

Sir Greg. Like enough I may: I can't remember every trifle.

Val. I hope your family is well, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Why I have lost my lady too, since I saw you; she is six feet deep, by George; but the boys are well enough: Frank, he is at home; and Will is at Oxford; and the Squire, he is just come from his travels.

Val. And how does Master Francis? I think he is my godson.

Sir Greg. Why, Frank, Frank is well enow; I would a brought un to town, but the dogs would not spare un: he is mightily improved, I can tell you, since you saw un; he takes a five-bar gate like a greyhound; but the Squire is the top of the pack: I have been at some pains in his education; he has made, what do you call it, the tower of Europe.

Val. What, has Master Gregory been abroad?

Sir Greg. I think so—he hath been out almost two years, in France, and Italy, and Venice, and Naples, and I don't know where.

Val. Indeed! why I thought he had been too young to travel.

Sir Greg. No, no; he's old enough, he will be of age in half a year more.

Val. He is much improv'd by his travels, no doubt on't.

Sir Greg. Improv'd, aye, that he is—Egad! he overtops them all—he was the finest gentleman at sessions—I have nothing to do for'n, but marry un to a woman of quality, and get un made a parliament man, and then his fortune is made, then he will be a complete gentleman; now I have secur'd one o'um; I have agreed for a borough, and I fancy, neighbour Valence, you can recommend me to t'other; you converse with quality;

do you know now ever a woman of quality that's very handsome, with a great fortune, that wants a husband?

Val. Quality, beauty, and fortune; you are somewhat high in your demands, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why, if she be not handsome, the boy won't like her; and, if she have no fortune, I shan't.

Val. But, why quality? what use is there in that?

Sir Greg. Nay, I can't tell much use in it; but there is something in it to be sure, for I have seen men proud on it in the country, who have nothing else to be proud of—Odsure—I fancy they have forgot to direct the boy hither: I left him at the coffee-house having his shoes clean'd; the dog's grown so nice since his travels, that he did but just step into a kennel, though he wan't over the instep; the shoes o' un must be clean'd immediately; I will step and see for 'un, and be back with you in an instant. [*Exit.*

Val. If this cub hath no more wit than his father, it will not be difficult to match him to my own daughter. He will be a much greater match than young Boncour: this is an effect of my prudence; but I am afraid, as unreasonable as my demands are to Boncour, folly will make him accept them; if he should, I can raise them so high, that, even so great a fool as he is, he will reject them: however, I will be first sure on this side.

Enter SIR GREGORY *and* YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Here he is; here is the boy; child, this is my friend, Mr. Valence.

[*Young* Kennel *runs to* Valence *and kisses his hand.*

Val. I am glad to see you returned.

Young Ken. Pardie! Sir, your most humble servant.

Sir Greg. Is not he a fine gentleman? well, Gregory,

let us hear a little more of your travels; come, don't be asham'd before folks, don't—Come, tell us what you—

Young Ken. Dear old gentleman, don't give yourself any pain on my account: I should have made the tour of Europe to very little purpose, if I had any modesty left.

Sir Greg. Neighbour Valence, do ask him about pleaces?

Val. Pray, Sir, how do you like Venice?

Young Ken. Not at all; egad, it stands in the middle of the sea!

Sir Greg. How! no lies, Greg.—don't put the traveller upon us!

Val. Indeed he speaks truth. How do you like the humour, the temper of the Italians?

Young Ken. I don't know any thing of them, for I never would converse with any but those of my own country.

Sir Greg. That's right; I would have thee always be a true Englishman.

Val. I suppose you saw Rome, Sir?

Young Ken. Faith, Sir, I can't say I saw it, for I went extremely late in, and staid there but a week: I intended to have taken a walk or two about town, but happening to meet with two or three English dogs at our inn—mortblue! I never stirr'd abroad till the day I came away.

Sir Greg. What! did'st not see the Pope of Rome?

Young Ken. No, not I: I should have seen him, I believe, but I never heard a word that he was at Rome till after I came into France, and then I did not think it was worth going back for: I did not see any one thing in Italy worth taking notice of, but their pictures; they are magnifique, indeed!

Val. How do you like the buildings, Sir, in Italy?

Young Ken. They shew'd me some old buildings, but they are so damnably out of repair one can't tell what to make of them.

Sir Greg. Well, Gregory, give us a little account of France: you saw the King of France, did not you, Greg?

Young Ken. Yes, and the Queen, and the Dolphin; why, Paris is well enough, and the merriest place I saw in all my travels: one never wants company there; for there is such a rendezvous of English, I was never alone for three months together, and scarce ever spoke to a Frenchman all the while.

Sir Greg. There, Mr. Valence, you see how unjustly they speak against our sending our sons to travel: you see they are in no danger of learning foreign vices, when they don't keep company with foreigners. Well, Mr. Valence, how do you like 'un?

Val. O, infinitely well, indeed! he is really a finish'd gentleman—

Sir Greg. Aye, is he not a fine fellow? But, Greg, you don't tell Mr. Valence half what you told me, about a strange man at Orlines.

Young Ken. You will excuse my father's pronunciation, as he has never been abroad: he means Orleans, where I saw one of the largest men I ever saw in my life; I believe he was about eight foot high.

Sir Greg. What a misfortune it is not to travel in one's youth: I can scarce forgive my father's memory for keeping me at home. Well, but about the King of France.

Young Ken. Zounds! father, don't ask me so many questions. You see, Sir, what a putt he is.

[*Aside to* Valence.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, what did I send you

abroad for, but to tell me stories when you came home?

Young Ken. You sent me abroad, Sir, to learn to be a fine gentleman, and to teach me to despise clownish fellows.

Val. Come, Sir Gregory, perhaps the young gentleman will be more open over a bottle; what say you?

Sir Greg. You know I never flinch from a bottle; and we will have some stories after a glass. Well, Greg, you know what I came to town about, and this gentleman will assist us; he will recommend a wife to you.

Young Ken. I am this gentleman's very humble servant; but I want none of his assistance. There is a lady whom I knew before I went abroad, and saw again last night with another young lady at the play, and mortblue if I marry any other woman.

Sir Greg. How! sirrah.

Young Ken. Pray, dear old gentleman, don't put on that grum look: rat me, do you think I have made the tour of Europe to be snubb'd by an English father, when I came home again?

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll beat the tour of Europe out of you again: have I made you a fine gentleman, in order to despise your father's authority!——

Val. Pray, Sir Gregory——

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll disinherit you; I'll send your brother Will a travelling, and make Frank a parliament man in your room.

Young Ken. A fig for your disinheriting! it is not in your power; if I can but get this girl, I'll marry her, and carry her back to France. There is as good English company at Boulogne, as I ever desire to crack a bottle with—what do you take me for? a boy! and that you are to make me do what you please, as you

did before I went abroad; Diable! do you think to use me as you do brother Frank, who is but your whipper-in? mortblue, I have been hunting with the King of France.

Sir Greg. If you have been hunting with the devil, I'll make you know I am your father; and, though you are a fine gentleman, the same pains will make your brother Will as fine a gentleman to the full.

Val. Pray, Sir, consider; don't disoblige your father. Come, Sir Gregory, I have ordered a bottle of wine within; let us go and talk over that matter; I dare say I shall bring the young gentleman to reason; come, pray walk in.

Sir Greg. He shall obey me, or——

Young Ken. I have travell'd to a fine purpose, truly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. Though the articles are a little unreasonable, if you had any compassion or love for your children, who you know have plac'd their hearts on the match, you would comply.

Bonc. My children are ungrateful, if they upbraid me with want of affection: but this is a mere trick, a poor scheme of Mr. Valence's, to take advantage of your passions, and my indulgence.

Young Bonc. So, we are sacrificed to contention 'twixt our fathers for the superiority of understanding.

Bonc. You injure me, son! the low dirty reputation of cunning I scorn and detest.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. Bonc. So, Sir, I hear there are marriages going

on in the family, which I was not to be acquainted with.

Bonc. Pardon me, my dear; I intended to have acquainted you, and should before, but for a particular reason.

Mrs. Bonc. What reason, pray?

Bonc. You need not concern yourself.

Mrs. Bonc. Indeed! not concern myself! who am I? have not I an equal concern; aye, and a superior one?

Bonc. But hear me, Madam.

Mrs. Bonc. No, I won't hear any thing said for the match; it is below them in family and fortune both.

Bonc. I do not intend——

Mrs. Bonc. I don't care what you intend; you may keep your reasons to yourself, if you please; but, as for the double marriage, I will have no such thing; all your plots shan't compass it.

Bonc. I tell you it is broke off—there is to be no match.

Mrs. Bonc. How, no match! and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me?

Bonc. Ma'am!

Mrs. Bonc. So! I am nobody in the house; matches are made and unmade, and I know nothing of the matter. And why do you break it off?

Bonc. Because his demands were monstrous—exorbitant beyond credibility.

Mrs. Bonc. And pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me? nay, I will know—I am resolved I will know—won't you tell me?—you are a barbarous man, and have not the least affection for me in the world (*crying*).

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Bless me, Madam, what is the matter?

Mrs. Bonc. Nothing extraordinary; your father has behaved to me like a monster.

Miss Bonc. La, Sir, how can you vex my mamma in this manner!

Bonc. So! she for whom I suffer'd all this, is the first to accuse me.

Mrs. Bonc. It seems you are to be married without my knowledge.

Miss Bonc. Married, Madam! to whom, pray?

Mrs. Bonc. Nay, I don't know whether it is to be so now; for the same wise head that made the match, has, it seems, broke it off again.

Bonc. Yes, child; Mr. Valence hath been pleas'd, from my easy behaviour to him, to use me in such a manner, and insist upon such terms, that I can't, either consistently with common sense or honour, comply with; now, my dear, you see I do not keep all secrets from you, examine them yourself.

Miss Bonc. (*Aside*) So, so, so! after my affections are engag'd, they are to be baulked, it seems: but there shall go two words to that bargain.

Mrs. Bonc. I can't see any thing so unreasonable in his demands: if the match was otherwise good, I should not have broken it off on this account.

Bonc. What! would you subvert the order of nature, and change places with your children? would you depend on their duty and gratitude for your bread; and give way to the exorbitant demands of a man, who has made them for no other reason, but because I offered him more than he expected, or could have hoped for?

Mrs. Bonc. I say his demands are for the advantage of our children, and truly if I can submit to them, you, Mr. Boncour, may be satisfied.

Young Bonc. Nay, then, I think it is a good time for me to appear: O, Madam, eternal blessings on your

goodness, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve! O cease not till you have prevailed on his obdurate heart to relent.

Miss Bonc. I must second my brother—Have pity on him, dear mamma! see how he trembles, his lips are pale, his voice falters! O consider what he suffers with the apprehension of losing the woman he loves; though my father's cruel heart is deaf to all his sufferings, you are all goodness, all tenderness; you, I know, will not bear to see him miserable!

Mrs. Bonc. Why do you address yourself to me? there stands the good man, who wisely contriv'd this match, and then with so much resolution broke it off.

Young Bonc. My passion, till you encouraged it, was governable—'Twas you, Sir, who bid me hope, who cherish'd my young love; and, though the modesty of her sex may make her backward to own it, my sister's heart is as deeply concern'd as mine.

Miss Bonc. Thank you, brother, but never mind me: —I had my father's command to give my promise, and I must not obey him if he commands me to break it.

Young Bonc. (*Takes hold of his sleeve.*) Sir, I beseech you—

Miss Bonc. (*Takes hold of the other.*) Dear papa——

Mrs. Bonc. And for what reason was this secret kept from me?

Miss Bonc. When he hath put it into his children's heads——

Young Bonc. When their whole happiness is at stake. —Then it is into a family of so good a character——

Mrs. Bonc. I must take my children's parts, and you shall consent, or never——

Miss Bonc. I'll never let go your hand——

Young Bonc. I'll never rise again——

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Bonc. O brother! you never arriv'd so fortunately to my assistance as now——

Sir Geo. Why, what's the matter?

Bonc. O, I am worried to death by my wife and my children.

Mrs. Bonc. Nay, brother, you shall judge if he hath reason to complain: he hath, without my knowledge, contracted a match between Mr. Valence's children and his own; and when the young people had united their affections, truly he hath, of his own wise head, broke it off again.

Bonc. You have appeal'd to a very wrong person now; my brother knows the whole affair.

Sir Geo. I know, brother! what do I know? if you have broken off the children's match, you have done a very ill thing, let your reasons be what they will.

Bonc. How, brother! are you my enemy too?

Sir Geo. Can you imagine I will be your friend, brother, when you run rashly of your own head into schemes of consequence without consulting your wife!—without taking the advice of her, your best friend, your best counsellor?

Mrs. Bonc. True, dear brother——

Sir Geo. And then when you have done so, and suffer'd a fine gentleman here to engage his precious affections, to fix his constant heart, which always doats with the same ardour on the same beauteous object—

Young Bonc. True, by heavens!

Sir Geo. And this little bud here, to throw off the veil of her virgin modesty, and all overspread with blushes and confusion, to tell an odious man she will have him, which nothing but her duty to you could ever extort from her—

Miss Bonc. True, dear uncle!

Sir Geo. Then after all this, out of base worldly motives, such as should never enter into the thoughts of a good man——

Young Bonc. Too true——

Sir Geo. To disappoint all their hopes, to ruin all their fair prospects of happiness—to throw your wife into an ill humour——

Mrs. Bonc. Monster!

Sir Geo. To make your son here distracted.

Young Bonc. Unnatural father!

Sir Geo. To break your daughter's heart!

Miss Bonc. Cruel! barbarous!

Bonc. Now, Madam, wife, children, marry, do as you will——I oppose you no longer——a leaf may as well swim against a cataract——

Mrs. Bonc. But why keep it a secret from me? why must not I be trusted with a secret?

Young Bonc. And may I depend on my father's permission to be happy?

Bonc. Even as you please, Sir—O—aye—Madam, and you too, I will prevent you the trouble of speaking.

Young Bonc. Come, dear girl, let us haste to make our friends happy with the news.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Boncour, Young Boncour, Miss Boncour.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Bonc. You use me kindly, brother.

Sir Geo. How would you have me use you, brother? you must excuse me if I don't follow your example: you see an instance now, that by humouring these good people I have gain'd their affections, I mean their thanks; affections, indeed, they have none, but for themselves; but had I taken your part, and spoken my real sentiments, I had pull'd an old house on my head; your wife would have abus'd me, your daughter have hated

me, and your son have wish'd to send me out of the world.

Bonc. But is this consistent with your behaviour this afternoon, when I receiv'd your letter?

Sir Geo. Remember, brother, we were alone then; and at the worst I should only have oppos'd my judgment to yours; here I must have encounter'd a majority—a measure seldom attended with success; well, but for your comfort, I have contriv'd a scheme to disappoint them all effectually.

Bonc. Brother, I thank you; but will it be a good-natur'd thing to disappoint them, poor things?

Sir Geo. Good-nature! damn the word; I hate it: ——they say it is a word so peculiar to our language, that it can't be translated into any other—Good nature!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter VALENCE and YOUNG KENNEL.

VALENCE.

CONSIDER, young gentleman, the consequence of disobedience to a father; especially to so passionate a father as Sir Gregory!

Young Ken. Don't talk to me of fathers! Parblieu! it is fine topsy-turvey work, to travel first and go to school afterwards.

Val. Upon my word it would do some of our young travellers no harm.

Young Ken. That I, who am to inherit a fortune of five thousand pounds a year, may not marry whom I

please, but must have cramm'd down my throat some bread pudding of a citizen's daughter, or scrag end of a woman of quality!

Val. You don't know whom Sir Gregory may provide for you.

Young Ken. But I know whom he will not;—besides, I shall provide for myself——

Val. Consider first the sin of disobedience;—you know it is in his power to disinherit you.

Young Ken. No, indeed, don't I, nor he neither, that's better:—plague! if he could do that, I believe I should be a little civiller to him—no, no, that's out of his power, I assure you; my tutor let me into that secret a great while ago.

Enter MISS VALENCE.

Val. Oh, here comes my daughter according to my orders; now if he had not unluckily seen this wench at the play—— [*Aside.*

Miss Val. Did you send for me, Sir?

Val. I send for you! no; but come hither.

Young Ken. Ha! parblieu! 'tis she—'tis the very same.

Miss Val. What coxcomb is this? [*Aside.*

Young Ken. This is the most lucky adventure that hath happened in all my travels.

Val. You stare at my daughter as if you had seen her before.

Young Ken. As certain as I have seen the King of France;—but, Sir, is this lady your daughter?

Val. She is, Sir; I have only one other child.

Young Ken. Then I believe, Sir, you are father to an angel; you know, Sir, I told you I saw a lady at the play, and for whom I would be disobedient to all the fathers in the universe.

Val. I protest, Sir, you surprise me——

Miss Val. Sir, may I go?

Val. Ay, ay, child:—go—go. [*Exit* Miss Valence.

Young Ken. Sir—Madam, can you be so barbarous?

Val. Sir Gregory will be back in a minute, I would not have him know any thing of this for the world, he would run me through the body, though I am innocent.

Young Ken. Never fear him, I will defend you. Let me see her once more.

Val. You shall see her again; but have patience, if you will get your father away, and return back by your self, you shall see her once to take your leave of her, for you must not disobey your father; but are you certain he can't disinherit you? that is, that he is only tenant for life?

Young Ken. I don't know whether he is tenant for life or for death; but I know that my tutor, and several lawyers too, have told me he could not keep me out of one acre.

Val. But you are sure you had it from good lawyers?

Young Ken. Ay, as any in the kingdom.

Val. Well, I am glad of it; 'tis a terrible thing for a man to disinherit his children:—don't be undutiful, unless you can't help it, and if you can't help it, why it is not your fault; but hush, here's Sir Gregory.

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Well, have you brought him to it, will he be a good boy, and marry a woman of quality, or no?

Val. I have said all that I can say, Sir Gregory, and upon my word he is rather too hard for me; I would have you consider a little, Sir, it is only whether he shall choose a wife for himself or not:—consider, Sir Gregory, he is to live with her, not you.

Young Ken. Ay, I am to live with her, not you——

Sir Greg. That's not true, Mr. Valence; I intend both he and she shall live with me; they shall down to Dirty Park next week, and there they shall remain.

Young Ken. I'll be curs'd though, if we do.

Val. That very argument makes against you; for if he shou'd have fix'd on a private gentlewoman, and that you don't know but he hath, she may go down to Dirty Park; but a woman of quality,—why, Sir Gregory, she'd fetch Dirty Park up hither, and convert a thousand of your acres into a half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Young Ken. Ay, into half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Sir Greg. Would she? let me see her there once, I'll answer for her; why, Mr. Valence, I'll tell you what I did myself. I married this boy's mother in this town, she was a woman of fashion, a well-bred woman; though I had but a small fortune with her, but twenty thousand pounds.—I married her for love; well, the next morning, down trundled her and I to Dirty Park, and when I had her there, ecod, I kept her there: and whenever she asked to go to London, my answer was, that as I hated the town myself, she had better stay till she had a daughter old enough to be her companion.

Val. But she was not a woman of quality, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. No, not quite your tip-top of all, not one of your duchesses nor your countesses, but her father was a squire, and that's quality enough.

Val. Now you talk like a reasonable man.

Young Ken. Ay, faith, that's something like a Christian.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, do you make a heathen of me? why, did I ever talk otherwise?

Val. Nay, do not be captious, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Captious! ha, ha, ha! why do you think I am angry with the boy for his wit? no, no, let him be

as sharp as he will, I always encourage his wit, that is the chief thing he learnt in his travels.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir George Boncour, Sir—

Sir Greg. But come, Mr. Valence, let's go and crack one bottle together.

Val. Shew him up. [*Exit* Servant.] Excuse me, Sir Gregory, I have business.

Sir Greg. Well, come Greg, you shan't flinch—ah, Mr. Valence, I assure you the rogue is as true an Englishman at his glass as ever. [*Exit.*

Young Ken. I shall give him the slip, and be back again as soon as I can.

Sir Greg. (*within*) Why, Greg!——Greg!——

Young Ken. Coming! Pardie! he hollows at me as if I was a whipper-in. [*Exit.*

Val. This was beyond my hope, beyond my expectation; I despair not of Sir Gregory's consent—but if not, as long as he can't cut off the entail—

Enter SIR GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Your servant, Mr. Valence.

Val. Most noble Sir George, I have not had the honour of seeing you a great while. I suppose he is come to make up the match, but 'tis too late. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. I am sorry, Sir, for the occasion of waiting on you now, and so will you too; I know you will: though perhaps it will give you an opportunity of exerting your friendship; that may be some alleviation; in short, my brother is undone.

Val. How!

Sir Geo. Unless one can raise ten thousand pounds within an hour, an execution will be in his house.

Val. An execution in his house for ten thousand pounds! what! a man of his estate?

Sir Geo. Estate! what estate could stand out against the prodigality of his children? besides, between you and me, with all his prudence, he has been dabbling in the funds, that bottomless pit that swallows up any fortune. Estate!—ah, all mortgaged, all eat out; it matters not to tell it, for within these two days the whole town must know he is not worth a groat.

Val. I am very sorry for it; upon my word; I am shock'd to the last degree; poor gentleman! my neighbour, my acquaintance, my friend!

Sir Geo. Do not let it move you too much.

Val. Why do you ask impossibilities? do you think me more than man, or that my heart is stone? is flint? Oh, my good Sir George, you know not how tenderly I feel the misfortunes of others—of my friends especially, and of him my best of friends; I am too tender-hearted for a man.

Sir Geo. I know your goodness, your excessive goodness, and therefore contrary to the express charge, that of all men you should know nothing of the matter—

Val. I am obliged to him—I know the reason of that, but I find you don't. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. I say contrary to his express injunction; I acquaint you with his misfortunes; since I know you are both able and willing to save him from disgrace; a mere trifle will do it, though nothing but money will do.

Val. Money! why does he not sell? why does he not mortgage? there is an estate of his contiguous to mine, I have a value for it, as it is his; and rather than it shall go to a stranger, I will borrow the money to purchase it—men in distress always sell pennyworths. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Damn'd rascal! [*Aside*] Well, I'll tell him what you say.

Val. Pray do.—Your humble servant, and pray if that estate be sold, let me have the refusal of it. [*Exit* Sir Geo.] Mercy on me! where can one find an honest man? that ever he should lay such a plot of intermarriage between our families, when he knew himself undone! how wary ought a man to be in each moment of his life, when every fool is a politician, and capable of laying schemes to attack him.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE.

Young Val. O, Sir, I have news which I am sure will please you! Mr. Boncour hath consented to your terms, so there is now no impediment to the union of our families.

Val. Indeed, there is an impediment which will be never got over; in short, I have news for you, which I am afraid will not please you. Mr. Boncour is undone.

Young Val. Undone, Sir!

Val. Not worth a groat.

Young Val. How! is it possible?

Val. Indeed, Sir, I don't know by what means men ruin themselves; we see men's fortunes ruined, and others made every day, no one knows how; it is sufficient, I am certain that it is so; and I expect you will have no more thought of his daughter.

Young Val. Truly, Sir, I am not very ambitious of marrying a beggar.

Val. You have none of my blood in you if you are; and, take my word for it, there are in marriage many comfortable hours when a man wants not the assistance of beggary to make him hang himself.

Young Val. Sir, it was in obedience to your commands that I thought of the match at all.

Val. And it is, Sir, in obedience to my commands, that I expect you to break it off.

Young Val. I hope you'll give me leave to do it with civility.

Val. O! with as much civility as you please, Sir; when you are oblig'd by prudence to do what the world calls an ill thing, always do it with civility.

Young Val. Sir, I shall obey you in all things.

Val. Send your sister to me in my closet, I must give her a lesson of the same kind.

Young Val. She will, I am confident, receive it with the same regard. [*Exit* Young Valence.

Val. I have no reason to doubt it, thanks to my severity; for by continually thwarting my children's desires, I made their inclinations so useless to them, that at length they seem'd to have none at all, but to be entirely guided by my will. Severity is, in short, the whole duty of a parent. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE, BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR *and* MISS BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. La, brother, you are always teazing me with your odious questions: what condition is my heart in? what condition is your own in? we seem to be pretty much in the same circumstances.

Young Bonc. I confess, and glory in it. I wonder why the devil women should have more reserve than men.

Miss Bonc. O, don't be angry with us on that account; we have not a bit more than is useful to us; and really it seems well enough contriv'd to keep your whimsical affections alive, which seldom pursue us longer than you have difficulties thrown in your way.

Young Bonc. As you have had no experience, sister, you must have heard this from others; and, believe me, child, they told thee those frightful stories, and made bugbears of men merely to deter thee from marrying, that's all: they only frighten thee, as they do children, with apparitions.

Miss Bonc. It is preposterous though to frighten us, in order to make us desire to lie alone.

Young Bonc. Well, you don't know but I am an exception to your first rule, if it be general. (Miss Boncour *sighs.*) Why that sigh?

Miss Bonc. I wish there may be another.

Young Bonc. I am convinc'd you will find another in my friend Valence.

Miss Bonc. It is my interest to hope so, since you have contriv'd among you to marry me to him.

Young Bonc. All compliance! you have no affection for him, then?

Miss Bonc. Shall I tell you the truth, brother?

Young Bonc. I would not put you to too violent pain, sister; but if, without great danger of your life, it might come out—

Miss Bonc. Why, then I do love him, and shall love him to all eternity.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Valence to wait on you.

Miss Bonc. Shew him into the parlour, I'll come to him. (*Exit* Servant.) Brother, you will keep my secret; at least, don't tell him till a day or two after I am married, and perhaps I may be before-hand with you.

[*Exit* Miss Boncour.

Young Bonc. Get you gone for a good-natur'd girl: he is a rascal who would not make you happy, and be so himself with you.

Re-enter SERVANT *with a letter.*

Serv. Mr. Valence's man, Sir, delivered me this.

[*Exit* Servant.

Young Bonc. Ha! I know the dear hand.—[*Reads.*] 'Sir, I am sorry to inform you, that I have this moment 'orders from my father to'——Ha! confusion!——'to 'see you no more: you will best know on this occasion 'how to act, for the sake of your unhappy Sophia 'Valence!' my blood runs cold; I'll fly to her and know the reason of this change of my fortune—poor girl, she wants a comforter as much as myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE, *another Apartment in* BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter YOUNG VALENCE *and* MISS BONCOUR.

Young Val. How sudden are the changes in this world, how vain our pursuits! an hour ago I was the happiest of mankind, and am now the most miserable.

Miss Bonc. This is nothing but some scruple started between the old gentlemen, which will be settled again: this be assur'd of, while your happiness is in my power, you shall never be miserable.

Young Val. Yet consider, Madam, consider my condition; I, who, if I was possest of all my father's fortune, should be an unworthy offering to your beauty: with what assurance can I throw a disinherited son at your feet?

Miss Bonc. Fathers often threaten what they never perform; but let yours be ever so obstinate, I know my father's good nature to be such, that he will settle

a fortune on us that will enable us to live at our ease, if not in splendour.

Young Val. O! my dearest love, I fear there are no hopes from that quarter; for the reason of my father's breaking off the match was an account he just receiv'd from undoubted authority, that your father is irretrievably ruined, and is not now worth a shilling in the world.

Miss Bonc. Good heavens! what do I hear?

Young Val. 'Tis but too true; and 'tis with the utmost reluctance I come the fatal messenger of such unwelcome tidings! oh, that I were now but master of the fortune I am entitled to, that I might prove the sincerity of my passion; that I might shew my sole object was the possession of your lovely self, without any sordid views of fortune.

Miss Bonc. Then all the flattering prospect of happiness I had before me is vanish'd in an instant.

Young Val. Why so, my angel? if the change of fortune makes no change in our love, we may still be happy.

Miss Bonc. Happy! what, by indulging a hopeless passion?

Young Val. Why hopeless? it is in our power instantly to realize its joys—curse on all those who conspir'd to fetter love with any chains to make it subservient to the gain of lawyers and priests; cannot we trust to the ties of nature, and our own affections? Is not this dear hand security enough for your heart, without a more formal union? O, melting softness. Ha! by my hopes she dissolves—I'll carry her now [*Aside.*] O my paradise, this hour, this minute, this instant——

Miss Bonc. What do you mean?

Young Val. Need I tell you my meaning? or can words do it? O no, my soul, my angel!

Miss Bonc. Sure I am in a dream! pray who are you, Sir?

Young Val. You are in a dream, indeed; do not you know your Valence?

Miss Bonc. My Valence! no, he never would use me thus.

Young Val. Does the excess of my passion offend you, which, inflamed by disappointment, will admit of no delay? I here plight my solemn vow, and call heaven to witness that you are my wife, and at my father's death—

Miss Bonc. Be gone, villain, and never see me more.

[*Exit.*

Young Val. This I might expect on the first proposal; but her distress and my perseverance must in time prevail. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE, *another Apartment in* BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Your ruin will go round the town before night; by six all the good women will order their horses, to blame your conduct, and pity your family in every assembly and private company they meet with.

Bonc. So, you think I shall have no more difficulty to prevent the match.

Sir Geo. I do, indeed, and hope you will reap more advantage than that from it.

Bonc. What, pray?

Sir Geo. Be cur'd of your distemper—your good nature. Have you not oblig'd almost every one of your acquaintance? Have you not lent money without

security? Have you not always been inclined to speak well of mankind, and blam'd nothing but the most notorious villainy? Have not your doors been open as those of an hospital to the sustenance of the poor? nay, have you not taken them from a prison, and brought them to your table? Are there not many rich men who owe the original of their wealth to your bounty; and yet, if after all that you have done, should you not be able to borrow five pounds in the town, would it not cure you?

Bonc. Why should I be sorry that I have been good, because others are evil? if I have acted right I have done well, though alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind would not justify my conduct.

Sir Geo. I tell you, Sir, you have not acted right: you have acted very wrong in doing kindness to a parcel of rogues and rascals, who with the tenth part of your understanding have call'd you fool for serving them; have privately laugh'd at you in your prosperity, and will publicly despise you in your adversity—a good-natur'd man! O! 'tis a precious character.

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! brother, you yourself are a good-natur'd man, and don't know it.

Sir Geo. Why, truly, I have been guilty of some infirmities of that kind, for which I am heartily sorry; I have told a man he deserv'd to be hang'd, when he ought to have been broke on the wheel; and sometimes I pay my tradesmen's bills in half a year without deduction, when the rascals would gain three per cent. if I paid them in a twelvemonth: I have refus'd going to law with a man for a debt, only because I knew he could not pay the charges: I have shaken a rogue by the hand, only because it was the fashion; and have expressed abundance of sorrow for the misfortunes of my acquaintance when they have not given me the least

uneasiness; yes, I think, in the main, I am too good-natur'd truly.

Bonc. Well, Sir George, let the effects this scheme of yours produces upon my children be the test of our principles.

Sir Geo. Content.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. My father! oh, Sir, I have heard such news! heaven forbid there should be the least shadow or colour of truth in it.

Sir Geo. Why, sure, Sir, it can't surprise you to hear your father is ruin'd, when you have been endeavouring by a long course of extravagance to bring it about?

Young Bonc. Sir, I can ill bear jesting on this subject: if the indulgence of my father has allowed the inadvertency of my youth to bring this misfortune on him, the agonies of all my future days will not sufficiently punish me for it.

Bonc. Do you hear that, brother?

Sir Geo. I would not have you take it so much to heart neither, since your own ruin will not be absolutely included in your father's; you have a certain reversion of the estate, by the marriage settlement, upon which you may still raise money for your own subsistence; and I do not suppose you mad enough to give up your right to that, in order to enable your father to preserve himself, by cutting off the entail.

Young Bonc. How! is it in my power to preserve him?

Sir Geo. Yes, in that way you may, but in no other.

Young Bonc. Send for a lawyer this moment: let him point out the method: if there were no other way my blood should sign the deed. O, my father, believe me,

I am blest to give you this trifling instance of my duty, of my affection!

Bonc. My child! O, brother, I can scarce support it.

Young Bonc. I'll this instant to my lawyer; I am impatient till it be done; justice, gratitude, duty to the best of fathers, will not let me rest till it is accomplish'd.

[*Exit.*

Bonc. Well, Sir George, what think you now?

Sir Geo. Think! why I think he has smelt out the trick, and has artfully contriv'd this cheap method of appearing meritorious in your eyes.

Bonc. Oh, brother, that is too severe a censure; the feeling that he shewed, the warmth, the earnestness with which he expressed himself, could never be assumed by one not accustomed to dissemble.

Sir Geo. Well, if that be the case, all I can say is, that you have damn'd good luck in having a son whose natural disposition was so good, that all the pains you have taken, have not been able to spoil him entirely; but who have we here?

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Sir Greg. [*entering.*] Pshaw! at home indeed! plague on thee; dost think I want to ask whether a man's at home when I see him at the window? neighbour Boncour, how fares it?—what, Sir George!

Bonc. Is it possible! Sir Gregory Kennel in town.

Sir Greg. That question hath been ask'd by every one I have seen since I have been here: why should it not be as possible for us country gentlemen to come to town, as for you town gentlemen to come into the country? I don't know whether you are glad to see us here, but we should be glad to see some of you there a little oft'ner.

Bonc. I hope you left all well, there, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Yes; I left the tenants very well; and they give their humble service to you, would be very glad of your company to spend a little of your money amongst them.

Bonc. But how does your family, Sir Gregory? how does my godson do?

Sir Greg. Why, the squire is very well; I was bringing him to see you; but I taught un to travel, I think, and so ecod, at the corner of one of the streets, he travell'd off, and left me in the lurch: you have no need to be asham'd of your godson, I can tell you; he is a fine gentleman: I suppose you have heard he has made the tour of Europe, as he calls it.

Bonc. Not I, truly.

Sir Greg. But, pray, Sir George, what do you think is my business in town?

Sir Geo. Faith, I can't tell——To sell oxen, I suppose.

Sir Greg. No; not that entirely; though I have some cattle with me too.—Pray guess again.

Sir Geo. To see my Lord Mayor's show, perhaps.

Sir Greg. No, no; I don't love shows. Well, then, since you can't tell, I'll tell you; to get a good wife for my son; for though the boy hath seen all Europe, till a man hath married his son, he han't discharged his duty —then he hath done all in his power.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, his wife will do the rest.

Enter MISS BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Sir, when you are at leisure, I shall be happy to speak with you.

Bonc. Presently, my dear.—Sir Gregory Kennel—a very old riend of mine.—My daughter, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. A brave lass, faith! by your leave, Madam;

why that's well; you are in the right not to be shy to me, for I have had you in my arms before now.

Bonc. And her brother, too, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, so I have, and truly for the matter we were talking of, since I see what I see, I don't care for going any farther; what say you, neighbour Boncour? you know my estate, and I know yours, you have seen my son, and I see your daughter; what say you to a match between them?

Bonc. My daughter, Sir Gregory, will be the properest person to ask.

Sir Greg. Not at all; what signifies asking a person a question, when you know before-hand what will be the answer; especially when you know that answer to be a false one——No, no, the boy shall ask her, and then they will lie to one another; for if she swears she does not love him, he'll swear he'll love her for ever, and that is as good a one.

Bonc. Sir Gregory, I am sensible of the honour you propose me, but shall neither force nor oppose her inclination.

Miss Bonc. I find he hath not heard our story. [*Aside.*

Sir Greg. Well, my little Gilliflower, since I am to ask thee, what would it say to a hearty, healthy, good-humour'd young dog, that would love thee till thy heart ached?

Miss Bonc. Sir; I don't understand you.

Sir Greg. O lud, there is a——

Miss Bonc. Hold, Sir, no rudeness; when I am properly ask'd, I shall know how to answer. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. That is, when she is ask'd by the young fellow; that, I suppose, is properly ask'd.

Sir Geo. 'Tis an alliance on no account to be lost——well, Sir Gregory, I hope my niece gave you a satisfactory answer.

Sir Greg. The same answer that a lawyer or physician could give who were attack'd without a fee.

Sir Geo. What's that?

Sir Greg. That they were not properly ask'd; but here will be the proper person himself presently; he who knows where to find me.

Bonc. In the mean time, Sir Gregory, what say you to a bottle of Burgundy?

Sir Greg. I shall like a bottle of any thing very well, for I have not drank a single drop this whole hour.

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you.

Sir Greg. Wait on me! pr'ythee get out and shew me the way; a plague of ceremony. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Room in* VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR *and* MISS VALENCE.

MISS VALENCE.

AND so you have promised to resign your right of inheritance in the estate to your father?

Young Bonc. I have, Madam.

Miss Val. Then you have done like a fool; and deserve to be pointed at as such.

Young Bonc. How, Madam? would you have me insensibly and quietly sit down, and see my father ruin'd?

Miss Val. Ay, fifty fathers, rather than part with my prospect of a fortune.

Young Bonc. Does this agree with those professions of filial duty I have heard from Miss Valence?

Miss Val. Profess'd! ha, ha, ha! to my father! when I never dar'd to do otherwise. I may rather say, this foolish generosity is little of a piece with your frequent professions of disobedience.

Young Bonc. Well, no more of this, dear Sophia. Tell me when you will make me happy?

Miss Val. I don't know what you mean—

Young Bonc. How!

Miss Val. Sure, you can't imagine, when you parted with the right of your estate, but that you parted with your right to your mistress. Do you think I would do so imprudent a thing as marry a beggar?

Young Bonc. Did you not tell me to-day, nay scarce an hour ago, that neither the misfortunes of my father, nor the commands of your own, should prevent our happiness?

Miss Val. Nor do they. 'Tis your own folly you are to thank; a folly, which had you lov'd me, you could not have been guilty of——Besides, I did not know then, that I had a lover at my command. [*Aside.*

Young Bonc. Sure my eyes or my ears deceive me! these words cannot come from the generous Miss Valence.

Miss Val. Indeed, I am as generous as a prudent woman ought to be, or ever will be; I hope you do not expect me to have the romantic ideas of a girl of fifteen, to dream of woods and deserts; you would not have me live in a cottage on love.

Young Bonc. I find I have been in an error, the grossest, wildest, and most monstrous of errors; I have thought a woman faithful, just, and generous.

Miss Val. Why truly, that is a mistake, something extraordinary in so great a man; but if you have any thing of importance, I beg you would communicate it, for my mantua-maker waits for me in the next room, and I

expect a lady every moment, to carry me into the city, where I am to give her my judgment on a fan mount. So, Mr. Boncour, you will excuse me at present, and do me the favour to give my compliments to your sister.

[*Exit* Miss Valence.

Young Bonc. [*Stands some time silent.*] I have been deceiv'd with a vengeance! Thou art indeed another creature than the object of my affection was; where i she then? why no where. This is the real creature, and the object of my love was the phantom. Vanish then, my love, with that, for how can a building stand, when the foundation is gone! [*Exit* Young Boncour.

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG VALENCE *and* MISS VALENCE, (*laughing.*)

Miss Val. I assure you, brother, I take it ill of you to overhear my privacies.

Young Val. Nay, never be asham'd of your merit. I shall esteem you always for your resolution. I own I scarce believ'd any woman could so easily have resign'd her lover.

Miss Val. O, 'tis a terrible thing for a woman to resign her lover, when she is under fifteen, or above fifty; that is, for a girl to part with what she calls her first love, or an old woman with what she fears will be her last. But at one-and-twenty, when one has seen a little of the world, the changing of one lover for another is as changing one's cloaths.

Young Val. Well, since you are so frank with me, I'll be as communicative with you. My passion for Miss Boncour is a little more ungovernable, than yours for her brother; and since it is inconvenient to

have her for a wife, I have determined to have her for a mistress.

Miss Val. And do you think you shall be able to accomplish your point?

Young Val. Yes, and you will think so too, I believe, when you know all——In short, I attack'd her this very morning, depreciated marriage with violence, and press'd her with all the eagerness of a man, whose appetites were too impatient to endure the tedious ceremony of saying grace before he satisfies them.

Miss Val. And how did she receive you?

Young Val. Much better than I expected. However, at last she rallied her spirits, and with some passion commanded me to leave her; I was scarce at home before I received this letter.

Miss Val. Any letter after such a proposal was an acceptance of it.

(*Reads.*)

'As you cannot wonder at my being a little surprised 'at what past this morning between us, you will easily 'be able to account for my behaviour on that occasion. 'If you desire me to say I am sorry for so peremptorily 'putting an end to your visit, you may think I have 'said so. However, I desire to see you this evening 'punctually at eight, and that you would, if possible, 'avoid being seen by any of the family, but your's.'

Young Val. What are you considering about?

Miss Val. Only whether it is her hand.

Young Val. That I am sure it is.

Miss Val. Then I am sure you have nothing to do but to keep your appointment.

Enter VALENCE *and* YOUNG KENNEL.

Val. Since you are so very desirous, Sir, to see my

daughter, I don't see how I can refuse the son of my good friend Sir Gregory; refusing indeed is not my talent—I own I cannot guess what earnest business you can have with her.

Young Ken. Upon my honour, Sir, it is not of any disservice to the young lady, nay, I believe I may trust you with it.

Val. No, no, no, I will be trusted with nothing.—I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing. But pray, young gentleman, are you sure now (I only ask for an impertinent curiosity), are you sure that Sir Gregory can't cut off the entail of his estate?

Young Ken. Why, if you won't believe, you may ask the lawyers that my tutor consulted about it.

Val. Nay, nay, it is nothing to me, it is no business of mine——O, here is my daughter. Child, Mr. Kennel, eldest son of Sir Gregory Kennel, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance——(*They salute*)——Well, Mr. Kennel, you must pardon me, I must leave you on business of consequence: Son, you must come along with me, I ask pardon for only leaving my daughter to keep you company.

Young Val. Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exit* Valence *and* Young Valence.

Young Ken. Pray Madam was you ever at Paris?

Miss Val. No, Sir, I have never been out of my own country.

Young Ken. That is a great misfortune to you, Madam; for I would not give a fig for any thing that had not made the tour of Europe.

Miss Val. I thought, Sir, travelling had been a necessary qualification only to you gentlemen. I need not ask, Sir, if you have been at Paris.

Young Ken. No, I hope not, Madam; I hope no one will imagine these cloaths to be the handy-work of any

English tailor: Paris, indeed! why, Madam, I have made the tour of Europe.

Miss Val. Upon my word, this is extraordinary in one so young; I suppose, Sir, you went abroad very soon after you left school.

Young Ken. School! ha, ha, ha! why, Madam, I was never at school at all; I liv'd with the old witch my grandmother till I was seventeen, and then my father stole me away from her, and sent me abroad, where I wish I had staid for ever——for, ah! Madam—

Miss Val. Now he begins (he is just what I would choose for a husband)—— [*Aside.*

Young Ken. Can you not read in my eyes that I have lost my heart?

Miss Val. Avez-vous donc laissé votre cœur à Paris, Monsieur?

Young Ken. What the devil is that, Madam?

Miss Val. Don't you understand French, Sir?

Young Ken. Not a syllable, upon my soul, except an oath or two.

Miss Val. I suppose, I say, Sir, you have left your heart at Paris.

Young Ken. No, Madam, you cannot suppose that: you saw, you must have seen at the play in what corner of the world my heart was.

Miss Val. I have no time to play the coquette. [*Aside.*] High-ho! [*Sighs.*]

Young Ken. Ha! sure that sigh betokens pity.

Miss Val. How do you know you want it? Have you declared your passion?

Young Ken. Not, unless my eyes have done it.

Miss Val. Perhaps she who hath your heart, may have returned you her own.

Young Ken. That would make me happier than the King of France, the Doge of Venice, or any prince I

have ever seen; but if she hath, sure you must know it, and it is in your power——

Miss Val. I, Sir?——O bless me——My power! ——What have you said?

Young Ken. O, take pity of the most unhappy man that ever was at Versailles.

Miss Val. I am so frighten'd, so confounded—Could I have imagin'd that I had made this impression on your heart?

Young Ken. No, Madam, no, no, no, not you, the other lady that was with you.

Miss Val. How, Sir!

Young Ken. I am only soliciting you, to let me know where I may find that dear, adorable, divine creature, who was with you at the play the night before last; I lost you both in the crowd by a cursed accident, and by the most fortunate one have met with you once again to direct me to my love.

Miss Val. Unheard of impudence——and am I to be a go-between?

Young Ken. Can you refuse me?

Miss Val. Refuse you! Go, oaf! Go, find your slut, your trollop, your beggar, for so she is.

Young Ken. Were she the meanest beggar upon earth, could I find her, I should be happy.

Miss Val. I could tear my fan—my hair—my flesh—I'll to my closet, and vent myself in private.

[*Exit* Miss Valence.

Young Ken. Heyday! what can have put the woman in such a passion?—But tho' she won't tell me, now I have found her out, I shall surely find out her acquaintance; I will watch her closely, for I will discover my angel, tho' I make the tour of the whole world after her. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

SCENE, BONCOUR'S *Apartment.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. Bonc. But why kept a secret from me, why am I not worthy to know secrets?

Bonc. I have given you what should be a satisfactory reason.—I had promised not to tell it you.

Mrs. Bonc. No, to be sure! A wife is not a proper person to be trusted with any thing.

Bonc. You have no reason to arraign my want of confidence in you.

Mrs. Bonc. Well then, do tell me the reason why you keep this a secret from me?

Bonc. That would be to have no confidence in myself: come, my dear, leave this vain solicitation; you know I seldom resolve to contradict you in any thing: but when I do, I have never been wheedled, or cry'd, or bullied out of my resolution.

Mrs. Bonc. What can I think of this?

Bonc. Why you are to think that you owe my condescension to my tenderness, and not my folly.——Pray, my dear, lay aside this caprice of temper, which may work your own misery, but shall not mine; my gratitude to you will prevent my contributing to your uneasiness, but shall never make the quiet of my own life dependant on any other.

Mrs. Bonc. It is a pretty compliment, truly, to assure me that your happiness does not depend on me.

Bonc. I scorn to compliment you, nor did I ever speak to you but from my heart. I challenge you in any one

instance of my whole course of behaviour to blame my conduct, unless you join the world and condemn me for too much easiness of disposition; but I must leave you a little while.

Mrs. Bonc. But I desire you will not leave me.

Bonc. I am oblig'd. I am guilty of rudeness every moment I stay. I assure you it is regard to decency only, and not to pleasure, calls me from you.

Mrs. Bonc. Why will you go then?

Bonc. Because I will always do what I think right, without regard to my own pleasure, or that of others.

Mrs. Bonc. You shall stay.

Bonc. I will not.

Mrs. Bonc. I will come and disturb your company.

Bonc. You would make me miserable, if you did, by forcing me to the last of evils.

Mrs. Bonc. What is that, pray?

Bonc. That of using violence to you. [*Exit* Boncour.

Mrs. Bonc. What does the man mean? he never utter'd any thing like this before! I must turn over a new leaf, and exert more spirit than I have lately done. I will go this instant and break up his company—but suppose he should use violence; he seemed very resolute. Ha! I will not provoke him so far—but the secret I will hear—or—he shall never sleep again, that I am resolv'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

SCENE, *another Room in* BONCOUR'S *House.*

SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, *and* MR. BONCOUR, *discovered drinking.*

Sir Geo. Sir Gregory, it is your glass.

Sir Greg. Well, and it shall be my glass then—here's success to the war; and I hope we shall shortly have French pointers in England as plenty as curs.

Sir Geo. Well said, Sir Gregory, spoke like a true Englishman.

Sir Greg. Ay, like an Englishman that will drink, as long as he can stand, for the good of his country.—Odso, here comes my son.

Enter YOUNG KENNEL.

Bonc. Sir George, this is young Mr. Kennel.

[*They salute.*

Sir Geo. Is this your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Ay, I think so.

Sir Geo. A hopeful youth, truly. [*Aside.*

Sir Greg. So, rascal, how have you the assurance to look me in the face? how have you the impudence to come into my presence, sirrah, after running away from me?

Young Ken. Nay, if you come to that, you run away from me.

Sir Greg. That's a lie, and would be a pretty story if it was true, to be outwalked by your father.

Young Ken. Hold there, not so fast, Sir, I don't allow you can outwalk me neither.

Sir Greg. Don't you? why then I will see whether I can out-drink you, I believe I can do that yet: Mr. Boncour, let us have a quart glass, for the rascal shall start fair, we won't give him a bottle scope.

Young Ken. A quart glass! why, Sir, you don't intend to make me drunk?

Sir Greg. Yes I do, Sir, but I hope a quart won't do it; you are not such a milk-sop as that. Harkye, sirrah, it is all over, I have done your business for you; this gentleman and I have agreed that he shall be your father-

in-law, so nothing remains but for you to see the wench, marry, and to bed, and then down to Dirty Park.

Young Ken. Two words to that bargain, Sir, for I am engaged.

Bonc. Nay, Sir Gregory, then——

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR, *and takes his Father aside.*

Young Bonc. Sir, I have something to say to you in private from my sister.

Sir Greg. You are engaged!

Young Ken. Even so, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then, Sir, my estate is engag'd too; I will disinherit you, sirrah: I won't leave you money enough to pay the tailor for such another fool's cover as you have on now.

Young Ken. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Do you laugh at me, you dog?

Young Ken. Only at your disinheriting me; my tutor has let me into that secret.

Sir Greg. O, ho, he has, I will thank him for that the first time I see him: and in the mean time, sirrah, do as I would have you, or—— [*Lifts up his stick.*

Sir Geo. Why, Sir Gregory, do you think this is the way to prevail with your son? it may be a knock down argument, I grant you, but I am much mistaken if it will ever prove a convincing one.

Young Ken. If he could disinherit me, as I know he can't, I will never marry unless it be the woman I love. Nay, don't shake your stick about, I know a little of quarter-staff as well as you.

Sir Greg. Sirrah—I'll—I'll—

Sir Geo. It is almost a pity to hinder these two loggerheads from falling foul of one another.

Bonc. Gentlemen, I must beg to be excused one moment, I will return to you instantly—Sir George, I

wish you would bring the company after us, I have a particular reason for it.

[*Exit* Boncour *and* Young Boncour.

Sir Geo. (*To* Sir Gregory.) Come. Sir Gregory, be pacified, you had best try by gentler methods to bring the young gentleman to reason.

Sir Greg. I'll bring him by a good cudgel, that's my reason, odsbodikins, I have sent him a travelling to a fine purpose, truly, to learn to despise his father!

Young Ken. You have hit it at last, my good old gentleman.

Sir Geo. Come, Sir Gregory, we will, if you please, adjourn for a few minutes; you have not seen the house —here are some pictures worth your seeing.

Sir Greg. Why, I like to see pictures well enough, if they are handsome ones.

Young Ken. They may do well enough for you, but I am convinced they must be sad trash to a man that has seen Italy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Apartment.*

YOUNG VALENCE *and* MISS BONCOUR.

Young Val. I will outwit my father, I will plunder him of every thing he has, to keep you in affluence equal to your desire.

Miss Bonc. And do you intend literally to make me your mistress?

Young Val. I intend to make you happy, and myself with you; be assured, if love, if wealth, can make you happy, thou shalt be so.

Miss Bonc. No, there is something in that word mistress, which I don't like.

Young Val. A groundless prejudice—cannot we join

ourselves, without the leave or assistance of a priest? are we more capable of transferring raptures to each other's bosoms by a few cant words which he pronounces? Where is the difference then of our being one another's, with marriage or without it?

Miss Bonc. Yes, as to me, it differs a little.

Young Val. How, my dearest creature?

Miss Bonc. I shall be infamous this way, that's all.

Young Val. A false opinion of the world, unworthy your regard; our happiness is precarious, indeed, if it is to be blown up and down by the inconstant changeable breath of mankind.

Miss Bonc. It seems strange to me, however, that a man would make the creature he loves infamous. Could I ever have thought I should have brought infamy on myself by that tender passion for you, which I now frankly own? Can you endeavour to make use of the sincerest, honestest, and tenderest affection, to the ruin of her who bears it to you? I need not tell you how willingly I would have sacrificed my all,—how eagerly I would have done, or suffer'd any thing for you! and would you sacrifice my eternal guilt, my spotless fame, my unguarded innocence, to the satisfaction of an appetite which every common prostitute may serve?

Young Val. Every moment I see you, every word you utter, adds new fuel to my flame.

Miss Bonc. Think of the injury you do me, and the least drop of humanity will cool the hottest passion.

Young Val. Think of the bliss I am to enjoy.

Miss Bonc. And would you enjoy it to my ruin? O consider those tedious miserable hours which I must suffer for the momentary bliss you will possess! behold me abandoned by my father, deserted by my relations, denied by my acquaintance, shunn'd, slighted, scorn'd by all the world! see me in the horrors of this state,

and think 'twas you who brought me to it; 'twas you who plunged me into this scene of misery, that creature who would not, to have gain'd the treasures of the world, have done an act to destroy your quiet; consider this and answer me, could you enjoy any happiness at the price of my eternal ruin?

Young Val. O, can you ask it? let us not think beyond the present moment.

Miss Bonc. Hold——thou lowest, meanest, and most abject villain, think not this trial was made to recover your love: O, no! this morning I saw,—I despised the baseness of your heart, and bore your hated presence those few moments but to expose you. Open the door.

Young Val. Ha! damnation!

Enter BONCOUR, VALENCE, *and the rest.*

Val. O, monstrous! Nothing but my own ears could have made me give credit to it: you will outwit your father, Sir! your father will outwit you of every farthing I can tell you; I'll disinherit you this afternoon, and turn you out like a vagabond as you are.

Young Val. Death and despair! I'm ruin'd for ever.

[*Exit* Young Valence.

Val. Not one penny, not one single farthing shall he ever have of mine.

Bonc. My daughter, my dear child! as much now the object of my admiration, as this morning of my love.

Miss Bonc. Thou best of men, it shall be the business of my future days to be your comfort only.

Enter SIR GEORGE, SIR GREGORY, *and* YOUNG KENNEL.

Sir Greg. You are a civil man, indeed, neighbour, to leave one in your own house—What, do you grudge your wine?

Bonc. You'll pardon me, Sir Gregory, I had a little

business; besides, I am not able to drink, and my brother there is your match.

Sir Greg. As to the business, that's a lie, I believe; and if you can't drink, what a plague are you good for: but come, is this my god-daughter? Here, sirrah, where are you; this is the lady you are to have: come, let one see you fall to making love: let us see a little of the fruits of your travels.

Young Ken. Sir, I am so surpris'd! nor know I whether to thank you or fortune.

Sir Greg. I know you had rather thank any body than your father, you rascal; but this is the lady whom I found out for you, you dog.

Young Ken. And this is the lady for whom alone I refus'd to be obedient, not knowing who your choice was.

Val. Ha! what's that, what's that?

Miss Bonc. With your leave, I would be excus'd at present, Sir.

Bonc. No, no, my dear, pray stay, do not disoblige Sir Gregory; you may trust me, that I shall not force your inclinations.

Sir Greg. Come, begin, sirrah, begin.

Enter YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. Sir, Mr. Recorder, your lawyer, is in the next room, and waits to execute the deed.

Bonc. My heart, my eyes overflow with tenderness, for so much goodness; sure 'tis a sensation almost worthy to be bought with ruin: but, oh! what happiness must be mine, who, while I hear these instances of my children's goodness, can assure them my fortune wants not so dear a reparation. The story was your uncle's invention; the reason for it I will tell you anon: no, my son, though

perhaps I may not much increase, I shall be at least a faithful steward of my wife's fortune to her children.

Val. How, Mr. Boncour! is this possible?

Bonc. It is true, indeed, neighbour.

Val. Indeed, neighbour, I am very glad of it; and what was this, only a jest of Sir George's?

Bonc. Even so.

Val. I am extremely happy in hearing it, and will if you please make this a memorable æra in the happiness of our children. I speak not of my son, I will abandon him, and give all I am worth to my daughter, and give that daughter to your son.

Young Bonc. You will pardon me, Mr. Valence; but, had I been reduc'd to the lowest degree of distress, I would not have accepted of your daughter with any fortune she could have brought.

Val. How, Sir!

Young Bonc. She will, if she relate to you faithfully her behaviour to me this day, lessen your surprise at what I say.

Val. I will go home, turn my daughter out of doors, disinherit my son, give my estate to build an hospital, and then hang myself up at the next charitable tree I can find.

Sir Geo. Mr. Valence, Mr. Valence! I have spoke to my brother about that estate that lies so contiguous to yours, and when it is to be sold, you shall certainly have the refusal of it.

Val. What, am I mock'd, scoff'd? Ah! zounds! I shall run mad. [*Exit* Valence.

Young Ken. Madam, I have seen a great deal of the world; but all the women I have seen, are no more comparable to you, than the smallest chapel in London is to the church of Notre Dame.

Miss Bonc. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. (*To* Boncour.) Why should there go so many words to a bargain? let us have the wedding directly.

Sir Geo. Wedding, directly! what, do you think you are coupling some of your animals in the country? Do you think that a union of bodies is all that is requisite in a state, wherein there can be no happiness without a union of minds too? Go, and redeem past time: your son is not yet too old to learn: employ some able man to cultivate the share of understanding that nature gave him; to weed out all the follies and fopperies that he has pick'd up in the tour of Europe, as he calls it: then, when he appears to be a rational creature, and not till then, let him pay his addresses to my niece.

Young Ken. So, then, I find I am not a rational creature! and faith, I begin to think so myself. And whose fault was that, father, but yours, that did not give me a rational education?

Sir Greg. Why, you dog, I gave you the same education I had myself: would you have had a better education than your father, sirrah? But did not I send you, besides, to travel, to finish your education? and when an education is finish'd, is not that enough? what signifies what the beginning was? But never fear them, Greg; with such an education as I had, I got twenty thousand pounds with my wife; and you who have travelled may, I think, expect more. Never fear 'em, boy, the acres, the acres will do the business.

Sir Geo. There you may find yourself mistaken; for I have some dirty acres to add to my niece's fortune that may chance to weigh against your scale. Her behaviour this day has pleas'd me: and I never will consent to see her wedded to any one, who has not understanding enough to know her value.

Young Ken. Oh! heavens! I'll do any thing to mend

my understanding rather than lose the only woman I can love; and though I have hated books as I do the devil, if that be the only way to improve it, I'll pore my eyes out rather than lose her.

Bonc. Why, this must be a work of time; and whenever you render yourself worthy of her, you may have a chance to succeed.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my lady has sent me to acquaint your honour, that supper is on table.

Bonc. We will attend her. [*Exit* Servant.

Sir Geo. Well, brother, I think you begin to find already the good effects of my advice to you: your wife, you see, civilly sends in, instead of rushing herself into company with the scream of, 'Why must not I be let 'into the secret?'

Bonc. Sir George, I thank you; and am now convinc'd, that a little exertion of a proper authority on my part will soon make my wife act like a rational woman.

Sir Geo. Well, George, your behaviour this day has, I confess, wiped away some part of the very bad opinion I had of you; and if you will cast off your follies, and turn away your wench, I have a wife in view for you, the same that your father intended to propose, who will make you amends for the one you have lost: and in that case, to make you more worthy of her, I don't care if I settle the best part of my estate on you.

Young Bonc. Sir, I know that professions, on such occasions, often pass only for words of course; but you will see, by a total reformation of my past conduct, that the whole study of my life hereafter shall be to please so generous an uncle, and so good a father.

Sir Geo. What a variety of strange events has this

day produced! I can't help thinking, that they might furnish out a good subject for a comedy.

Bonc. Only a catastrophe would be wanting; because you know it is a constant rule, that comedies should end in a marriage.

Sir Geo. That's true; but if the performer, who is to represent your character, should only step forward at the end, and make a smooth speech or so, an English audience is generally so good natur'd, that they would pass over that, and all the other faults that might be in the piece for the sake of the GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK; SPOKEN BY MISS YOUNG.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase
Which suits the warlike spirit of these days——
Are cannon charg'd, or shou'd be charg'd, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each rising folly hit;
By a late Gen'ral who commanded here,
And fought our bloodless battles many a year!
'Mongst other favours were conferr'd on me,
He made me Captain of Artillery!——
At various follies many guns I fir'd,
Hit 'em point blank, and thought the foe retir'd,—
But vainly thought—for to my great surprize,
They now are rank and file before my eyes!
Nay, to retreat may even me oblige;——
The works of Folly stand the longest siege!
With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack those high-built castle—caps!
But tow'ring still, they swell in lofty state,
Nor strike one riband to capitulate;—
Whilst beaus behind, thus peeping, and thus bent,
Are the besieg'd, behind the battlement:
But you are conquerors, Ladies—have no dread,
Henceforth in peace enjoy the cloud-cap'd-head!
We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er,
Nor at your rigging fire one cannon more!
And now ye Bucks and Bucklings of the age,
Tho' caps are clear, your hats shall feel my rage;

The high-cock'd, half-cock'd quaker, and the slouch,
Have at ye all!—I'll hit you, though ye crouch;
We read in history—one William Tell,
An honest Swiss, with arrows shot so well,
On his son's head, he aim'd with so much care,
He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair:
So I, with such-like skill, but much less pain,
Will strike your hats off, and not touch your brain:
To curse our head-dress! an't you pretty fellows!
Pray who can see thro' your broad-brim'd umbrellas?
That pent-house worn by slim Sir Dainty Dandle!
Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle—
We look his body thro'—But what fair she,
Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can see?
Time was, when Britons to the boxes came,
Quite spruce, and *chapeau bas!* address'd each dame.
Now in flapt hats, and dirty boots they come,
Look knowing thus—to every female dumb;
But roar out—Hey, Jack! so, Will! you there, Tom?
Both sides have errors, that there's no concealing;
We'd low'r our heads, had but men's hearts some feeling.
Valence, my spark, play'd off his modish airs,
But nature gave us wit to cope with theirs;
Our sex have some small faults won't bear defending,
And tho' near perfect, want a little mending;
Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

THE LIFE

OF

MR. JONATHAN WILD

THE GREAT.

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THE HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD,

THE GREAT.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Shewing the wholesome uses drawn from recording the achievements of those wonderful productions of nature called GREAT MEN.

As it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed; for besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here before our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of

admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily, nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns: for though we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lysander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixt kind; neither totally good nor bad: their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

Of this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom, though nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without allay. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects; or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections, which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned; to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

But before we enter on this great work we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the disingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other: for Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and Goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar, we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw, we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as

these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, *viz.*, of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have no where mentioned any spark of goodness, which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of Diabolism, we have ventured to call him *The Great*; nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

CHAPTER II.

Giving an account of as many of our hero's ancestors as can be gathered out of the rubbish of antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that purpose.

It is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

What first gave rise to this method is somewhat difficult

to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary personages were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that, if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like Prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured, that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to show his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

But, whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name), was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i.e. Nemet eour Saxes, Take out your swords*, this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs, Take out their purses*; instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

The next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent, was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III. and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could,

without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country: on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph:

O shame o' Justice, Wild is hang'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the Fifth kept his word with his old companion.

After the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the First, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars passing from one to t'other, as heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy; till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter of the above-mentioned John Hind, Esq., by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely, Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and, suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper, that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine, who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and co-heiress of Geoffrey Snap, Gent., who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired an handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster-hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Esq., and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

CHAPTER III.

The birth, parentage, and education of Mr. Jonathan Wild, the Great.

It is observable that nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character, with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints pre-admonish us of her intention, giving us warning as it were, and crying:

———*Venienti occurrite morbo.*

Thus Astyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our Great Man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something supernatural in it; for, though she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priăpus* instead of *Priāpus*; and her husband swore that though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such an

heathen god), he never in his life could any wise have put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

Another remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvellous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, every thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent-garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptized by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

Nothing very remarkable passed in his years of infancy, save, that as the letters *Th* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young Master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for though he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugarplum be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be bribed to any thing, which made many say he was certainly born to be a Great Man.

He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an

orchard was to be robbed Wild was consulted, and though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty; some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting Master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

He discovered so little attention to school-learning that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and, acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations; perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences; which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but though Master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his schoolfellows: being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exercitations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i.e. *A step towards Parnassus*; on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i.e. *A step towards the gallows.*

But though he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others,

especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad, where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of Priggism.* He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book, of the rich booty which he bore off (*i.e.* stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition, he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said, *It was a glorious booty.*

When the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain said, *He could have taught him a better way.*

He was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late King of Sweden he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by* Alexander; *but* added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

Happy had it been for him if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish was, that he would sometimes, from an humility in his nature

* This word, in the cant language, signifies thievery.

too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons. Thus the Spanish rogue was his favourite book, and the cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

The young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false, as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wild's first entrance into the world. His acquaintance with Count La Ruse.

An accident happened soon after his arrival in town, which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided Master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expense could have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffrey Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffrey had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one Count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house, till he could find two seconds who would in a formal manner give their words that the Count

should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble, a tailor, had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alleged that the Count had, according to the law of the realm, made over his body to him as a security for some suits of clothes to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble. Now, as the Count, though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house: for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10*l.* or indeed 2*l.* may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50*l.* whether he will or no; for which he is perhaps afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth, mistaken.

But though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the Count on his parole; yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The Count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap using only the precaution of keeping his doors well locked and barred, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

Mr. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive Count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually, as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the Count was greatly skilful.

As whisk and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person, in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind from the violent fatigues of his employment by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman, or lady, came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young Master Wild, who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him; yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the Count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the Count's discernment: for though this latter was so expert at his cards that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for Master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the Count's pocket before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly frolic of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild

imagined the Count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made; but preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two Prigs,* that in reality it recommended them to each other: for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard; but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These, therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the Count, that, notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing, of consequence, but superior interest, was capable of dissolving.

* Thieves.

CHAPTER V.

A dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural conclusion.

One evening, after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the Count thus addressed himself to young Wild: 'You 'cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to 'your own great capacity as to be surprised when I tell 'you I have often viewed, with a mixture of astonishment 'and concern, your shining qualities confined to a sphere 'where they can never reach the eyes of those who would 'introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to 'an eminence where you may blaze out to the admiration 'of all men. I assure you I am pleased with my capti- 'vity, when I reflect I am likely to owe to it an acquaint- 'ance, and I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of 'my age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my 'vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscurity (par- 'don the expression) such talents as were, I believe, never 'before like to have been buried in it: for I make no 'question, but, at my discharge from confinement, which 'will now soon happen, I shall be able to introduce you 'into company, where you may reap the advantage of 'your superior parts.

'I will bring you acquainted, Sir, with those, who as 'they are capable of setting a true value on such qualifi- 'cations, so they will have it both in their power and 'inclination to prefer you for them. Such an introduc- 'tion is the only advantage you want, without which your 'merit might be your misfortune; for those abilities which 'would entitle you to honour and profit in a superior

'station, may render you only obnoxious to danger and 'disgrace in a lower.'

Mr. Wild answered: 'Sir, I am not insensible of my 'obligations to you, as well as for the overvalue you have 'set on my small abilities, as for the kindness you express 'in offering to introduce me among my superiors. I must 'own, my father hath often persuaded me to push myself 'into the company of my betters; but, to say the truth, 'I have an awkward pride in my nature, which is better 'pleased with being at the head of the lowest class 'than at the bottom of the highest. Permit me to say, 'though the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather 'stand on the summit of a dunghill than at the bottom of 'a hill in Paradise; I have always thought it signifies 'little into what rank of life I am thrown, provided I 'make a great figure therein; and should be as well 'satisfied with exerting my talents well at the head of a 'small party or gang, as in the command of a mighty 'army: for I am far from agreeing with you, that great 'parts are often lost in a low situation; on the contrary, 'I am convinced it is impossible they should be lost. I 'have often persuaded myself that there were not fewer 'than a thousand in Alexander's troops capable of per-'forming what Alexander himself did.

'But because such spirits were not elected or destined 'to an imperial command, are we therefore to imagine 'they came off without a booty? or that they contented 'themselves with the share in common with their com-'rades? Surely, no. In civil life, doubtless, the same 'genius, the same endowments have often composed the 'statesman and the Prig: for so we call what the vulgar 'name a Thief. The same parts, the same actions often 'promote men to the head of superior societies, which 'raise them to the head of lower; and where is the 'essential difference, if the one ends on Tower-hill, and

'the other at Tyburn? Hath the block any preference to 'the gallows, or the ax to the halter, but was given them 'by the ill-guided judgment of men? You will pardon 'me, therefore, if I am not so hastily inflamed with the 'common outside of things, nor join the general opinion 'in preferring one state to another. A guinea is as valu-'able in a leathern as in an embroidered purse; and a 'cod's head is a cod's head still, whether in a pewter or a 'silver dish.'

The Count replied as follows: 'What you have now 'said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity; but con-'firms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and low com-'pany. Can any one doubt whether it is better to be a 'great statesman or a common thief? I have often heard 'that the devil used to say, where, or to whom, I know 'not, that it was better to reign in Hell than to be a valet 'de chambre in Heaven, and perhaps he was in the right; 'but sure, if he had had the choice of reigning in either, 'he would have chosen better. The truth therefore is, 'that by low conversation we contract a greater awe for 'high things than they deserve. We decline great pur-'suits, not from contempt, but despair. The man who 'prefers the high road to a more reputable way of making 'his fortune doth it because he imagines the one easier 'than the other; but you yourself have asserted, and 'with undoubted truth, that the same abilities qualify you 'for undertaking, and the same means will bring you to 'your end in both journies; as in music, it is the same 'tune, whether you play it in a higher or a lower key. 'To instance in some particulars:—is it not the same 'qualifications which enables this man to hire himself as 'a servant, and to get into the confidence and secrets of 'his master, in order to rob him, and that to undertake 'trust of the highest nature with a design to break and 'betray them. Is it less difficult by false tokens to deceive

'a shopkeeper into the delivery of his goods, which you 'afterwards run away with, than to impose upon him by 'outward splendour, and the appearance of fortune, into 'a credit by which you gain, and he loses twenty times as 'much? Doth it not require more dexterity in the fingers 'to draw out a man's purse from his pocket, or to take 'a lady's watch from her side, without being perceived of 'any (an excellence in which, without flattery, I am per- 'suaded you have no superior) than to cog a die, or to 'shuffle a pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many 'excellent qualities, required to make a pimping porter 'at a common bawdy-house, as would enable a man to 'prostitute his own or his friend's wife or child? Doth 'it not ask as good a memory, as nimble an invention, 'as steady a countenance, to forswear yourself in West- 'minster-hall, as would furnish out a complete fool of 'state, or perhaps a statesman himself? It is needless 'to particularize every instance; in all we shall find, 'that there is a nearer connexion between high and 'low life than is generally imagined, and that a high- 'wayman is entitled to more favour with the great 'than he usually meets with. If therefore, as I think I 'have proved, the same parts which qualify a man for 'eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for 'eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in which 'he would choose to exert them. Ambition, without 'which no one can be a great man, will immediately in- 'struct him, in your own phrase, to prefer a hill in 'paradise to a dunghill; nay, even fear, a passion the 'most repugnant to greatness, will shew him how much 'more safely he may indulge himself in the full and free 'exertion of his mighty abilities in the higher, than in the 'lower rank: since experience teaches him, that there is 'a crowd oftener in one year at Tyburn, than on Tower- 'hill in a century.' Mr. Wild with much solemnity

rejoined, 'That the same capacity which qualifies a Mill-'ken *, a Bridle-cull †, or a Buttock and file ‡, to 'arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession, 'would likewise raise a man in what the world esteem a 'more honourable calling, I do not deny; nay in many 'of your instances it is evident, that more ingenuity, more 'art is necessary to the lower, than the higher proficients. 'If therefore you had only contended, that every Prig 'might be a statesman if he pleased, I had readily agreed 'to it; but when you conclude, that it is his interest to be 'so, that ambition would bid him take that alternative, 'in a word, that a statesman is greater or happier than a 'Prig, I must deny my assent. But, in comparing these 'two together, we must carefully avoid being misled by 'the vulgar erroneous estimation of things: for mankind 'err in disquisitions of this nature, as physicians do, who, 'in considering the operations of a disease, have not a 'due regard to the age and complexion of the patient. 'The same degree of heat, which is common in this con-'stitution, may be a fever in that; in the same manner 'that which may be riches or honour to me, may be 'poverty or disgrace to another: for all these things are 'to be estimated by relation to the person who possesses 'them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great in the eye of a 'Bridle-cull, and gives as much real happiness to his 'fancy, as that of as many thousands to the statesman; 'and doth not the former lay out his acquisition in 'whores and fiddles, with much greater joy and mirth, 'than the latter in palaces and pictures? What are the 'flattery, the false compliments of his gang, to the states-'man, when he himself must condemn his own blunders, 'and is obliged against his will to give fortune the whole 'honour of his success? what is the pride, resulting from

* A Housebreaker. † A Highwayman.
‡ A Shoplifter. Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

'such sham applause, compared to the secret satisfaction 'which a Prig enjoys in his mind in reflecting on a well-'contrived and well-executed scheme? Perhaps indeed 'the greater danger is on the Prig's side; but then you 'must remember that the greater honour is so too. When 'I mention honour, I mean that which is paid *him* by his 'gang; for that weak part of the world, which is vulgarly 'called THE WISE, see both in a disadvantageous and 'disgraceful light: And as the Prig enjoys (and merits 'too) the greater degree of honour from his gang, so doth 'he suffer the less disgrace from the world, who think 'his misdeeds, as they call them, sufficiently at last 'punished with a halter, which at once puts an end to 'his pain and infamy; whereas the other is not only 'hated in power, but detested and contemned at the 'scaffold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame, 'while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides, let 'us a little consider the secret quiet of their consciences; 'how easy is the reflection of having taken a few shillings 'or pounds from a stranger, without any breach of con-'fidence, or perhaps any great harm to the person who 'loses it, compared to that of having betrayed a public 'trust, and ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a 'great nation? How much braver is an attack on the 'highway, than at the gaming-table; and how much more 'innocent the character of a b—dy-house than c—t-'pimp?' He was eagerly proceeding, when, casting his eyes on the Count, he perceived him to be fast asleep: wherefore, having first picked his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him in order to take his leave, and promised to return to him the next morning to breakfast, they separated: the Count retired to rest, and Master Wild to a night-cellar.

CHAPTER VI.

Further conferences between the Count and Master Wild, with other matters of the great kind.

THE Count missed his money the next morning, and very well knew who had it; but, as he knew likewise how fruitless would be any complaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be thieves, should never once give the least hint, of this knowledge in all their discourse together; but, on the contrary, should have the words honesty, honour, and friendship, as often in their mouths as any other men. This, I say, may appear strange to some; but those who have lived long in cities, courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able to solve the seeming absurdity.

When our two friends met the next morning, the Count (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, highly pleased with his argument), began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he entrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with Miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, though he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered with a smile; 'It was 'no wonder a woman should wish to confine her lover 'where she might be sure of having him entirely to her-'self; but added, he believed he could tell him a method 'of certainly procuring his escape.' The Count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him, bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The Count thanked him, but returned,

'That he had not a farthing left besides one guinea, 'which he had then given her to change.' To which Wild said, 'He must make it up with promises, which he 'supposed he was courtier enough to know how to put 'off.' The Count greatly applauded the advice, and said, he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for though the Count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the maid came home, the Count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised mountains *in futuro;* but all in vain, the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, 'She would not break her trust 'for the whole world; no, not if she could gain a hun-'dred pound by it.' Upon which Wild stepping up, and telling her: 'She need not fear losing her place, for it 'would never be found out; that they could throw a 'pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear 'he got out at a window; that he himself would swear 'he saw him descending; that the money would be so 'much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, 'which she might depend on being performed, she would 'receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in 'ready money (for she had only laid out threepence in 'plain Spanish), and lastly, that, besides his honour, the 'Count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which after-'wards turned out to be brass) of great value in her 'hands, as a further pawn.'

The maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the Count that evening.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too, a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with, to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the GREAT character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the Count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable, but necessary, to suppose he had some such view.

A long intimacy and friendship subsisted between the Count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the Count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and play-houses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying, this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaus of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it as requiring no dexterity but what every blockhead might put into execution. He said it was a custom very much savouring of the Sneaking-budge,* but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

* Shoplifting.

Wild now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents, which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

CHAPTER VII.

Master Wild sets out on his travels, and returns home again. A very short chapter, containing infinitely more time and less matter than any other in the whole story.

We are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and indeed probably none; instead of following the general method of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will choose, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is, that whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad for seven years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America. That part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer

climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another: it consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience, whether most of our travellers in France and Italy did not prove at their return that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland?

According to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and with a great deal of good company, set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: But howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history; as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being, indeed, a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we would have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller; to which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

When we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some men's lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance, and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up,

after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, staid seven years, and then came home again.

CHAPTER VIII.

An adventure where Wild, in the division of the booty, exhibits an astonishing instance of GREATNESS.

THE Count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking therefore Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a case of pistols, and to attack the Count, in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *Corps de Reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the Count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the Count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot, when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild, the elder, and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate Count, and conveyed him back to the same house, from which, by the assistance of his good friend, he had formerly escaped.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two

unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: 'First secure what share you can before you wrangle 'for the rest:' And then, turning to his companion, he asked, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered with some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain: for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. 'I grant you took it,' replied Wild, 'but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking 'it? Can you say that you have done more than executed my 'scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed 'another, since you well know there was not a gentleman 'in the room but would have taken the money, if he had 'known how conveniently and safely to do it?' 'That 'is very true (returned Bagshot), but did not I execute 'the scheme, did not I run the whole risk? Should not 'I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been 'taken, and is not the labourer worthy of his hire?' 'Doubtless (says Jonathan) he is so, and your hire I shall 'not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled 'to, or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school 'to have heard some verses, which for the excellence of 'their doctrine made an impression on me, purporting 'that the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, work 'not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder 'to his oxen, and pasture to his sheep; but it is for his 'own service, not theirs. In the same manner the plough-'man, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder, and the 'soldier, work not for themselves but others; they are 'contented with a poor pittance (the labourer's hire,) and 'permit us, the GREAT, to enjoy the fruits of their labours.

'Aristotle, as my master told us, hath plainly proved, in 'the first book of his politics, that the low, mean, useful 'part of mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their 'superiors, and are indeed as much their property as the 'cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order of mortals, 'that we are born only to devour the fruits of the earth 'and it may be as well said of the lower class, that they are 'born only to produce them for us. Is not the battle 'gained by the sweat and danger of the common soldier? 'are not the honour and fruits of the victory the general's 'who laid the scheme? Is not the house built by the 'labour of the carpenter, and the bricklayer? Is it not 'built for the profit only of the architect, and for the use 'of the inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one 'brick upon another? Is not the cloth, or the silk, 'wrought into its form, and variegated with all the beauty 'of colours, by those who are forced to content themselves 'with the coarsest and vilest part of their work, while the 'profit and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of 'others? Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it lives 'in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his palate with 'the most luxurious dainties, his eyes with the most 'beautiful sculptures and delicate paintings, and clothes 'himself in the finest and richest apparel; and tell me 'if all these do not fall to his lot, who had not any the 'least share in producing all these conveniences, nor the 'least ability so to do? Why then should the state of a 'Prig * differ from all others? Or why should you, who 'are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, 'expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore, 'deliver the whole booty to me, and trust to my bounty 'for your reward.' Mr. Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man thunderstruck: but at last re-

* A Thief.

covering himself from his surprise, he thus began: 'If 'you think, Mr. Wild, by the force of your arguments to 'get the money out of my pocket, you are greatly mis- 'taken. What is all this stuff to me? D—n me, I am 'a man of honour, and though I can't talk as well as 'you, by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if 'you take me for one, I must tell you, you are a rascal.' At which words he laid his hand to his pistol. Wild perceiving the little success the great strength of his arguments had met with, and the hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for the present, and told Bagshot he was only in jest. But this coolness with which he treated the other's flame had rather the effect of oil than of water. Bagshot replied in a rage, 'D—n 'me, I don't like such jests; I see you are a pitiful 'rascal, and a scoundrel.' Wild, with a philosophy worthy of great admiration, returned, 'As for your abuse, 'I have no regard to it; but to convince you I am not 'afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the table, 'and let the conqueror take it all.' And having so said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in a tone entirely altered, he said, 'No! he was contented with what he 'had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in them to 'quarrel among themselves; that they had common 'enemies enough abroad, against whom they should 'unite their common force; that if he had mistaken 'Wild, he was sorry for it; and as for a jest, he could 'take a jest as well as another.' Wild, who had a wonderful knack of discovering and applying to the passions of men, beginning now to have a little insight into his friend, and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, 'That he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and 'since it was out, he would not put it up without satis-

'faction.' 'What satisfaction would you have?' (answered the other.) 'Your money or your blood,' said Wild. 'Why, lookye, Mr. Wild (said Bagshot), if you 'want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to 'be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you:—for 'though I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather 'than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for 'your occasions—' Wild, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest kind of Sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger, and shaking his friend by the hand, told him he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will; for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

Wild pays a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A description of that lovely young creature, and the successless issue of Mr. Wild's addresses.

THE next morning when our hero waked, he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap; a woman of great merit, and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress, whom he found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung

wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature shone on her cheeks: her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps; so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a satin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This, flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe: beneath this appeared another petticoat stiffened with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an under-garment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

——*Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*

She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk, and adorned with lace: and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribbon; the left as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue by a commendable, though sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed, gently refused; but on a second application

accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, though an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia, who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty, which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible by his force; for, though she had not yet learnt the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless: for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up any where but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the

victorious Lætitia, with becoming triumph, and noble spirit, cried out, 'D—n your eyes, if this be your way 'of shewing your love, I'll warrant I gives you enough 'on't.' She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her, and thus our lovers parted.

CHAPTER X.

A discovery of some matters concerning the chaste Lætitia, which must wonderfully surprise, and perhaps affect our reader.

Mr. Wild was no sooner departed than the fair conqueress, opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau and the greatest favourite of the ladies at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet: his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white dimity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, and a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung, on one side, a little

laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the tender name of dear Tommy; and told him she had dismissed the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

Here, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of nature in forming this charming part of the creation, designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after, and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex who do not seem intended by nature as so great a masterpiece. For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain; yet these beaus, even that most splendid and honoured part, which, in this our island, nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man choose to himself two beaus, let them be captains or colonels, as well dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single Sir Isaac Newton, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaus; nay, and I very much doubt whether it had not been better for the world in general that neither of these beaus had ever been born, than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration, that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribbon in his hat, shall weigh heavier in the scale of female affection than twenty Sir Isaac Newtons. How must our reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild, from that lady's impregnable virtue, how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk. But, alas! when we discover all, as to preserve the fidelity of our history we must, when we relate that every familiarity had passed between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil, where he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*), the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion? We will therefore draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters, which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing as notable instances of human greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern history. Concluding with some wholesome hints to the gay part of mankind.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia than, recollecting that his friend the Count was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him: for he was none of those half-bred fellows who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: from which base and pitiful temper

many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them that they have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stript him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any further mischief; for he carried good nature to that wonderful and uncommon height that he never did a single injury to man or woman by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive Count, not basely lamenting his fate, nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The Count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up and eagerly embraced him; and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming, and, with an usual and highly commendable freedom, after first exaggerating the distrest circumstances in which the Count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play, which, he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement (or rather employment), and

having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned, *viz.*, that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the Count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The Count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket); the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair play. No man, I believe, dares call that in question, replied he. No surely, says Wild, you are well known to be a man of more honour; but pray, Sir, continued he, did the rascals rob you of all? Every shilling, cries the other, with an oath; they did not leave me a single stake.

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, having trusted to fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to be

found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent-Garden market, he fortuned to meet with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the Count to his lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout; so hourly before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe*, a person whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, Spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave, on which account Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

Mr. Snap's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the Count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the Count, who received him with great civility.

* This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

CHAPTER XII.

Further particulars relating to Miss Tishy, which perhaps may not greatly surprise after the former. The description of a very fine gentleman. And a dialogue between Wild and the Count, in which public virtue is just hinted at, with, &c.

Mr. Snap had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family called Mr. Bagshot out of the room, telling him there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that which any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidantes, if she could ever have listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room, the Count,

taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance: 'I am 'very well convinced,' said he, 'that Bagshot is the 'person who robbed me.'—Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered with a most serious countenance, 'I advise you to take care how you 'cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice 'honour; for I am certain he will not bear it.' 'D—n 'his honour,' quoth the enraged Count, 'nor can I bear 'being robbed; I will apply to a justice of the peace.' Wild replied with great indignation, 'Since you dare 'entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will 'henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you. Mr. 'Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend, and conse-'quently it is impossible he should be guilty of a bad 'action.' He added much more to the same purpose, which had not the expected weight with the Count; for the latter still seemed certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the public, as well as to himself. Wild then changed his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke as follows: 'Suppose it should be possible that 'Mr. Bagshot had, in a frolic (for I will call it no other), 'taken this method of borrowing your money, what will 'you get by prosecuting him? Not your money again; 'for you hear he was stript at the gaming-table;' (of which Bagshot had, during their short confabulation informed them) 'you will get then an opportunity of 'being still more out of pocket by the prosecution. 'Another advantage you may promise yourself, is the 'being blown up at every gaming-house in town, for that 'I will assure you of; and then much good may it do 'you to sit down with the satisfaction of having discharged 'what it seems you owe the public. I am ashamed of 'my own discernment when I mistook you for a great

'man. Would it not be better for you to receive part '(perhaps all) of your money again by a wise conceal-'ment; for however *seedy** Mr. Bagshot may be now, if 'he hath really played this frolic with you, you may 'believe he will play it with others, and when he is in 'cash you may depend on a restoration; the law will 'be always in your power, and that is the last remedy 'which a brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave 'the affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot, and 'if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage 'my own honour, you shall in the end be no loser.' The Count answered: 'If I were sure to be no loser, Mr. 'Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my 'understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a 'gentleman for the sake of the public. These are foolish 'words of course, which we learn a ridiculous habit of 'speaking, and will often break from us without any 'design or meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a re-'imbursement, and if I can by your means obtain that, 'the public may——' concluding with a phrase too coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

They were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

There sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps, his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the Count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman, who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner.—The con-

* Poor.

versation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent by-stander would have concluded from their discourse that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the Count proposed a game at hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole company, and the dice being immediately brought in, the Count took up the box, and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the Count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily swore to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The Count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately, a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

CHAPTER XIII.

A chapter of which we are extremely vain; and which indeed we look on as our chef d'œuvre, containing a wonderful story concerning the devil, and as nice a scene of honour as ever happened.

My reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from the table.—Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil* had won.

But though very probable it is that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentlemen, whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the apology for his life afterwards published*), though he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind.—The gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr.

* Not in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the Ordinary's account, &c., where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores, which have been published within these twenty years, should have been inserted.

Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him: but, as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in violent passion, he cried out, 'I thought I 'had been among gentlemen, and men of honour, but 'd—n me, I find we have a pickpocket in company.' The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all shew less surprise than the *Con——n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an Atheist in the room; but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, 'Do you mean me? D—n 'your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel.' Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows, had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was however a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the elder, who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman, who had received the first affront, absolutely refused it, and swore, *He would have the villain's blood.* Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that, unless his friend resented it properly, he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that, if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up with such an affront without proper satisfaction. The Count likewise spoke on the same side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences, purporting their intentions.

At last, Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: 'I have heard with infinite pleasure every thing which 'the two gentlemen who spoke last have said with rela- 'tion to honour, nor can any man possibly entertain a 'higher and nobler sense of that word, nor a greater 'esteem of its inestimable value, than myself. If we 'have no name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, 'it were well to be wished we had. It is indeed the 'essential quality of a gentleman, and which no man 'who ever was great in the field, or on the road (as others 'express it), can possibly be without. But alas! gentle- 'men, what pity is it, that a word of such sovereign use 'and virtue should have so uncertain and various an 'application that scarce two people mean the same thing 'by it. Do not some by honour mean good-nature and 'humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How then! 'Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the noble; to the 'sackers of towns, the plunderers of provinces, and the con- 'querors of kingdoms? Were not these men of honour? 'and yet they scorn those pitiful qualities I have men- 'tioned. Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the 'idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we then 'say that no man who withholds from another what law, 'or justice perhaps, calls his own, or who greatly and 'boldly deprives him of such property, is a man of 'honour? Heaven forbid I should say so in this, or, 'indeed, in any other good company. Is honour truth? 'No, it is not in the lie's going from us, but in its coming 'to us, our honour is injured. Doth it then consist in 'what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would be an 'affront to your understandings to suppose it, since we 'see every day so many men of honour without any. In 'what then doth the word honour consist? Why in itself 'alone. A man of honour is he that is called a man of

'honour; and while he is so called he so remains, and no 'longer. Think not any thing a man commits can forfeit 'his honour. Look abroad into the world, the PRIG while 'he flourishes is a man of honour; when in gaol, at the 'bar, or the tree, he is so no longer. And why is this 'distinction? Not from his actions; for those are often as 'well known in his flourishing estate as they are after-'wards; but because men, I mean those of his own party, 'or gang, call him a man of honour in the former, and 'cease to call him so in the latter condition. Let us see 'then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured the gentleman's 'honour? Why, he hath called him a pickpocket; and 'that, probably, by a severe construction, and a long 'round about way of reasoning, may seem a little to 'derogate from his honour, if considered in a very nice 'sense. Admitting it, therefore, for argument's sake, to 'be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr. Bagshot 'give him satisfaction; let him doubly and triply repair 'this oblique injury by directly asserting that he believes 'he is a man of honour.' The gentleman answered, he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient he would accept. Let him give me my money again first, said Bagshot, and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart. The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding, that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendancy of this Great man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the ceremonies required: and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and which between two persons so extremely jealous of their

honour would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim, that he was a pitiful fellow who would stick at a little *Rapping** for his friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the history of GREATNESS *is continued.*

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the utmost cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intended to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder meditating what other creditors they could find out to charge the gentleman then in custody with: the Count hoping to renew the play, and Wild our hero laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in

* *Rapping* is a cant word for perjury.

execution, for Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder, and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the Count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds; they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he with his whippers-in follow close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence: so, with lowring countenance, and reluctant steps, mounted the Count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap, and those who followed him, and where Snap having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving fortunes of Wild our hero, who with that great aversion to satisfaction and content, which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle of constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but passing on from scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble

constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives—— at some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent (and indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other); but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason than because thou art unacquainted with these Great Men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity, to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted not only on the many perils to which Great Men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope (for it is invisible to the naked eye), that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these Great Men, on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, 'It is 'pity that THOSE, for whose pleasure and profit mankind 'are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be 'pillaged, plundered, and every way destroyed, should 'reap so LITTLE advantage from all the miseries they 'occasion to others.' For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals, who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other, and, could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself, I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, Sic juvat*: but when I behold one Great Man starving with hunger, and freezing with cold,

in the midst of fifty thousand who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it than those of all his vassals; lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a Great Man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

But to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night cellar than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, *viz.* First, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the Count; and, secondly, from the gentleman, who for the same good purpose had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself: 'The art of policy is 'the art of multiplication; the degrees of greatness being 'constituted by those two little words *More* and *Less*. 'Mankind are first properly to be considered under two 'grand divisions, those that use their own hands, and 'those who employ the hands of others. The former are 'the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel part of the 'creation. The mercantile part of the world, therefore, 'wisely use the term *employing hands*, and justly prefer 'each other as they employ more or fewer; for thus one 'merchant says he is greater than another because he 'employs more hands. And now indeed the merchant 'should seem to challenge some character of greatness 'did we not necessarily come to a second division, *viz.* 'Of those who employ hands for the use of the com-'munity in which they live, and of those who employ

'hands merely for their own use, without any regard to 'the benefit of society. Of the former sort are the 'yeoman, the manufacturer, the merchant, and perhaps 'the gentleman. The first of these being to manure and 'cultivate his native soil, and to employ hands to produce 'the fruits of the earth. The second being to improve 'them by employing hands likewise, and to produce from 'them those useful commodities which serve as well for 'the conveniences as necessaries of life. The third is 'to employ hands for the exportation of the redundance 'of our own commodities, and to exchange them with the 'redundances of foreign nations, that thus every soil and 'every climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth. 'The gentleman is, by employing hands likewise, to 'embellish his country with the improvement of arts 'and sciences, with the making and executing good 'and wholesome laws for the preservation of property, 'and the distribution of justice, and in several other 'manners to be useful to society. Now we come to 'the second part of this division, *viz.* Of those who 'employ hands for their own use only: and this is that 'noble and great part, who are generally distinguished 'into *Conquerors*, *absolute Princes*, *Statesmen*, and *Prigs*.* 'Now all these differ from each other in greatness only, 'they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alexander the 'Great was only *greater* than a captain of one of the Tar-'tarian or Arabian hordes, as he was at the head of a 'larger number. In what then is a single *Prig* inferior to 'any other great Man, but because he employs his own 'hands only; for he is not on that account to be levelled 'with the base and vulgar, because he employs his hands 'for his own use only. Now, suppose a *Prig* had as many 'tools as any prime minister ever had, would he not

* Thieves.

'be as great as any prime minister whatsoever? Un-
'doubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the
'pursuit of greatness, but to procure a gang, and to make
'the use of this gang centre in myself. This gang shall
'rob for me only, receiving very moderate rewards for
'their actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my favour
'the boldest and most iniquitous (as the vulgar express
'it); the rest I will, from time to time, as I see occasion,
'transport and hang at my pleasure; and thus (which I
'take to be the highest excellence of a *Prig*) convert those
'laws which are made for the benefit and protection of
'society to my single use.'

Having thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices; I mean money. Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune as to play the surer card of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other resource as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play; and as fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss, however, he bore with great constancy of mind, and with a great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem;

and casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history), Wild accosted this man, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action; nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

This was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader; that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath; and, therefore, we shall here close this book.

THE HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE GREAT.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Characters of silly people, with the proper uses for which such are designed.

One reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did, with the last chapter, was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals, who are in contempt called Good-natured; being indeed sent into the world by nature with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

But to proceed with our history, Wild having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i.e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen-pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when by accident

he met with a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners; but the contrary had been the case between these lads: for, whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his school-fellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always indeed been well paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people, who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad had considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which, an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild, therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast (it being now near nine in the morning), which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero, and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree then (for that was his name) was

of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men, whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform, that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world; and who, consequently, are not at five and twenty so difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind; being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had indeed too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance, only because they could not pay him; and had entrusted a bankrupt on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced, that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow, that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expenses being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children; followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the Great Wild, informing her at the same time of their school acquaintance, and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard

her husband had been obliged to her guest than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence, which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend, for that great and generous passion, which fires the eyes of a modern heroine, when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day, and of his bed to-morrow. Wild therefore instantly returned the compliment, as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which perhaps she, who was a woman, though a good one, and mis-apprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

When breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which had happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him, with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was then on the brink of marriage, 'And, if he be not already engaged, I will,' says he, 'endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady 'with jewels at your shop.'

Heartfree was not backward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

But here, as it occurs to our memory that our readers may be surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business; but, by misfortunes in the world, to wit, extravagance and gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the Count, and, having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and, after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the Count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money, not to pay his debts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, but to procure him bail; for, as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossible.

CHAPTER II.

Great examples of GREATNESS *in Wild, shewn as well by his behaviour to Bagshot, as in a scheme laid, first to impose on Heartfree by means of the Count, and then to cheat the Count of the booty.*

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some money from Bagshot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the Count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money—'Refund the money!' cried Bagshot, 'that is in your power: for you know what an 'inconsiderable part of it fell to my share.' 'How!' replied Wild, 'is this your gratitude to me for saving your 'life? For your own conscience must convince you of 'your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman 'can give evidence against you.' 'Marry come up,' quoth Bagshot, 'I believe my life alone will not be in danger. 'I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do you tell 'me of conscience?'——'Yes, sirrah!' answered our hero, taking him by the collar, 'and, since you dare threaten 'me, I will shew you the difference between committing a 'robbery and conniving at it, which is all I can charge 'myself with. I own indeed I suspected, when you shewed 'me a sum of money, that you had not come honestly by 'it.' 'How,' says Bagshot, frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed out of the other, 'can you deny?'

'—Yes, you rascal,' answered Wild, 'I do deny every-'thing, and do you find a witness to prove it; and, to 'shew how little apprehensions I have of your power to 'hurt me, I will have you apprehended this moment.'—At which words he offered to break from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and, with an altered tone and manner, begged him not to be so impatient. 'Re-'fund then, sirrah,' cries Wild, 'and perhaps I may take 'pity on you.'—'What must I refund?' answered Bagshot. 'Every farthing in your pocket,' replied Wild; 'then I may have some compassion on you, and not only 'save your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may 'return you something.' At which words Bagshot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the amount of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece our generous hero returned him again; telling him, he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the future never to threaten his friends.

Thus did our hero execute the greatest exploits with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those transcendent qualities which nature had indulged him with, *viz.*, a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance.

Wild now returned to the Count, and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for, with great and commendable prudence, he sunk the other eleven into his own pocket; and told him with that money he would procure him bail, which he after prevailed on his father, and another gentleman of the same occupation, to become, for two guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten; for such were his great abilities, and so vast the compass of his understanding, that he never made any

bargain without over-reaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

The Count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready furnished in one of the new streets; in which, as soon as the Count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *insignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and with much joy in his countenance acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the Count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the Count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased; but Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour, and to the place appointed.

I am sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of Greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befal him in the sequel; for, to have no suspicion that an old schoolfellow, with whom he had, in his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour

to do him a service, must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undesigning heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature, and the properest object of contempt imaginable, in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

Wild remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that though he was so mean a fellow that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the Count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready-money for the jewel he brought with him, which the Count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree, at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance it will appear in the sequel that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the Count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others, is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of Diabolism itself.

This method was immediately put in execution, and the Count, the first day, took only a single brilliant,

worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, earrings, and solitaire, of the value of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day sevennight.

This interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

We have before remarked, that the truest mark of Greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the Count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern, that sum which was to be received in hand by Heartfree, in danger of being absolutely lost. In order therefore to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the Count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAPTER III.

Containing scenes of softness, love, and honour, all in the GREAT *style.*

THE Count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had, by dexterity, raised to a thousand pounds; this sum therefore he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his

equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour would have deceived any, but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree therefore did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple: so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild, who waited in another room, came in, and received the casket from the Count; it having been agreed between them, that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild having received the casket, offered to meet the Count late that evening to come to a division; but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that, he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him.—Those gentlemen, with noble resolution, executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the Count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely

declined trusting the booty in his friends' hands, though he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty; the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly by argument, but more by oaths and threatenings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

Our hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but, in his way, accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridge's-street. Miss Molly, seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapped or rather slapped him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine, at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, though he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low snivelling breed of mortals, who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron strings*; in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia, would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia, without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

Mr. Wild, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Doshy at home; that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted; only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit or wove, or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day, she knit again by night. In short; she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to shew that there are still some ladies of this age, who imitate the simplicity of the ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed that she was not at home. He then enquired where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any length to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises; which so prevailed on Miss Doshy, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister, and to bring her to him. The lover thanked

her, and promised to stay till her return: and Miss Doshy, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside), and then slapping to the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs, where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot that a young lady was below to visit her, whom she would despatch with all imaginable haste, and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with patience for her in the mean time, and that she would leave the door unlocked, though her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour, not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs; when pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover, which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank notes for 900*l.* which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character, as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness,

and avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more: that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said (as she did with many oaths), betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her; but, however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections (for he had now the casket in his hand), and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feigned an hesitation, when Theodosia began: 'Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall 'counterfeit no longer. I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath 'the most violent passion for you in the world; and 'indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I 'plainly see Mr. Wild's designs are honourable, I will 'betray all you have ever said.'—'How, sister (answered 'Lætitia), I protest you will drive me out of the room: 'I did not expect this usage from you.'—Wild then fell on his knees, and taking hold of her hand repeated a speech, which as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her

the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces, with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste, which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaus of the metropolis. For to open a truth, which we ask our reader's pardon for having concealed from him so long, the sagacious Count, wisely fearing lest some accident might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him into his own pocket, and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, though of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty; who had indeed some knowledge of jewels: for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus outwitted and over-reached. At length, he recovered his spirits, and throwing down the casket in a

rage, he snatched the key from the table; and without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the Count's habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless endeavours to discover his friend, moralizes on his fortune in a speech which may be of use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable speech-makers.

Not the highest-fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity than Wild did at the Count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-dressed liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming-houses in town, but found no Count: indeed, that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

Wild, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar, where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:

'How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail superior 'abilities, and a noble defiance of those narrow rules and 'bounds which confine the vulgar; when our best con- 'certed schemes are liable to be defeated! How unhappy 'is the state of PRIGGISM! How impossible for human 'prudence to foresee and guard against every circum- 'vention! It is even as a game of chess, where, while 'the rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting 'some great enterprise, a worthless pawn interposes, and 'disconcerts his scheme. Better had it been for me to 'have observed the simple laws of friendship and morality 'than thus to ruin my friend for the benefit of others. I 'might have commanded his purse to any degree of 'moderation; I have now disabled him from the power of 'serving me. Well! but that was not my design. If I 'cannot arraign my own conduct, why should I, like a 'woman or a child, sit down and lament the disappointment 'of chance? But can I acquit myself of all neglect? Did 'I not misbehave in putting it into the power of others 'to outwit me? But that is impossible to be avoided. In 'this a *Prig* is more unhappy than any other: a cautious 'man may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by 'keeping his hands in them; but while the *Prig* employs 'his hands in another's pocket, how shall he be able to 'defend his own! Indeed, in this light what can be 'imagined more miserable than a *Prig?* How dangerous 'are his acquisitions! how unsafe, how unquiet his 'possessions! why then should any man wish to be a '*Prig*, or where is his greatness? I answer, in his mind: 'tis the inward glory, the secret consciousness of doing 'great and wonderful actions, which can alone support 'the truly GREAT Man, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a 'TYRANT, a STATESMAN, or a PRIG.—These must bear him 'up against the private curse and public imprecation, and, 'while he is hated and detested by all mankind, must

'make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For what but 'some such inward satisfaction as this could inspire men 'possessed of power, of wealth, of every human blessing, 'which pride, avarice, or luxury could desire, to forsake 'their homes, abandon ease and repose, and at the expense 'of riches and pleasures, at the price of labour and hard-'ship, and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally 'given them, could send them at the head of a multitude 'of *Prigs* called an army, to molest their neighbours; to 'introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed, and every kind of 'misery among their own species? What but some such 'glorious appetite of mind could inflame princes, endowed 'with the greatest honours, and enriched with the most 'plentiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those 'subjects of their liberties, who are content to sweat for 'the luxury, and to bow down their knees to the pride 'of those very princes? What but this can inspire them 'to destroy one half of their subjects, in order to reduce 'the rest to absolute dependence on their own wills, and 'on those of their brutal successors? What other motive 'could seduce a subject, possessed of great property in 'community, to betray the interest of his fellow-subjects, 'of his brethren, and his posterity, to the wanton dis-'position of such princes? Lastly, what less inducement 'could persuade the *Prig* to forsake the methods of ac-'quiring a safe, an honest, and a plentiful livelihood, and, 'at the hazard of even life itself, and what is mistakingly 'called dishonour, to break openly and bravely through 'the laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and 'unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented with 'this reflection, that I have been wise, though unsuccess-'ful, and am a GREAT, though an unhappy Man.'

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head that it would be more

difficult to pay for it than it was to swallow it, when, to his great pleasure, he beheld at another corner of the room one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heartfree, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stripped him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

CHAPTER V.

Containing many surprising adventures, which our Hero, *with* GREAT GREATNESS *achieved.*

We will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at Wild's departure, the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired upstairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe, that Miss Letty's surprise was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover, on whom her tender heart perfectly doated, but was exposed to the rage of an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of

London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

But let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successless search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind, and steadiness of countenance, went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprise on seeing his friend in a nightgown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the deep impressions his misfortunes seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him; and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident. Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the Count's note in another pocket-book, adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; 'for to confess the truth to you, my dear 'friend,' said he, 'I have had some losses lately which 'have greatly perplexed my affairs; and, though I have 'many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I 'assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a 'shilling.' Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded, with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

While they amused themselves with discourses of this

kind, Wild, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed, whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500*l.* in to Heartfree, which, he said, a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange.—Heartfree, looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind, and unchanged complexion, so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to shew her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

The apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her what mercy she could now expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good execution, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said, she had received the note from a friend.

Wild then raising his voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; 'but,' added he, changing his tone, 'as I 'have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, 'if you will follow my advice, I promise you, on my 'honour to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in 'question on this account.' 'Why, what would you have 'me to do, Mr. Wild?' replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect—'You must know then,' said Wild, 'the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d 'you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be con- 'victed of it) I won at play of a fellow, who, it seems rob- 'bed my friend of it; you must, therefore, give an in- 'formation on oath against one Thomas Fierce, and say, 'that you received the note from him, and leave the rest 'to me. I am certain, Molly, you must be sensible of 'your obligations to me, who return good for evil to you 'in this manner.' The lady readily consented, and advanced to embrace Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back, and cried, 'Hold, Molly; there are two other notes of '200*l.* each to be accounted for, where are they?' The lady protested with the most solemn asseverations that she knew of no more; with which, when Wild was not satisfied, she cried, 'I will stand search.' 'That you 'shall,' answered Wild, 'and stand strip too.' He then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and declared she would tell the truth (as indeed she did); she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, being an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to an attorney, afterwards whipped out of a regiment of dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a bawdyhouse bully; and as for the other, she had laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks, and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who

indeed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced to be contented; and now abandoning all further thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he gave the lady some further instructions, and then desiring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he returned to his friend, and acquainted him that he had discovered the whole roguery; that the woman had confessed from whom she received the note, and promised to give an information before a justice of peace; adding, he was concerned he could not attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he was to pay that evening. Heartfree said, that should not prevent him of his company, for he could easily lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

The warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild, of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted by Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before; he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

Wild affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprise at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce he must certainly be mistaken in that point, of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks, and both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

The hero considered with himself that the single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit; and found, and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then intimating his fear lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to a justice of peace, and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gatehouse, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

Fierce was in a few days brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistance which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

With such infinite address did this truly great man know to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c., but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather pollitrics; an art of which, as it is the highest

excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAPTER VI.

Of Hats.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys' clerks, and loose and disorderly youths, who being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *Principles*, i.e. *Hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them. There were particularly two parties, *viz.*, those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferred the *Nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory Rory Ranter Boys, &c.* The latter went by the several names of *Wags*, Roundheads, Shakebags, Oldnolls, and several others. Between these continual jars arose; insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild, therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner.* 'Gentlemen, I

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a

'am ashamed to see men embarked in so great and 'glorious an undertaking, as that of robbing the public, 'so foolishly and weakly dissenting among themselves. 'Do you think the first inventors of Hats, or at least of 'the distinctions between them, really conceived that one 'form of Hats should inspire a man with divinity, another 'with law, another with learning, or another with bravery? 'No, they meant no more by these outward signs, than to 'impose on the vulgar, and instead of putting great men 'to the trouble of acquiring or maintaining the substance, 'to make it sufficient that they condescend to wear the 'type or shadow of it.—You do wisely, therefore, when 'in a crowd, to amuse the mob by quarrels on such 'accounts, that, while they are listening to your jargon, 'you may, with the greater ease and safety, pick their 'pockets: but surely to be in earnest, and privately to 'keep up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves, 'must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When

French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable that *Galerus*, which is Latin for a Hat, signifies likewise a Dog-fish, as the Greek word Κυνέη doth the skin of that animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his Ajax, alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise, that Achilles, in the first Iliad of Homer, tells Agamemnon, in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of shewing respect by pulling off this covering; and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking, that the term Old Hat is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

'you know you are all *Prigs*, what difference can a 'broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *Prig* less a *Prig* 'in one hat than in another? If the public should be 'weak enough to interest themselves in your quarrels, 'and to prefer one pack to the other, while both are 'aiming at their purses; it is your business to laugh at, 'not imitate their folly. What can be more ridiculous 'than for gentlemen to quarrel about Hats, when there 'is not one among you whose Hat is worth a farthing. 'What is the use of a Hat, farther than to keep the head 'warm, or to hide a bald crown from the public? It is 'the mark of a gentleman to move his Hat on every 'occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies no man 'ever wears one. Let me hear no more therefore of this 'childish disagreement, but all toss up your Hats together 'with one accord, and consider that Hat as the best which 'will contain the largest booty.' He thus ended his speech, which was followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately all present tossed their Hats together as he had commanded them.

CHAPTER VII.

Shewing the consequence which attended Heartfree's adventures with Wild; all natural, and common enough to little wretches who deal with Great Men; together with some precedents of letters, being the different methods of answering a Dun.

LET us now return to Heartfree, to whom the Count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, on inquiring after him, they had heard he was run away,

and consequently the money was now demanded of the indorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that, in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

Mrs. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband than she raved like one distracted; but, after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations, she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg her neighbours to secure bail for him. But as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest Quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an affirmation the day before that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind, she repaired to her husband, to comfort him at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters, which he was despatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family; which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the Count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise, with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom

he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

In this manner did this weak, poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate, in being obliged to share his sufferings.

Heartfree returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife with the warmest gratitude, and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers.—We shall therefore omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

Those messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens commonly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a Dun.

LETTER I.

MR. HEARTFREE,

My Lord commands me to tell you, he is very much surprised at your assurance in asking for money, which you know hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand,

which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c., can't possibly promise any time, &c., at present. And am,

Your humble Servant,

ROGER MORECRAFT.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

THE money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but as I doubt not, very shortly, not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear Sir,

Your most sincere

Humble Servant,

CHA. COURTLY.

LETTER III.

MR. HEARTFREE,

I BEG you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for, as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

CATH. RUBBERS.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER IV.

MR. THOMAS HEARTFREE, SIR,

YOURS received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present.

Your humble Servant,

PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

SIR,

I AM sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and, besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

CHAS. EASY.

P.S. I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

There were more letters to much the same purpose; but we propose giving our readers a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which our hero carries GREATNESS *to an immoderate height.*

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can, this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of Good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters, when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron, after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears, when sneaking away from a door, where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependent that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions, did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest, in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the Count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse; which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the Count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour; and, like an

invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recal his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the Count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more gentle, and with a sigh said, 'I confess I have the least reason 'of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of 'this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed 'upon, and indeed have been so by this Count, who, if he 'be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. 'But, for my own part,' said he, 'I will not yet despair, 'nor would I have you. Many men have found it con-'venient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards 'have paid their debts, or at least handsomely com-'pounded them. This I am certain of, should a com-'position take place, which is the worst I think that can 'be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall 'think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even 'though you must confess it was principally owing to 'your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary, I 'would have cautioned you; but I thought the part of 'the town where he lived sufficient caution not to trust 'him.——And such a sum!——The devil must have 'been in you certainly!'

This was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree's imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said, trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the Count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service; that their present business was to consider how to prevent

the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. 'Why 'doth he not procure bail?' said Wild. 'Alas! Sir,' said she, 'we have applied to many of our acquaintance in 'vain; we have met with excuses even where we could 'least expect them.' 'Not bail!' answered Wild, in a passion, 'he shall have bail, if there is any in the world. 'It is now very late, but trust me to procure him bail 'to-morrow morning.'

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband; but he would not permit her, on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A hackney coach was then sent for, but without success; for these, like hackney friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to attend her as a protector. This favour was frankly accepted, and the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history, which writers, Draw-cansir-like, introduce only *because they dare;* indeed, as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship, which savours too much of weakness and imprudence; it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in

the most especial manner. They are to know then, that at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree, Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agree to call LOVE; and which is indeed no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-drest surloin or handsome buttock, which the well-edified Squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might more easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which, for other considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose, till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design; with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others.

CHAPTER IX.

More GREATNESS *in Wild. A low scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her children, and a scheme of our hero worthy the highest admiration, and even astonishment.*

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of

those eating-houses in Covent Garden, where female flesh is deliciously drest, and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but, fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tishy making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him), a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution: for it was his constant maxim, never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief by acquainting him that it is in his power.

We must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who past a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband, as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of hers from a long voyage

or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked, *Where dear Papa was?* At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child perceiving it, said, *Don't cry, Mamma; I am sure Papa would not stay abroad if he could help it.* At these words she caught the child in her arms, and throwing herself into the chair, in an agony of passion, cried out, *No, my child; nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder.*

These are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to show, that there are weaknesses in vulgar life, to which great minds are so entirely strangers, that they have not even an idea of them; and secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness, of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

Wild entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his request, and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered, he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a scheme had entered into his head by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added, that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had

communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

The mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast; she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit, in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused; he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him, for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland, he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, Madam, said he; and I will perish with him, or see him out of it. Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness; but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that, if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

She then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying, they would only retard their flight, and that it would be properer for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could find, and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly recommended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they were forwarded to Harwich.

Wild rode with an exulting heart; secure, as he now

thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature, who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, though many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

CHAPTER X.

Sea adventures very new and surprising.

When they arrived at Harwich they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and drove them to the south-west; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin Sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution which plainly proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he

had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with solicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence, she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute, rather from his education, and the element he inhabited, than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

When the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious; the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, *If he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm?* To which the other greatly and sullenly answered: 'It was very well; but d—n him if 'he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore.' The captain with great scorn replied, *Kiss*—— &c. and then forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

The storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we

were then engaged in a war with France), and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but this caution was in vain; for the little wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several of his hands, came on board the English vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and imagining Wild, from some words he dropt, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her, If she understood French? She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her, how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married? She answered with a deep sigh, and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. The appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner, to acquaint him with the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of

greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half-a-dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then, committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

CHAPTER XI.

The great and wonderful behaviour of our hero in the boat.

It is probable that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion, or hunger, which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat; since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character, or title, and indeed with every thing else; or that a conqueror, at the head of a hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind,

who to a vulgar eye seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover heaven and providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? nay, this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative, which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, *viz.*, starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

Our hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over-pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love (as he called it), particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopped short, and soon after broke forth as follows: 'D—n it, a man can die but once, what 'signifies it? Every man must die, and when it is over, 'it is over. I was never afraid of any thing yet, nor I 'won't begin, now; no, d—n me, won't I. What sig-'nifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no: who's 'afraid then, d—n me?' At which words he looked extremely fierce, but, recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and, pausing a while, repeated the word, d—n! 'Suppose I should be d—ned at last,' cries he, 'when I 'never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often 'laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so,

'for any thing which I know to the contrary. If there 'should be another world it will go hard with me, that 'is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done 'to Heartfree. The devil must have me for that un-'doubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a fool 'to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a man's 'dead, there's an end of him. I wish I was certainly 'satisfied of it though; for there are some men of learn-'ing, as I have heard, of a different opinion. It is but 'a bad chance, methinks, I stand. If there be no other 'world, why I shall be in no worse condition than a 'block or a stone: but if there should,——D—n me, I 'will think no longer about it.—Let a pack of cowardly 'rascals be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. 'But shall I stay and be starved!—No, I will eat up the 'biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on me, and 'then leap into the sea for drink, since the unconscion-'able dog hath not allowed me a single dram.' Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his purpose in execution, and as his resolution never failed him, he had no sooner dispatched the small quantity of provision which his enemy had with no vast liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XII.

The strange and yet natural escape of our hero.

Our hero having with wonderful resolution thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this without the assistance of a

dolphin or a seahorse, or any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them to carry a hero through the sea, as any chairman at a coffee-house door near St. James's to convey a beau over a street, and preserve his white stockings. The truth is, we do not choose to have any recourse to miracles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phænomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

Be it known then, that the great Alma Mater, Nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret,

which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident, to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer that some persons were designed by nature for no use or purpose whatever; yet certain it is, that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; *viz.* some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those

to whom nature is so generous to give some endowment, qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage; and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to shew them to be the favourites of nature, distinguished by the honourable appellation of NATURALS. Indeed, the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; that as nature chooses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general; or how flattery, or half a dozen houses in a borough-town, should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*, and, if we had been asked what nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed that, at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, nature, having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation, which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to

be wished they might all arrive at, would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat: which call he immediately obeyed, and, being a good swimmer, and its being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for; and our relation rescued from the Prodigious, which, though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the boat adventure, and the end of the second book.

Our hero passed the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, though quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight,

and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: this light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break: when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and, as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat and fetched him aboard.

The captain of this ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men who are actuated by a general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king had quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore, commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dressed up a story proper to impose upon such a silly fellow, told him that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow sail (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm), Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which on enquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he proposed that, if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risk to the certain fate of being

a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties, that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal; for that the vessel which was still in sight, was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize, if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

The fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was, that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

Our hero now saw himself once more safe on *Terra firma*; but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dexterous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house, but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which

we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him, at the appointed time, to an inn in the metropolis.

And now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

THE HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD,

THE GREAT.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

The low and pitiful behaviour of Heartfree; and the foolish conduct of his apprentice.

His misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose, and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes, which had frequently passed in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his waking, to set forth his present

misery with additional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events; so he hoped the longer her stay was the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to dispatch a messenger to his own house when his apprentice came to pay him a visit, and, on his inquiry, informed him that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding, at the same time, that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprise hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood.—Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Crœsus, King of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly; but, when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid, and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

The apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprise which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last Heartfree cried out in an agony: 'My wife deserted me 'in my misfortunes!'——'Heaven forbid, Sir,' answered the other. 'And what is become of my poor children?' replied Heartfree. 'They are at home, Sir,' said the apprentice. 'Heaven be praised! She hath forsaken 'them too,' cries Heartfree: 'fetch them hither this 'instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all 'which remains now: fly, child, if thou dost not intend 'likewise to forsake me in my afflictions.' The youth answered, he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and, begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

Heartfree, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shewn him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion: and lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

While he was in these agitations of mind the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the utmost passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost

as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cried out, 'O papa, why did you not come home to 'poor mamma all this while; I thought you would not 'have left your little Nancy so long.' After which he asked her for her mother, and was told she had kissed them both in the morning, and cried very much for his absence. All which brought a flood of tears into the eyes of this weak silly man, who had not greatness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tenderness and humanity.

He then proceeded to inquire of the maid servant, who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that her mistress had taken leave of her children in the morning with many tears and kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her care; she said, she had promised faithfully to take care of them, and would, while they were entrusted to her, fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree expressed much gratitude to her; and, after indulging himself with some little fondnesses, which we shall not relate, he delivered his children into the good woman's hands, and dismissed her.

CHAPTER II.

A soliloquy of Heartfree's, full of low and base ideas, without a syllable of GREATNESS.

BEING now alone, he sat some short time silent, and then burst forth into the following soliloquy:

'What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a 'dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Almighty? 'Surely both are unworthy of a wise man; for what

'can be more vain than weakly to lament my fortune,
'if irretrievable, or, if hope remains, to offend that
'Being, who can most strongly support it? But are my
'passions then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their
'master, that I can resolve with myself, so far only
'will I grieve? Certainly, no. Reason, however we
'flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic empire in
'our minds, that it can, with imperial voice, hush all
'our sorrow in a moment. Where then is its use?
'For either it is an empty sound, and we are deceived
'in thinking we have reason, or it is given us to some
'end, and hath a part assigned it by the all wise
'Creator.—Why, what can its office be, other than
'justly to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct
'us to that perfection of human wisdom, which pro-
'portions our esteem of every object by its real merit,
'and prevents us from over or undervaluing whatever
'we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose? It doth not
'foolishly say to us, Be not glad or Be not sorry, which
'would be as vain and idle, as to bid the purling river
'cease to run, or the raging wind to blow. It prevents
'us only from exulting, like children, when we receive
'a toy, or from lamenting when we are deprived of it.
'Suppose then I have lost the enjoyments of this
'world, and my expectation of future pleasure and
'profit is for ever disappointed; what relief can my
'reason afford? What, unless it can shew me I had
'fixed my affections on a toy; that what I desired was
'not, by a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its
'loss violently deplored; for there are toys adapted to
'all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and perhaps
'the value of all is equal to their several possessors;
'for if the rattle pleases the ear of the infant, what
'can the flattery of sycophants give more to the prince?
'The latter is as far from examining into the reality

'and source of his pleasure, as the former; for if both 'did, they must both equally despise it. And surely, 'if we consider them seriously, and compare them 'together, we shall be forced to conclude all those 'pomps and pleasures, of which men are so fond, and 'which, through so much danger and difficulty, with 'such violence and villany they pursue, to be as worth-'less trifles as any exposed to sale in a toy-shop.—I 'have often noted my little girl viewing, with eager 'eyes, a jointed baby; I have marked the pains and 'solicitations she hath used, till I have been prevailed 'on to indulge her with it.—At her first obtaining it, 'what joy hath sparkled in her countenance! with 'what raptures hath she taken possession! but how 'little satisfaction hath she found in it! What pains 'to work out her amusement from it! Its dress must 'be varied; the tinsel ornaments which first caught 'her eyes, produce no longer pleasure; she endeavours 'to make it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained 'herself to supply it with conversation. In a day's 'time it is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly 'toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this 'child is that of every man! What difficulties in the 'pursuit of his desires! what inanity in the possession 'of most, and satiety in those which seem more real 'and substantial! The delights of most men are as 'childish and as superficial as that of my little girl; a 'feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and their pleasures 'through life, even to their ripest years, if such men 'may be said to attain any ripeness at all. But let 'us survey those whose understandings are of a more 'elevated and refined temper: How empty do they soon 'find the world of enjoyments worth their desire or 'attaining! How soon do they retreat to solitude and 'contemplation, to gardening and planting, and such

'rural amusements, where their trees and they enjoy 'the air and the sun in common, and both vegetate 'with very little difference between them. But suppose '(which neither truth nor wisdom will allow) we could 'admit something more valuable and substantial in 'these blessings, would not the uncertainty of their 'possession be alone sufficient to lower their price? 'How mean a tenure is that at the will of fortune, 'which chance, fraud, and rapine are every day so 'likely to deprive us of, and often the more likely by 'how much the greater worth our possessions are of! 'Is it not to place our affections on a bubble in the 'water, or on a picture in the clouds? What madman 'would build a fine house, or frame a beautiful garden 'on land in which he held so uncertain an interest? 'But again, was all this less undeniable, did fortune, 'the lady of our manor, lease to us for our lives; of 'how little consideration must even this term appear! 'For admitting that these pleasures were not liable to 'be torn from us, how certainly must we be torn from 'them! Perhaps to-morrow—nay, or even sooner; for 'as the excellent poet says,

> 'Where is to-morrow?—In the other world.
> 'To thousands this is true, and the reverse
> 'Is sure to none.

'But if I have no further hope in this world, can I 'have none beyond it? Surely those laborious writers, 'who have taken such infinite pains to destroy or 'weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so far suc- 'ceeded as to exclude us from hope. That active 'principle in man which with such boldness pushes us 'on through every labour and difficulty, to attain the 'most distant and most improbable event in this world, 'will not surely deny us a little flattering prospect of

'those beautiful mansions, which, if they could be 'thought chimerical, must be allowed the loveliest 'which can entertain the eye of man; and to which the 'road, if we understand it rightly, appears to have so 'few thorns and briars in it, and to require so little 'labour and fatigue from those who shall pass through 'it, that its ways are truly said to be ways of pleasant-'ness, and all its paths to be those of peace. If the 'proofs of christianity be as strong as I imagine them, 'surely enough may be deduced from that ground only 'to comfort and support the most miserable man in his 'afflictions. And this I think my reason tells me, that, 'if the professors and propagators of infidelity are in 'the right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous 'are not worth their lamenting; but, if these are, as 'certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it 'procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted and 'rejoiced at.

'On my own account, then, I have no cause for 'sorrow, but on my children's!—Why, the same Being 'to whose goodness and power I entrust my own happi-'ness is likewise as able and as willing to procure theirs. 'Nor matters it what state of life is allotted for them, 'whether it be their fate to procure bread with their own 'labour, or to eat it at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if 'we consider the case with proper attention, or resolve it 'with due sincerity, the former is much the sweeter. 'The hind may be more happy than the lord, for his 'desires are fewer, and those such as are attended with 'more hope and less fear. I will do my utmost to lay 'the foundations of my children's happiness, I will care-'fully avoid educating them in a station superior to 'their fortune, and for the event trust to that Being, in 'whom whoever rightly confides must be superior to all 'worldly sorrows.'

In this low manner did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm, which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship's arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

CHAPTER III.

Wherein our hero proceeds in the road to GREATNESS.

BUT we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

There happened to be in the stage-coach, in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover, a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money.—There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand, and a settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: but Wild, the moment he heard of

his money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, 'He had at that time two 'bank bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; 'which,' added he, 'is so safe a way, that it is almost 'impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed 'by the most cunning highwayman.'

The young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country: by which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty, before they separated.

At his arrival in town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprise; and accordingly having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

Mr. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery, but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it; for though that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway was, from the cowardice of mankind, less frequent, yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called Cheating, but more commonly known by the name of Robbery

within the Law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honester than other people; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows: 'Art thou he whom I have selected 'out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, 'and dost thou cant of God's revenge against murder? 'You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty 'word) to robbery from its being so common. Is it then 'the novelty of murder which deters you? Do you 'imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and knives, 'are the only instruments of death? Look into the 'world, and see the numbers whom broken fortunes and 'broken hearts bring untimely to the grave. To omit 'those glorious heroes, who, to their immortal honour, 'have massacred whole nations, what think you of 'private persecution, treachery, and slander, by which 'the very souls of men are in a manner torn from their 'bodies? Is it not more generous, nay, more good-'natured, to send a man to his rest, than, after having 'plundered him of all he hath, or from malice or male-'volence deprived him of his character, to punish him 'with a languishing death, or what is worse, a languish-'ing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon as 'you weakly conceive it, though, as you said of robbery, 'that more noble kind, which lies within the paw of the 'law, may be so. But this is the most innocent in him 'who doth it, and the most eligible to him who is to 'suffer it. Believe me, lad, the tongue of a viper is less 'hurtful than that of a slanderer, and the gilded scales 'of a rattlesnake less dreadful than the purse of the

'oppressor. Let me, therefore, hear no more of your 'scruples; but consent to my proposal without further 'hesitation, unless, like a woman, you are afraid of 'blooding your clothes, or, like a fool, are terrified with 'the apprehensions of being hanged in chains. Take my 'word for it, you had better be an honest man than half 'a rogue. Do not think of continuing in my gang with-'out abandoning yourself absolutely to my pleasure; for 'no man shall ever receive a favour at my hands, who 'sticks at any thing, or is guided by any other law than 'that of my will.'

Wild thus ended his speech, which had not the desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the robbery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild (who feared by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependence; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

CHAPTER IV.

In which a young hero, of wonderful good promise, makes his first appearance, with many other GREAT MATTERS.

Our hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact

description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

The name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hæphestion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT Man; or in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT Man. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

We will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance, we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprise, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

Wild, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally incident to men of heroic disposition; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the little tyrant for whom he professed so violent a regard. Here he was informed, that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he

hated with such inveteracy that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first, he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute; for that youth had at their last interview sworn, *D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out.* But, besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation, *How apt men are to hate those they injure* or *how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves*, be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phænomenon as at first it appears. Know therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer injuries on others, have seldom very good, or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of

kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it, hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it, hath in it lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple, and well inclined: *Though as a christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee to forgive thy enemy;* NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

CHAPTER V.

More and more GREATNESS, *unparalleled in history or romance.*

In order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But, however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success, I think, we may fairly assert that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that *it conquers all things*, is much more true when applied to impudence.

When he had formed his plan he went to Newgate, and

burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which, he assured Heartfree, was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

The frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service, at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and above all his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered, and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild; who, perceiving the balance to be turning in his favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the Count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe: lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately

abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

Heartfree however was soon curious enough to inquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in every thing; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

Wild, having thus with admirable and truly laudable conduct achieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world, and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would

run the greatest risk of the latter to rescue himself from it; which, he said, if men did not want resolution, was always enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner till, perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which, he said, might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share either in the guilt or in the danger.

There is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, *viz.* That in order to carry them into execution they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves to be of that disposition in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidence; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniences arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have thus been frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished that in all well-regulated governments such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained; and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

Heartfree, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: 'There is one thing, the loss of which I 'should deplore infinitely beyond that of liberty and of

'life also, I mean that of a good conscience. A blessing 'which he who possesses can never be thoroughly un-'happy; for the bitterest portion of life is by this so 'sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable: whereas, 'without it, the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all 'their relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather 'nauseous, to us. Would you then lessen my misfor-'tunes by robbing me of what hath been my only com-'fort under them, and on which I place my dependence 'of being relieved from them? I have read that Socrates 'refused to save his life by breaking the laws of his 'country, and departing from his prison, when it was 'open. Perhaps my virtue would not go so far; but 'heaven forbid liberty should have such charms to tempt 'me to the perpetration of so horrid a crime as murder. 'As to the poor evasion of committing it by other hands, 'it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the 'escape from temporal punishment; but can be of no 'service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear 'offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my guilt by 'so impudent an endeavour to impose upon him, and by 'so wickedly involving others in my crime. Give me 'therefore no more advice of this kind; for this is my 'great comfort in all my afflictions, that it is in the 'power of no enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor 'will I be ever so much my own enemy as to injure it.'

Though our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity: this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man's conscience, may be styled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

Wild, having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded, however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape; and then promising to use all such means as the other would permit, in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed; whilst Wild, disdaining repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend, without being beholden to any assistance from himself; which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time; but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

CHAPTER VI.

The event of Fireblood's adventure; and a treaty of marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

Fireblood returned from his enterprise unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, though much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild; for of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole

booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *Priggery* was at an end; that if a *Prig* had but honour, he would overlook every vice in the world. 'But, never-'theless,' said he, 'I will forgive you this time, as you 'are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find 'you delinquent in this great point.'

Wild had now brought his gang to great regularity: he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office, where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c., for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means, he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what

they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow on which this message was to be delivered our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of its own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he dispatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing, which is generally called Love-letters, than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaus of our time to excel either in matter or spelling.

'Most deivine and adwhorable creeture,

'I DOUBT not but those IIs, briter than the son, which 'have kindled such a flam in my hart, have likewise 'the faculty of seeing it. It would be the hiest pre- 'assumption to imagin you eggnorant of my loav. No, 'Madam, I sollemly purtest, that of all the butys in the 'unaversal glob, there is none kapable of hateracting 'my IIs like you. Corts and pallaces would be to me 'deserts without your kumpany, and with it a wilder- 'ness would have more charms than haven itself. For 'I hop you will beleve me when I sware every place 'in the universe is a haven with you. I am konvinced 'you must be sinsibel of my violent passion for you, 'which, if I endevored to hid it, would be as impossible 'as for you, or the son, to hid your buty's. I assure 'you I have not slept a wink since I had the happiness

'of seeing you last; therefore hop you will, out of Kum-
'passion, let me have the honour of seeing you this
'afternune; for I am with the greatest adwhoration,

'Most deivine creeture,

'Iour most passionate amirer,

'Adwhorer and slave,

'JONATHAN WYLD.'

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character; but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness, of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition, spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons, who can spell, to record their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the style of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches, which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Sallust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues, published in the monthly Magazines, came literally from the mouths of the HURGOS, &c. as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian

of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said Hurgos are not so extremely eminent.

CHAPTER VII.

Matters preliminary to the marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

But to proceed with our history; Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge the embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady having opened the letter, and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—n'd before she opened it. 'But 'with you, young gentleman,' says she, 'I am not in 'the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a 'young man should be employed in such an errand.' She accompanied these words with so tender an accent, and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom,

he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d—n him, if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses, than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted indeed, and swore so heartily, that had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success; however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love affairs of our hero when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

The old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to over-reach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was entitled to a third only.

While matters were thus settling between the old

folks the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits; and, by degrees began to entertain him with all the shew of affection, which the greater natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education, would permit. At length, every thing being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now, there was all the probability imaginable that this contract would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage-state happy; and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but whether it was that nature and fortune had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain it is that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above; but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I cannot here omit a conjecture, ingenious enough, of

a friend of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady arose from the number of gallants, to whom she had before marriage granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband what she had before received from several, and, being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

From this person I received the following dialogue, which he assured me he had overheard and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

CHAPTER VIII.

A dialogue matrimonial, which passed between Jonathan Wild, Esquire, and Lætitia his wife, on the morning of the day fortnight on which his nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those debates generally do.

JONATHAN.

My dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

LÆTITIA. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

JONATHAN. I don't know what Jack Strongbow doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

LÆTITIA. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep than my husband shall.

JONATHAN. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

LÆTITIA. You might have found one of those good wives, Sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

JONATHAN. I thought I had found one in you.

LÆTITIA. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

JONATHAN. No matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

LÆTITIA. And at your own desire too: for, I am sure, you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman——Ha, ha.

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

LÆTITIA. O no, Sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a bachelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities: but that, you know, a woman cannot tell before hand.

JONATHAN. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

LÆTITIA. Then some, I am certain, have great reason to complain of the price they give for them. But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

JONATHAN. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.

LÆTITIA. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous behaviour, nor those odious words.—I wish you were fond! —I assure you—I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman——No, nor should not, if I had married for love.—And especially now, when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.

JONATHAN. If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

LÆTITIA. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face you have made your convenience of me.

LÆTITIA. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making anything of you.

JONATHAN. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

LÆTITIA. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more it was not my desire, but your own.

JONATHAN. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

LÆTITIA. La, Sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair.—I have had other offers, and better too.

JONATHAN. I wish you had accepted them with all my heart.

LÆTITIA. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for shewing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish preference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman;

but I find you every way contemptible, and below my concern.

JONATHAN. D—n you, Madam, have I not more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

LÆTITIA. Very fine truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

JONATHAN. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for any thing I care.

LÆTITIA. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

JONATHAN. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b—ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

LÆTITIA. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much upon my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain.

JONATHAN. Begin whenever you please, Madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and, if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

LÆTITIA. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed if ever I enter into your bed more.

JONATHAN. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for, I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

LÆTITIA. It is impossible for two people to agree

better; for I always detested your person; and, as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

JONATHAN. Why, then, since we are come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

LÆTITIA. With all my heart.

JONATHAN. Let us shake hands then, and henceforwards never live like man and wife; that is, never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

LÆTITIA. Agreed. —— But pray, Mr. Wild, why B—ch? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you?

JONATHAN. It is not worth your remembrance.

LÆTITIA. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

JONATHAN. Without controul. And I have the same liberty?

LÆTITIA. When I interfere may every curse you can wish attend me.

JONATHAN. Let us now take a farewell kiss; and may I be hang'd if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

LÆTITIA. But why, B—ch?——Methinks I should be glad to know why B—ch?

At which words he sprang from the bed, d—ing her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue steadfast in this new resolution; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, WHY B—CH?

CHAPTER IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design on our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little savour of the sweets of matrimony in it), produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that, as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom passed one easy or quiet day together.

And this, reader, and no other, is the cause of those many inquietudes which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars, proceed in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion abovementioned, that

desire, according to my Lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile.*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste of the domestic state of our hero, the rather to shew him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniences in ordinary life, with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villany. Now therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of the sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

When the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

Circumstances of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader, there-

fore, cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and, lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning the conduct of his friend, should at his first relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes, and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learned from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed, and murdered his wife.

Intolerable as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly with it at their next interview. Friendly, who detested Wild (from that envy probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows) encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attack our hero, and carry him before a magistrate.

This resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but whether it was that in compliance with modern custom he had retired to spend the honeymoon with his bride, the only moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might for particular reasons be usually kept a secret: like those of some few great men, whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision, which it

hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

But Wild resolved to perform works of supererogation in the way of honour, and, though no hero is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate; but may with unblemished reputation slide away from it; yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayest be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can anyways sully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree, from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Wild with unprecedented generosity visits his friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful reception he met with.

It hath been said, then, that Mr. Wild, not being able on the strictest examination to find in a certain spot of human nature called his own heart the least grain of that pitiful low quality called honesty, and resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing, he therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands, or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an

additional example in that excellent book called God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner therefore had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

This proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner :—

'I might have hoped the answer which I gave to your 'former advice would have prevented me from the 'danger of receiving a second affront of this kind. An 'affront I call it, and surely if it be so to call a man a 'villain, it can be no less to shew him you suppose him 'one. Indeed it may be wondered how any man can 'arrive at the boldness, I may say impudence, of first 'making such an overture to another; surely it is seldom 'done, unless to those who have previously betrayed some 'symptoms of their own baseness. If I have therefore 'shewn you any such, these insults are more pardonable; 'but I assure you, if such appear, they discharge all 'their malignance outwardly, and reflect not even a shadow 'within; for to me baseness seems inconsistent with this 'rule, OF DOING NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY 'MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATEVER. This, Sir, 'is the rule by which I am determined to walk, nor can 'that man justify disbelieving me, who will not own, 'he walks not by it himself. But whether it be allowed 'to me or no, or whether I feel the good effects of its 'being practised by others, I am resolved to maintain it:

'For surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursuing 'it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy: For what a 'ravishing thought! how replete with exstacy must the 'consideration be, that Almighty Goodness is by its 'own nature engaged to reward me! How indifferent 'must such a persuasion make a man to all the occur-'rences of this life! What trifles must he represent to 'himself both the enjoyments and the afflictions of this 'world! How easily must he acquiesce under missing 'the former, and how patiently will he submit to the 'latter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory 'imperfect reward here, is a most certain argument of 'his obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter! 'Dost thou think then, thou little, paltry, mean animal '(with such language did he treat our truly great man), 'that I will forego such comfortable expectations for any 'pitiful reward which thou canst suggest or promise to 'me; for that sordid lucre for which all pains and labour 'are undertaken by the industrious, and all barbarities 'and iniquities committed by the vile; for a worthless 'acquisition, which such as thou art can possess, can give, 'or can take away?' The former part of this speech occasioned much yawning in our hero, but the latter roused his anger; and he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friendly and the constable who had been summoned by Heartfree, on Wild's first appearance, entered the room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued is not worth relating: Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before a magistrate.

Notwithstanding the doubts raised by Mr. Wild's lawyer on his examination, he insisting that the proceeding was improper; for that a *Writ de Homine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of that a *Capias in*

Withernam, the justice inclined to commitment, so that Wild was driven to other methods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the justice, that there was a young man likewise with him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent for, which request was accordingly granted, and the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon produced to bear testimony for his friend, which he did with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence (though he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers), that as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others, who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man, to whom he had such eminent obligations.

Lest so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprise the reader in this degenerate age, it may be proper to inform him, that, beside the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia, when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance, which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

Four months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt

on Wild (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN), several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge of the many obligations conferred on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

CHAPTER XI.

A scheme so deeply laid, that it shames all the politics of this our age; with digression and subdigression.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it), applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment for a fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

He no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *Quomodo*, and the person or tool to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury Lane principally in this; that whereas, on the latter, the hero, or chief figure, is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero, or great man, is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears, or doth any thing in his own person. He doth indeed, in this Grand Drama, rather perform the part of the Prompter, and doth instruct the well-drest figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppetshow will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves every thing: whether it be the King of Muscovy, or whatever other potentate, alias puppet, which we behold on the stage; but he himself wisely keeps out of sight; for, should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but, as this, (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i.e.* to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the Drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou

hast never seen some of these puppet-shows, which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island, which great men seldom visit; yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor, and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of Romances; who, though they know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But, this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did, in these latter times, come forth themselves on the stage; and did hack and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators; yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

CHAPTER XII.

New instances of Friendly's folly, &c.

To return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him: when receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant: and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the officers came for this poor wretch they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bade him come along and be d——d, and leave those little bastards, for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprised at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he shewed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him, and bursting into tears, cried out: 'You shall not hurt Papa.' One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so

violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

The officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixt with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, he should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him; then taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly; who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learnt of the constable.

Friendly arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the Mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: for this witness deposed, 'That he had been, 'by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of 'embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; 'that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her 'at the inn, when they took coach for Harwich, where she 'shewed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell 'her husband, that she had fully executed his command; 'and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had 'notice of the commission, and in order to bring it within 'that time, Fireblood, as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. 'Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house 'before her departure for Holland.'

When Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither: where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) among the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket to procure a room in the Press-yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

They spent that day together, and, in the evening, the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account. 'I know not,' says he, 'how far the malice of my enemy 'may prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am con-'vinced my innocence will somewhere be rewarded. If, 'therefore, any fatal accident should happen to me (for 'he who is in the hands of perjury may apprehend the 'worst), my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor chil-'dren;' at which words the tears gushed from his eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost diligence in his service, and doubted not but to subvert any villainous design laid for his destruction, and to make his innocence appear to the world as white as it was in his own opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former character and behaviour of Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far from surprising his neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound, if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree, which had given them suspicions. And what is most astonishing of all is,

that many of those, who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless fool, now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaricious knave.

CHAPTER XIII.

Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprise; and somewhat touching one of the Miss Snaps, which will greatly concern the reader.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these censures abroad, and in despite of all his misfortunes at home, Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night; partly from the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before he had executed his scheme; and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal, as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which shewed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied; and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness that he convinced Wild of the injustice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it

did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house. An injury never to be repaired. A blot never to be wiped out. A sore never to be healed. To detain my reader no longer: Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) creature had with the Count.

Mr. Wild and his lady were at breakfast, when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile: 'Who was the father?' But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet, received it in another manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into tears, and lamented over her father, that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him he was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so

much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

Perhaps the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and for want of security conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault, which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia, and other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissars for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them, who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be formed against him, that his condition to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the object of envy or desire.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blueskin; one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c., in short what the vulgar call a Butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz., undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum*, which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *Suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang; in which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

But this subserviency agreed ill with his temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch; which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

'How, Mr. Blueskin!' says Wild, 'you will not 'deliver the watch?' 'No, Mr. Wild,' answered he; 'I 'have taken it, and will keep it; or, if I dispose of it, I 'will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which 'I sell it.' 'Sure,' replied Wild, 'you have not the 'assurance to pretend you have any property or right in

'this watch?' 'I am certain,' returned Blueskin, 'whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove 'none.' 'I will undertake,' cries the other, 'to shew I 'have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of 'our gang, of which I am providentially at the head.' 'I know not who put you at the head of it,' cries Blueskin; 'but those who did, certainly did it for their own 'good, that you might conduct them the better in their 'robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent 'surprises, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute 'to their benefit and safety; and not to convert all their 'labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage.' 'You are greatly mistaken, Sir,' answered Wild; 'you 'are talking of a legal society, where the chief magistrate 'is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see 'in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly 'consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to 'their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his 'own wealth, or pleasure, or humour: But in an 'illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise; for who would be at the head of a gang 'unless for his own interest? And without a head, you 'know, you cannot subsist. Nothing but a head, and 'obedience to that head, can preserve a gang a moment 'from destruction. It is absolutely better for you to 'content yourselves with a moderate reward, and enjoy 'that in safety at the disposal of your chief, than to 'engross the whole with the hazard to which you will 'be liable without his protection. And surely, there is 'none in the whole gang who has less reason to complain 'than you; you have tasted of my favours: witness that 'piece of ribbon you wear in your hat, with which I 'dubbed you captain.—Therefore pray, captain, deliver 'the watch.' 'D—n your cajoling,' says Blueskin: 'Do you think I value myself on this bit of ribbon,

'which I could have bought myself for sixpence, and 'have worn without your leave? Do you imagine I 'think myself a captain, because you, whom I know 'not empowered to make one, call me so? the name of 'captain is but a shadow; the men and the salary are 'the substance: and I am not to be bubbled with a 'shadow. I will be called captain no longer, and he 'who flatters me by that name, I shall think affronts me, 'and I will knock him down, I assure you.'—'Did ever 'man talk so unreasonably?' cries Wild. 'Are you not 'respected as a captain by the whole gang since my 'dubbing you so? But it is the shadow only, it seems; 'and you will knock a man down for affronting you who 'calls you captain! Might not a man as reasonably tell 'a minister of state: *Sir, you have given me the shadow 'only. The ribbon or the bauble that you gave me implies 'that I have either signalized myself by some great action 'for the benefit and glory of my country; or at least that I 'am descended from those who have done so. I know 'myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few 'ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of. There-'fore I am resolved to knock the first man down, who calls 'me, Sir, or Right Honourable.* But all great and wise 'men think themselves sufficiently repaid by what pro-'cures them honour and precedence in the gang, without 'enquiring into substance; nay, if a title or a feather, be 'equal to this purpose, they are substance, and not mere 'shadows. But I have not time to argue with you at 'present, so give me the watch without any more delibera-'tion.' 'I am no more a friend to deliberation than your-'self,' answered Blueskin, 'and so I tell you once for all, 'by G— I never will give you the watch, no, nor will I 'ever hereafter surrender any part of my booty. I won 'it, and I will wear it. Take your pistols yourself, and 'go out on the highway, and don't lazily think to fatten 'yourself with the dangers and pains of other people.'

At which words he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed of what had passed between him and Wild, and advised them all to follow his example; which they all readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild's D—tion was the universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable, with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their head, entered the room, and seized on Blueskin, whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found upon him, which, together with Wild's information, was more than sufficient to commit him to Newgate.

In the evening, Wild and the rest of those who had been drinking with Blueskin, met at the tavern, where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest submission to their leader. They vilified and abused Blueskin as much as they had before abused our hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing the name of Wild into that of Blueskin, all agreeing with Wild that the watch found in his pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

Thus did this Great Man, by a resolute and timely example (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him), quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang; and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

The Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition, yet,

now he saw all that scheme dissolved, he returned to his integrity; of which he gave an incontestible proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his deathbed at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance; for that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

Our hero received Fireblood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, as the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But, though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, *viz.*, that they were all complete Prigs, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection: for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them, as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

We will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and, to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history we shall open it with a new book; and shall, therefore, take this opportunity of closing our third.

THE HISTORY

OF

THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

MR. JONATHAN WILD, THE GREAT.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A sentiment of the ordinary's, worthy to be written in letters of gold; a very extraordinary instance of folly in Friendly; and a dreadful accident which befel our hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjuror.

What indeed might induce the former, *i.e.* the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary, was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation,

and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *That he believed a sincere* Turk *would be saved.* To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, *I know not what may become of a sincere* Turk, *but if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, Sir, so far from a sincere* Turk's *being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere* Presbyterian, Anabaptist, *nor* Quaker *whatever, be saved.*

But neither did the one or the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience, and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

Friendly being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: 'I have long 'observed with admiration the magnanimity with which 'you go through your own misfortunes, and the steady 'countenance with which you look on death. I have 'observed that all your agonies arise from the thoughts 'of parting with your children, and of leaving them in a 'distressed condition; now, though I hope all your fears 'will prove ill-grounded, yet that I may relieve you as 'much as possible from them, be assured, that as nothing 'can give me more real misery than to observe so tender 'and loving a concern in a master, to whose goodness I 'owe so many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love, 'so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my con-

'tributing to lessen or to remove it. Be convinced, there-
'fore, if you can place any confidence in my promise,
'that I will employ my little fortune, which you know to
'be not entirely inconsiderable, in the support of this
'your little family. Should any misfortune, which I pray
'heaven avert, happen to you before you have better pro-
'vided for these little ones, I will be myself their father,
'nor shall either of them ever know distress, if it be any
'way in my power to prevent it. Your younger daughter
'I will provide for, and as for my little prattler, your
'elder, as I never yet thought of any woman for a wife,
'I will receive her as such at your hands; nor will I ever
'relinquish her for another.' Heartfree flew to his friend, and embraced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He vowed to him, that he had eased every anxious thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry with him out of the world. 'O Friendly!' cried he, 'it is my
'concern for that best of women, whom I hate myself for
'having ever censured in my opinion. O Friendly! thou
'didst know her goodness; yet, sure, her perfect character
'none but myself was ever acquainted with. She had
'every perfection both of mind and body, which heaven
'hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all in a
'higher excellence than nature ever indulged to another
'in any single virtue. Can I bear the loss of such a
'woman? Can I bear the apprehensions of what mis-
'chief that villain may have done to her, of which death
'is perhaps the lightest?' Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this head likewise, by magnifying every circumstance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon a height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and

silly a fellow as his master. Indeed, they were both the byword, laughingstock, and contempt of the whole place.

The sessions now came on at the Old Bailey. The grand jury at Hicks's-hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly, and the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute, the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

The catastrophe, to which our hero had reduced this wretch, was so wonderful an effort of Greatness, that it probably made fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

ut lapsu graviore ruant;

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period, at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they should never transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity, which every great man is to fill up, and then fortune looks on him of no more use than a silkworm, whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness, which though he

had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss: as Wild therefore was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined; Blueskin privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero, as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but so it was, that the knife missing those noble parts (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, though it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted), attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather, by so doing, propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some persons like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society; designs began to be laid by several of those

who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a Prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

CHAPTER II.

A short hint concerning popular ingratitude. Mr. Wild's arrival in the castle, with other occurrences, to be found in no other history.

If we had any leisure, we would here digress a little on that ingratitude, which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people of all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary thing called Liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

This law had been promulgated a very little time when Mr. Wild, having received from some dutiful members of the gang a valuable piece of goods, did for a consideration somewhat short of its original price

reconvey it to the right owner; for which fact, being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house, and, being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him, committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not choose to name too often in our history, and where many great men at this time happened to be assembled.

The governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it: but, alas! he was deceived, his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependence on the friendship of great men. An observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprised at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would,

he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. 'No, no,' says she, 'I am certain 'you would be found guilty of *Death*. I knew what it 'would always come to. I told you it was impossible to 'carry on such a trade long; but you would not be ad-'vised, and now you see the consequence, now you repent 'when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when 'you are *nubbed** is, that I gave you a good advice. If 'you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have 'had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the 'chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather 'lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the '*cheat*†, for thither you will go now, that's infallible. 'And a just judgment on you for following your head-'strong will; I am the only person to be pitied, poor I, 'who shall be scandalized for your fault. *There goes 'she whose husband was hanged*. methinks I hear them 'crying so already.' At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit: 'On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if 'the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I be-'lieve it would have been long enough before I should 'have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am com-'mitted for the *filing-lay*‡, man, and we shall be both '*nubbed* together. I'faith, my dear, it almost makes me 'amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of 'seeing thee *nubbed* too.' 'Indeed, my dear,' answered Wild, 'it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do

* The cant word for *hanging*. † The *gallows*.
‡ *Picking pockets*.

'not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes 'to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at 'least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now.' And so saying, he seized her by the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things, which we have forgot, on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood; whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and after many protestations, that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a bank-note, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the play-house passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had

known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of the gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

CHAPTER III.

Curious anecdotes relating to the history of Newgate.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild, one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT Man, who had long been at the head of all the *Prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *Prigs* as a fellow, who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

'*Friends and fellow-citizens,*

'The cause, which I am to mention to you this day, is 'of such mighty importance, that when I consider my

'own small abilities I tremble with an apprehension, lest 'your safety may be rendered precarious by the weakness 'of him who hath undertaken to represent to you your 'danger. Gentlemen, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: 'your privileges have been long undermined, and are 'now openly violated by one man; by one who hath 'engrossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials, 'under colour of which, he exacts what contributions on 'you he pleases: but are those sums appropriated to the 'uses for which they are raised? Your frequent con-'victions at the Old Bailey, those depredations of justice, 'must too sensibly and sorely demonstrate the contrary. 'What evidence doth he ever produce for the prisoner, 'which the prisoner himself could not have provided, 'and often better instructed? How many noble youths 'have there been lost when a single *alibi* would have 'saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your own 'injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the very breath, 'which by his neglect hath been stopped at the *Cheat*, 'would cry out loudly against him. Nor is the exor-'bitancy of his plunders visible only in the dreadful 'consequences it hath produced to the *Prigs*, nor glares 'it only in the miseries brought on them: it blazes 'forth in the more desirable effects it hath wrought for 'himself, in the rich perquisites acquired by it: witness 'that silk nightgown, that robe of shame, which, to his 'eternal dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown, which 'I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the liber-'ties of Newgate. Is there a *Prig* who hath the interest 'and honour of Newgate so little at heart that he can 'refrain from blushing when he holds that trophy, pur-'chased with the breath of so many *Prigs!* Nor is 'this all. His waistcoat embroidered with silk, and his 'velvet cap, bought with the same price, are ensigns of 'the same disgrace. Some would think the rags which

'covered his nakedness, when first he was committed 'hither, well exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but 'in my eye, no exchange can be profitable when dis-'honour is the condition. If, therefore, Newgate—' Here the only copy which we could procure of this speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the reader, from very authentic information, that he concluded with advising the *Prigs* to put their affairs into other hands. After which, one of his party, as had been before concerted, in a very long speech, recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

Newgate was divided into parties on this occasion; the *Prigs* on each side representing their chief or Great Man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *Prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader; so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder, therefore, they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed *the liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *Plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other than the inhabitants of the same castle.

Wild's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stripped of all his finery; but, when it was proposed that he should sell it and divide the money for the good of the whole, he waived that motion, saying, it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and, within two days, to the surprise of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson, and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

This behaviour of Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespake them as follows:

'Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous than 'the conduct of those who should lay the lamb in the 'wolf's way, and then should lament his being de-'voured. What a wolf is in a sheep-fold, a great man 'is in society. Now when one wolf is in possession of 'a sheep-fold, how little would it avail the simple flock 'to expel him and place another in his stead? Of the 'same benefit to us is the overthrowing one *Prig* in 'favour of another. And for what other advantage 'was your struggle? Did you not all know that Wild 'and his followers were *Prigs*, as well as Johnson and 'his? What then could the contention be among 'such but that which you have now discovered it to 'have been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then our 'duty tamely to submit to the rapine of the *Prig*, who 'now plunders us, for fear of an exchange? Surely 'no: but I answer, It is better to shake the plunder

'off than to exchange the plunderer. And by what 'means can we effect this but by a total change of our 'manners? Every *Prig* is a slave. His own *Priggish* 'desires, which enslave him, themselves betray him to 'the tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the 'liberty of Newgate is to change the manners of 'Newgate. Let us, therefore, who are confined here 'for debt only, separate ourselves entirely from the '*Prigs*; neither drink with them, nor converse with 'them. Let us, at the same time, separate ourselves 'farther from *Priggism* itself. Instead of being ready, 'on every opportunity, to pillage each other, let us be 'content with our honest share of the common bounty, 'and with the acquisition of our own industry. When 'we separate from the *Prigs* let us enter into a closer 'alliance with one another. Let us consider ourselves 'all as members of one community, to the public good 'of which we are to sacrifice our private views; not 'to give up the interest of the whole for every little 'pleasure or profit which shall accrue to ourselves. 'Liberty is consistent with no degree of honesty inferior 'to this, and the community, where this abounds, no '*Prig* will have the impudence or audaciousness to 'endeavour to enslave; or if he should, his own 'destruction would be the only consequence of his 'attempt. But while one man pursues his ambition, 'another his interest, another his safety; while one 'hath a roguery (a *Priggism* they here call it) to 'commit, and another a roguery to defend, they must 'naturally fly to the favour and protection of those 'who have power to give them what they desire, and 'to defend them from what they fear; nay, in this view 'it becomes their interest to promote this power in their 'patrons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer '*Prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these

'desires. What remains, therefore, for us but to resolve 'bravely to lay aside our *Priggism*, our roguery, in 'plainer words, and preserve our liberty, or to give up 'the latter in the preservation and preference of the 'former.'

This speech was received with much applause; however Wild continued as before to levy contributions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments which he had stripped from Johnson. To speak sincerely, there was more bravado than real use or advantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown, its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of it do him much honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy that it made his head ache. Thus these clothes, which perhaps (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes,) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages, afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity, when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that greatness, which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i.e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

CHAPTER IV.

The dead-warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.

The dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravagances of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before on seeing the children carried away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father to his mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but, when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a cold still stream moved heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that, to escape observation, he retired to his room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his

wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

When his mind was thoroughly fatigued and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch, who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cried out: 'I may yet 'prevent this catastrophe. It is not too late to discover 'the whole.' He then paused a moment: but greatness instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself: 'Shall I, like a child, 'or a woman, or one of those mean wretches, whom I 'have always despised, be frightened by dreams and 'visionary phantoms to sully that honour which I have 'so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained! 'Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of this silly fellow, 'suffer my reputation to contract a stain which the blood 'of millions cannot wipe away! Was it only that the 'few, the simple part of mankind, should call me Rogue, 'perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible 'to the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to execute 'my undertaking, can never be digested. What is the 'life of a single man? Have not whole armies and 'nations been sacrificed to the honour of ONE GREAT 'MAN? Nay, to omit that first class of greatness, the 'conquerors of mankind, how often have numbers fallen 'by a fictitious plot only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps 'exercise the ingenuity of a member of that second order

'of greatness the Ministerial! What have I done then? 'Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an innocent 'man to the gallows. I ought rather to weep with 'Alexander that I have ruined no more than to regret 'the little I have done.' He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed utterly to conquer his reluctance, and to banish away every degree of humanity from his mind, these little sparks of which composed one of those weaknesses which we lamented in the opening of our history.

But, in vindication of our hero, we must beg leave to observe that nature is seldom so kind as those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any man so completely great, or completely low, but that some sparks of humanity will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what the vulgar call evil will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which will give some pain and uneasiness to both; for I apprehend, no mind was ever yet formed entirely free from blemish, unless peradventure that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAPTER V.

Containing various matters.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had, in the strongest manner, confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise, of becoming a father to one of his children, and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible

comfort, and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a Stoic. When he was informed that the coach, which Friendly had provided for him, was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end: which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach, when he found that his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic, and, having reached his arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses in such a surprise at such a season. And indeed our good-natured reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice, she burst forth into the following accents: 'O my husband:—Is this the condition in which I find 'you after our cruel separation! Who hath done this? 'Cruel heaven! What is the occasion? I know thou 'canst deserve no ill. Tell me, somebody who can 'speak, while I have my senses left to understand, what 'is the matter?' At which words several laughed, and one answered: 'The matter! Why no great matter. 'The gentleman is not the first, nor won't be the last:

'the worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all the 'morning here I shall lose my dinner.' Heartfree, pausing a moment and recollecting himself, cried out, 'I 'will bear all with patience.' And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before since his misfortunes. The great man answered: 'He had compassion on him, and 'would do more than he could answer: but he supposed 'he was too much a gentleman not to know that some-'thing was due for such civility.' On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket; which the great man took, and said, he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which one observed, that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer, and many other facetious remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife, the commander informing him at his entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him, and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doated on, and to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life, that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others, and, what was remarkable,

one who had unmoved beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c. with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets), he began to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, *He should be ashamed not to act more like a man.* Heartfree begged his pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cried: 'O my angel!' and embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride; he then cried: 'The Almighty bless thee; and if 'it be his pleasure, restore thee to life; if not, I beseech 'him we may presently meet again in a better world 'than this.' He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast, that he begged one ten minutes more to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour? Friendly answered any thing; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. 'Well then, I'll be moderate,' said he,—'Twenty guineas.' —Friendly answered, 'It is a bargain.' The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cried,—'Then I don't care 'if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies 'hiding good news!——the gentleman is reprieved——;' of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer a description of

the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had his promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the foregoing happy incident is accounted for.

But here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story, which can afford him equal delight: yet, lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggar's Opera, I shall endeavour to shew him that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for, we assure him, we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hanged than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

Be it known then (a circumstance which I think highly credible,) that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace, who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was entrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties, and properties of his countrymen, he therefore examined always with the utmost diligence

and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and, as he was much staggered on finding that of the two persons, on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial he saw was in vain. He therefore honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood that if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it the truth would be discovered by other means, and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice, that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

The justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villany, alias greatness, lost not a moment

in using his utmost endeavours to get the case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which we hope we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

The good magistrate, having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

The next day therefore after that when the miserable scene above described had passed he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely, Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks, as well as inward gratitude which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

When he entered the room Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: as he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said, she had been relating some adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

The justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree,

at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with him; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which only he is a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat by the captain of the French privateer.

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Heartfree relates her adventures.

MRS. HEARTFREE proceeded thus: 'The vengeance which 'the French captain exacted on that villain (our hero), 'persuaded me that I was fallen into the hands of a man of 'honour and justice; nor, indeed, was it possible for any 'person to be treated with more respect and civility than I 'now was; but this could not mitigate my sorrows, when I 'reflected on the condition in which I had been betrayed to 'leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce 'such an effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I 'owed it chiefly to a passion, which threatened me with great 'uneasiness, as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and 'as I was absolutely in the power of the person who pos-'sessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must however 'do him the justice to say my fears carried my suspicions 'farther than I afterwards found I had any reason to carry 'them: he did indeed very soon acquaint me with his 'passion, and used all those gentle methods, which fre-'quently succeed with our sex, to prevail with me to gratify 'it; but never once threatened, nor had the least recourse 'to force. He did not even once insinuate to me, that I

'was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw, 'and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, 'well knowing, that as there are some dispositions so 'brutal, that cruelty adds a zest and savour to their 'pleasures; so there are others whose gentler inclinations 'are better gratified when they win us by softer methods 'to comply with their desires; yet that even these may 'be often compelled by an unruly passion to have recourse 'at last to the means of violence, when they despair of 'success from persuasion; but I was happily the captive 'of a better man. My conqueror was one of those over 'whom vice hath a limited jurisdiction; and though he 'was too easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against 'any temptation to villany.

'We had been two days almost totally becalmed, 'when, a brisk gale rising as we were in sight of Dun-'kirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards us. 'The captain of the privateer was so strong that he 'apprehended no danger but from a man of war, which 'the sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore struck 'his colours, and furled his sails as much as possible, in 'order to lie by and expect her, hoping she might be a 'prize.' (Here Heartfree smiling, his wife stopped, and inquired the cause. He told her it was from her using the sea terms so aptly: she laughed, and answered, he would wonder less at this when he heard the long time she had been on board: and then proceeded.) 'This 'vessel now came along-side of us, and hailed us, having 'perceived that, on which we were on board, to be of 'her own country; they begged us not to put into Dun-'kirk, but to accompany them in their pursuit of a large 'English merchantman, whom we should easily overtake, 'and both together as easily conquer. Our captain 'immediately consented to this proposition, and ordered 'all his sail to be crowded. This was most unwelcome

'news to me; however, he comforted me all that he 'could by assuring me I had nothing to fear, that he 'would be so far from offering the least rudeness to me 'himself, that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect 'me from it. This assurance gave me all the consolation 'which my present circumstances and the dreadful appre-'hensions I had on your dear account would admit.' (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.) 'We sailed near twelve 'hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in 'pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon 'come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her 'from our eyes. This mist continued for several hours, 'and when it cleared up, we discovered our companion at 'a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the 'captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness was the 'sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which 'presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be 'a third-rate English man of war. Our captain declared 'the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and 'accordingly struck, without waiting for the broadside 'which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would 'have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy.' This occasioned Heartfree to change colour, his wife therefore passed hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

'I greatly rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would 'not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, 'but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the uni-'verse. My expectation, however, of both these was 'somewhat crossed for the present; as to the former, I 'was told they should be carefully preserved; but that I 'must prove my right to them before I could expect their 'restoration; which, if I mistake not, the captain did not 'very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: and

'as to the latter, I was acquainted that I should be put on 'board the first ship which they met on her way to Eng-'land, but that they were proceeding to the West Indies.

'I had not been long on board the man of war, before 'I discovered just reason rather to lament than to rejoice 'at the exchange of my captivity; for such I concluded 'my present situation to be. I had now another lover 'in the captain of this Englishman, and much rougher 'and less gallant than the Frenchman had been. He 'used me with scarce common civility, as indeed he 'shewed very little to any other person, treating his 'officers little better than a man of no great good-'breeding would exert to his meanest servant, and that 'too on some very irritating provocation. As for me, he 'addressed me with the insolence of a basha to a Cir-'cassian slave; he talked to me with the loose license 'in which the most profligate libertines converse with 'harlots, and which women, abandoned only in a 'moderate degree, detest and abhor. He often kissed 'me with very rude familiarity, and one day attempted 'further brutality; when a gentleman on board, and 'who was in my situation, that is, had been taken by 'a privateer and was retaken, rescued me from his 'hands; for which the captain confined him, though he 'was not under his command, two days in irons; when 'he was released (for I was not suffered to visit him in 'his confinement) I went to him and thanked him, with 'the utmost acknowledgment, for what he had done and 'suffered on my account. The gentleman behaved to 'me in the handsomest manner on this occasion; told me 'he was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to enter-'tain of so small an obligation of an action to which 'his duty as a Christian, and his honour as a man, 'obliged him. From this time I lived in great fami-'liarity with this man, whom I regarded as my pro-

'tector, which he professed himself ready to be on all 'occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of the 'captain's brutality, especially that shewn towards me, 'and the tenderness of a parent for the preservation 'of my virtue, for which I was not myself more 'solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed, the only 'man I had hitherto met since my unhappy departure, 'who did not endeavour by all his looks, words, and 'actions, to assure me he had a liking to my unfortunate 'person. The rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the 'little beauty they complimented to their desires, with-'out the least consideration of the ruin which I earnestly 'represented to them they were attempting to bring on 'me and on my future repose.

'I now passed several days pretty free from the cap-'tain's molestation, till one fatal night:' here, perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him by an assurance, that heaven had preserved her chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his arms. She continued thus: 'Perhaps I gave it a wrong epithet in the word fatal: 'but a wretched night, I am sure I may call it, for no 'woman, who came off victorious, was, I believe ever 'in greater danger. One night, I say, having drank 'his spirits high with punch, in company with the 'purser, who was the only man in the ship he admitted 'to his table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; 'whither, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We 'were no sooner alone together than he seized me by 'the hand, and after affronting my ears with discourse 'which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great oath 'that his passion was to be dallied with no longer: 'that I must not expect to treat him in the manner 'to which a set of blockhead landmen submitted. None 'of your coquet airs, therefore, with me, Madam, said 'he, for I have resolved to have you this night. No

'struggling nor squawling, for both will be impertinent. 'The first man who offers to come in here, I will have 'his skin flea'd off at the gangway. He then attempted 'to pull me violently towards his bed. I threw myself 'on my knees, and with tears and entreaties besought 'his compassion: but this was, I found, to no pur- 'pose: I then had recourse to threats, and en- 'deavoured to frighten him with the consequence; 'but neither had this, though it seemed to stagger him 'more than the other method, sufficient force to deliver 'me. At last a stratagem came into my head, of which 'my perceiving him reel gave me the first hint, I entreated 'a moment's reprieve only, when, collecting all the spirits 'I could muster, I put on a constrained air of gaiety, and 'told him with an affected laugh, he was the roughest 'lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I was 'the first woman he had ever paid his addresses to. *Ad- 'dresses*, said he, *d—n your addresses, I want to undress 'you.* I then begged him to let us drink some punch 'together: for that I loved a can as well as himself, and 'never would grant the favour to any man till I had 'drank a hearty glass with him. O! said he, if that be 'all, you shall have punch enough to drown yourself in. 'At which words he rung the bell, and ordered in a 'gallon of that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged 'to suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses which 'I had great difficulty to restrain within moderate bounds. 'When the punch came in, he took up the bowl and 'drank my health ostentatiously, in such a quantity, that 'it considerably advanced my scheme. I followed him 'with bumpers, as fast as possible, and was myself 'obliged to drink so much, that at another time it would 'have staggered my own reason, but at present it did 'not affect me. At length, perceiving him very far gone, 'I watched an opportunity, and ran out of the cabin,

'resolving to seek protection of the sea, if I could find 'no other; but heaven was now graciously pleased to 'relieve me; for in his attempt to pursue me, he reeled 'backwards, and falling down the cabin stairs, he dis-'located his shoulder, and so bruised himself, that I was 'not only preserved that night from any danger of my 'intended ravisher; but the accident threw him into a 'fever, which endangered his life, and whether he ever 'recovered or no I am not certain; for, during his deli-'rious fits, the eldest lieutenant commanded the ship. 'This was a virtuous and a brave fellow, who had been 'twenty-five years in that post without being able to ob-'tain a ship, and had seen several boys, the bastards of 'noblemen, put over his head. One day, while the ship 'remained under his command, an English vessel bound 'to Cork passed by; myself and my friend, who had 'formerly lain two days in irons on my account, went on 'board this ship with the leave of the good lieutenant, 'who made us such presents as he was able of provisions, 'and, congratulating me on my delivery from a danger 'to which none of the ship's crew had been strangers, he 'kindly wished us both a safe voyage.'

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the relation of her adventures.

'THE first evening after we were aboard this vessel, 'which was a brigantine, we being then at no very great 'distance from the Madeiras, the most violent storm 'arose from the north-west, in which we presently lost 'both our masts; and indeed death now presented itself

'as inevitable to us——I need not tell my Tommy what 'were then my thoughts. Our danger was so great, that 'the captain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook him-'self to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning them-'selves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness to the 'emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of which, 'they swore, should be polluted with salt water. I 'observed here, my old friend displayed less courage 'than I expected from him. He seemed entirely swal-'lowed up in despair. But, heaven be praised! we 'were at last all preserved. The storm, after above 'eleven hours' continuance, began to abate, and by 'degrees entirely ceased; but left us still rolling at 'the mercy of the waves, which carried us at their own 'pleasure to the south-east a vast number of leagues. 'Our crew were all dead drunk with the brandy which 'they had taken such care to preserve from the sea: but, 'indeed, had they been awake, their labour would have 'been of very little service, as we had lost all our rig-'ging; our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk 'only. In this condition we floated about thirty hours, 'till in the midst of a very dark night we spied a light 'which, seeming to approach us, grew so large that our 'sailors concluded it to be the lanthorn of a man of war; 'but, when we were cheering ourselves with the hopes of 'our deliverance from this wretched situation, on a 'sudden, to our great concern, the light entirely disap-'peared, and left us in a despair, increased by the 'remembrance of those pleasing imaginations with 'which we had entertained our minds during its appear-'ance. The rest of the night we passed in melancholy 'conjectures on the light which had deserted us, which 'the major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor. 'In this distress we had one comfort, which was a plenti-'ful store of provision: this so supported the spirits of

'the sailors, that they declared, had they but a sufficient 'quantity of brandy, they cared not whether they saw 'land for a month to come: but, indeed, we were much 'nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at break of 'day; one of the most knowing of the crew declared we 'were near the continent of Africa; but when we were 'within three leagues of it a second violent storm arose 'from the north, so that we again gave over all hopes of 'safety. This storm was not quite so outrageous as the 'former, but of much longer continuance, for it lasted 'near three days, and drove us an immense number of 'leagues to the south. We were within a league of the 'shore, expecting every moment our ship to be dashed to 'pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden; but 'the waves still continued to roll like mountains, and 'before the sea recovered its calm motion, our ship was 'thrown so near the land, that the captain ordered out 'his boat, declaring he had scarce any hopes of saving 'her; and indeed we had not quitted her many minutes 'before we saw the justice of his apprehensions; for she 'struck against a rock, and immediately sunk. The 'behaviour of the sailors on this occasion very much 'affected me; they beheld their ship perish with the 'tenderness of a lover or a parent; they spoke of her as 'the fondest husband would of his wife; and many of 'them, who seemed to have no tears in their composi-'tion, shed them plentifully at her sinking. The captain 'himself cried out, *Go thy way, charming* Molly, *the sea 'never devoured a lovelier morsel. If I have fifty vessels, 'I shall never love another like thee. Poor slut, I shall 'remember thee to my dying day.*—Well, the boat now 'conveyed us all safe to shore, where we landed with 'very little difficulty. It was now about noon, and the 'rays of the sun, which descended almost perpendicularly 'on our heads, were extremely hot and troublesome.

'However, we travelled through this extreme heat about 'five miles over a plain. This brought us to a vast 'wood, which extended itself as far as we could see both 'to the right and left, and seemed to me to put an entire 'end to our progress. Here we decreed to rest and dine 'on the provision which we had brought from the ship, 'of which we had sufficient for very few meals; our boat 'being so overloaded with people that we had very little 'room for luggage of any kind. Our repast was salt 'pork broiled, which the keenness of hunger made so 'delicious to my companions that they fed very heartily 'upon it. As for myself, the fatigue of my body, and 'the vexation of my mind, had so thoroughly weakened 'me, that I was almost entirely deprived of appetite; 'and the utmost dexterity of the most accomplished 'French cook would have been ineffectual, had he 'endeavoured to tempt me with delicacies. I thought 'myself very little a gainer by my late escape from the 'tempest, by which I seemed only to have exchanged the 'element in which I was presently to die. When our 'company had sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, 'feasted themselves, they resolved to enter the wood, and 'endeavour to pass it, in expectation of finding some 'inhabitants, at least some provision. We proceeded 'therefore in the following order: one man in the front 'with a hatchet to clear our way, and two others fol- 'lowed him with guns to protect the rest from wild 'beasts; then walked the rest of our company, and last 'of all the captain himself, being armed, likewise, with 'a gun to defend us from any attack behind, in the rear, 'I think, you call it. And thus our whole company, 'being fourteen in number, travelled on till night over- 'took us, without seeing any thing unless a few birds 'and some very insignificant animals. We rested all 'night under the covert of some trees, and indeed we

'very little wanted shelter at that season, the heat in 'the day being the only inclemency we had to combat 'with in this climate. I cannot help telling you my old 'friend lay still nearest to me on the ground, and declared 'he would be my protector should any of the sailors 'offer rudeness; but I can acquit them of any such 'attempt; nor was I ever affronted by any one, more 'than with a coarse expression, proceeding rather from 'the roughness and ignorance of their education than 'from any abandoned principle, or want of humanity.

'We had now proceeded very little way on our next 'day's march, when one of the sailors, having skipt 'nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a speaking 'trumpet informed us that he saw a town a very little 'way off. This news so comforted me, and gave me 'such strength, as well as spirits, that, with the help of 'my old friend and another, who suffered me to lean on 'them, I, with much difficulty, attained the summit; but 'was so absolutely overcome in climbing it that I had no 'longer sufficient strength to support my tottering limbs, 'and was obliged to lay myself again on the ground; 'nor could they prevail on me to undertake descending 'through a very thick wood into a plain, at the end of 'which indeed appeared some houses, or rather huts; 'but at a much greater distance than the sailor had 'assured us. The little way, as he had called it, seem-'ing to me full twenty miles, nor was it, I believe, much 'less.'

CHAPTER IX.

Containing incidents very surprising.

'The captain declared he would, without delay, proceed 'to the town before him; in which resolution he was 'seconded by all the crew; but, when I could not be 'persuaded, nor was I able to travel any farther before 'I had rested myself, my old friend protested he would 'not leave me, but would stay behind as my guard; and 'when I had refreshed myself with a little repose, he 'would attend me to the town, which the captain pro-'mised he would not leave before he had seen us.

'They were no sooner departed than (having first 'thanked my protector for his care of me) I resigned 'myself to sleep, which immediately closed my eyelids, 'and would probably have detained me very long in his 'gentle dominion, had I not been awaked with a squeeze 'by the hand by my guard; which I at first thought in-'tended to alarm me with the danger of some wild beast; 'but I soon perceived it arose from a softer motive, and 'that a gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to 'apprehend. He began now to disclose his passion in 'the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a warmth 'rather beyond that of both my former lovers; but as 'yet without any attempt of absolute force. On my side 'remonstrances were made in more bitter exclamations 'and revilings than I had used to any, that villain Wild 'excepted. I told him he was the basest and most 'treacherous wretch alive; and his having cloaked his 'iniquitous designs under the appearances of virtue and 'friendship added an ineffable degree of horror to them, 'that I detested him of all mankind the most, and, 'could I be brought to yield to prostitution, he should

'be the last to enjoy the ruins of my honour. He suffered 'himself not to be provoked by this language, but only 'changed his method of solicitation from flattery to 'bribery. He unript the lining of his waistcoat and 'pulled forth several jewels; these, he said, he had pre-'served from infinite danger to the happiest purpose, if I 'could be won by them. I rejected them often with the 'utmost indignation, till at last, casting my eye, rather 'by accident than design on a diamond necklace, a 'thought, like lightning, shot through my mind, and, in 'an instant, I remembered, that this was the very neck-'lace you had sold the cursed Count, the cause of all our 'misfortunes. The confusion of ideas into which this 'surprise hurried me prevented me reflecting on the 'villain who then stood before me; but the first recollec-'tion presently told me it could be no other than the 'Count himself, the wicked tool of Wild's barbarity. 'Good heavens! what was then my condition! How 'shall I describe the tumult of passions which then 'laboured in my breast! However, as I was happily 'unknown to him, the least suspicion on his side was 'altogether impossible. He imputed, therefore, the 'eagerness with which I gazed on the jewels to a very 'wrong cause, and endeavoured to put as much additional 'softness into his countenance as he was able. My fears 'were a little quieted, and I was resolved to be very 'liberal of promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade 'him of my venality that he might without any doubt, 'be drawn in to wait the captain and crew's return, who 'would, I was very certain, not only preserve me from 'his violence, but secure the restoration of what you had 'been so cruelly robbed of. But, alas! I was mistaken.'

Mrs. Heartfree again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquietude in her husband's countenance, cried out:

'My dear, don't you apprehend any harm. But, to de-

'liver you as soon as possible from your anxiety,—When 'he perceived I declined the warmth of his addresses, 'he begged me to consider; he changed at once his voice 'and features, and, in a very different tone from what he 'had hitherto affected, he swore I should not deceive him 'as I had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown 'an opportunity in his way, which he was resolved not 'foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent oath 'that he was determined to enjoy me that moment; 'and, therefore, I knew the consequence of resist-'ance. He then caught me in his arms, and began 'such rude attempts, that I screamed out with all the 'force I could, though I had so little hopes of being 'rescued, when there suddenly rushed forth from a 'thicket, a creature, which at his first appearance, 'and in the hurry of spirits I then was, I did not 'take for a man; but, indeed, had he been the 'fiercest of wild beasts, I should have rejoiced at 'his devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a 'musket in his hand before he struck my ravisher such a 'blow with it that he felled him at my feet. He then 'advanced with a gentle air towards me, and told me in 'French he was extremely glad he had been luckily 'present to my assistance. He was naked, except his 'middle and his feet, if I can call a body so which was 'covered with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. 'Indeed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that 'the friendship he had shewn me, as well as his courteous 'behaviour, could not entirely remove the dread I had 'conceived from his figure. I believed he saw this very 'visibly; for he begged me not to be frightened, since, 'whatever accident had brought me thither, I should have 'reason to thank heaven for meeting him, at whose hands 'I might assure myself of the utmost civility and pro-'tection. In the midst of all this consternation, I had

'spirits enough to take up the casket of jewels which the 'villain, in falling, had dropped out of his hands, and 'conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer, telling me 'that I seemed extremely weak and faint, desired me to 'refresh myself at his little hut, which he said, was hard 'by. If his demeanour had been less kind and obliging, 'my desperate situation must have lent me confidence; 'for sure the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I 'should rather trust this man, who, notwithstanding his 'savage outside, expressed so much devotion to serve me, 'which at least I was not certain of the falsehood of, or 'should abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew to 'be an accomplished villain. I, therefore, committed 'myself to his guidance though with tears in my eyes, 'and begged him to have compassion on my innocence, 'which was absolutely in his power. He said, the treat-'ment he had been witness of, which he supposed was 'from one, who had broken his trust towards me, 'sufficiently justified my suspicion; but begged me to dry 'my eyes, and he would soon convince me, that I was with 'a man of different sentiments. The kind accents which 'accompanied these words gave me some comfort, which 'was assisted by the repossession of our jewels by an 'accident, strongly savouring of the disposition of Pro-'vidence in my favour.

'We left the villain weltering in his blood, though 'beginning to recover a little motion, and walked together 'to his hut, or rather cave, for it was under ground, on 'the side of a hill; the situation was very pleasant, and, 'from its mouth, we overlooked a large plain, and 'the town I had before seen. As soon as I entered 'it, he desired me to sit down on a bench of earth, which 'served him for chairs, and then laid before me some 'fruits, the wild product of that country, one or two of 'which had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced

'some baked flesh, a little resembling that of venison. 'He then brought forth a bottle of brandy, which, he 'said, had remained with him ever since his settling 'there, now about thirty years; during all which time 'he had never opened it, his only liquor being water; 'that he had reserved this bottle as a cordial in sickness; 'but, he thanked heaven, he had never yet had occasion 'for it. He then acquainted me, that he was a hermit, 'that he had been formerly cast away on that coast, with 'his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve 'from perishing; on which account he had resolved 'never to return to France, which was his native 'country, but to devote himself to prayer, and a holy 'life, placing all his hopes in the blessed expectation of 'meeting that dear woman again in heaven, where, he 'was convinced, she was now a saint, and an interceder 'for him. He said he had exchanged a watch with the 'king of that country, whom he described to be a very 'just and good man, for a gun, some powder, shot, and 'ball; with which he sometimes provided himself food, 'but more generally used it in defending himself against 'wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of the vegetable 'kind. He told me many more circumstances, which I 'may relate to you hereafter: but, to be as concise as 'possible at present, he at length greatly comforted me 'by promising to conduct me to a sea-port, where I 'might have an opportunity to meet with some vessels 'trafficking for slaves: and whence I might once more 'commit myself to that element, which, though I had 'already suffered so much on it, I must again trust to put 'me in possession of all I loved.

'The character he gave of the inhabitants of the town 'we saw below us, and of their king, made me desirous 'of being conducted thither; especially as I very much 'wished to see the captain and sailors, who had behaved

'very kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding all 'the civil behaviour of the hermit, I was rather easier in 'my mind than alone with this single man; but he dis- 'suaded me greatly from attempting such a walk till I 'had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring me to repose 'myself on his couch or bank, saying that he himself 'would retire without the cave, where he would remain 'as my guard. I accepted this kind proposal; but it 'was long before I could procure any slumber: however, 'at length, weariness prevailed over my fears, and I en- 'joyed several hours' sleep. When I awaked I found my 'faithful centinel on his post, and ready at my summons. 'This behaviour infused some confidence into me, and I 'now repeated my request that he would go with me to 'the town below; but he answered, It would be better 'advised to take some repast before I undertook the 'journey, which I should find much longer than it ap- 'peared. I consented, and he set forth a greater variety 'of fruits than before, of which I eat very plentifully: 'my collation being ended, I renewed the mention of my 'walk; but he still persisted in dissuading me, telling me 'that I was not yet strong enough; that I could repose 'myself no where with greater safety than in his cave; 'and that, for his part, he could have no greater happi- 'ness than that of attending me, adding, with a sigh, it 'was a happiness he should envy any other more than all 'the gifts of fortune. You may imagine I began now to 'entertain suspicions; but he presently removed all doubt 'by throwing himself at my feet and expressing the 'warmest passion for me. I should have now sunk with 'despair, had he not accompanied these professions with 'the most vehement protestations that he would never 'offer me any other force but that of entreaty, and that 'he would rather die the most cruel death by my cold- 'ness than gain the highest bliss by becoming the oc-

'casion of a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which, 'he said, were stars, under whose benign influence alone, 'he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life.' She was repeating many more compliments he made her, when a horrid uproar which alarmed the whole gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of the noise which now arose than by desiring him to imagine I had a hundred tongues the poet once wished for, and was vociferating from them all at once, by hollowing, scolding, crying, swearing, bellowing, and, in short, by every different articulation which is within the scope of the human organ.

CHAPTER X.

A horrible uproar in the gate.

But, however great an idea the reader may hence conceive of this uproar, he will think the occasion more than adequate to it, when he is informed that our hero (I blush to name it,) had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point—In a word, reader (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable,) he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull who, having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion that these cows are all his own property, if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing: not with less noise, nor less dreadful menaces, did the fury of Wild burst forth and terrify the whole gate.

Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as, when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen or perhaps twice as many females, of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on different subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears; but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter, being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leapt over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedgestakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle with an amazon of Drury.

* '—Man of honour! doth this become a friend? 'Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws of 'honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk in its 'paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to injure my 'confidence I could have forgiven it; but this is a stab 'in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an 'injury never to be repaired: for it is not only the loss 'of an agreeable companion, of the affection of a wife, 'dearer to my soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone 'I lament: this loss is accompanied with disgrace, and 'with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which hath 'run with such uninterrupted purity through so many 'generations, this blood is fouled, is contaminated; hence 'flow my tears, hence arises my grief. This is the injury 'never to be redressed, nor ever to be with honour for-'given.' 'M—— in a bandbox,' answered Fireblood, 'here is a noise about your honour; if the mischief done 'to your blood be all you complain of, I am sure you 'complain of nothing; for my blood is as good as yours.' 'You have no conception,' replied Wild, 'of the tender-'ness of honour; you know not how nice and delicate it

* The beginning of this speech is lost.

'is in both sexes; so delicate, that the least breath of air 'which rudely blows on it destroys it.' 'I will prove 'from your own words,' says Fireblood, 'I have not 'wronged your honour. Have you not often told me, 'that the honour of a man consisted in receiving no 'affront from his own sex, and that of woman in receiving 'no kindness from ours. Now, Sir, if I have given you 'no affront, how have I injured your honour?' 'But 'doth not every thing,' cried Wild, 'of the wife belong to 'the husband? A married man, therefore, hath his wife's 'honour as well as his own, and by injuring hers, you 'injure his. How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender 'part I need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and the 'world shall. I will apply to Doctors' Commons for my 'redress against her, I will shake off as much of my dis-'honour as I can by parting with her; and as for you, 'expect to hear of me in Westminster-hall; the modern 'method of repairing these breaches, and of resenting this 'affront.' 'D—n your eyes,' cries Fireblood, 'I fear you 'not, nor do I believe a word you say.' 'Nay, if you 'affront me personally,' says Wild, 'another sort of 'resentment is prescribed.' At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned, and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being encumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs: a few blows passed on both sides, before the gentlemen, who stood by, stepped in and parted the combatants: and now both parties having whispered each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions, and escaped the tree, the one should give, and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated, and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

The conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree's adventures.

'If I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was be-
'ginning to repeat some of the compliments made me by
'the hermit.'—'Just as you had finished them, I believe,
'Madam,' said the Justice. 'Very well, Sir,' said she, 'I
'am sure I have no pleasure in the repetition. He con-
'cluded then with telling me, though I was, in his eyes,
'the most charming woman in the world, and might
'tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet my
'beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection to-
'wards me, than to purchase any satisfaction of his own
'desires with my misery; if therefore I could be so cruel
'to him to reject his honest and sincere address, nor could
'submit to a solitary life with one, who would endeavour,
'by all possible means, to make me happy, I had no
'force to dread; for that I was as much at my liberty, as
'if I was in France, or England, or any other free
'country. I repulsed him with the same civility with
'which he advanced; and told him that, as he professed
'great regard for religion, I was convinced he would
'cease from all farther solicitation, when I informed him,
'that, if I had no other objection, my own innocence
'would not admit of my hearing him on this subject, for
'that I was married.——He started a little at that word,
'and was for some time silent; but, at length recovering
'himself, he began to urge the uncertainty of my
'husband's being alive, and the probability of the con-
'trary; he then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy
'only; on which head he urged many arguments not
'worth repeating, and was growing so very eager and
'importunate, that I know not whither his passion might

'have hurried him, had not three of the sailors, well 'armed, appeared at that instant in sight of the cave. I 'no sooner saw them, than, exulting with the utmost 'inward joy, I told him my companions were come for 'me, and that I must now take my leave of him; assuring 'him, that I would always remember, with the most 'grateful acknowledgment, the favours I had received at 'his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and, squeezing 'me tenderly by the hand, he saluted my lips with a 'little more eagerness than the European salutations 'admit of; and told me, he should likewise remember 'my arrival at his cave to the last day of his life; adding '—O that he could there spend the whole in the company 'of one whose bright eyes had kindled——; but I know 'you will think, Sir, that we women love to repeat the 'compliments made us, I will therefore omit them. In a 'word, the sailors being now arrived, I quitted him, with 'some compassion for the reluctance with which he parted 'from me, and went forward with my companions.

'We had proceeded but a few paces before one of the 'sailors said to his comrades; D—n me, Jack, who knows 'whether yon fellow hath not some good flip in his cave; 'I innocently answered, the poor wretch had only one 'bottle of brandy.——Hath he so, cries the sailor, 'Fore 'George, we will taste it; and so saying they immediately 'returned back, and myself with them. We found the 'poor man prostrate on the ground, expressing all the 'symptoms of misery and lamentation. I told him in 'French (for the sailors could not speak that language,) 'what they wanted.—He pointed to the place where the 'bottle was deposited, saying, they were welcome to that, 'and whatever else he had; and added, he cared not if 'they took his life also. The sailors searched the whole 'cave, where finding nothing more which they deemed 'worth their taking, they walked off with the bottle, and

'immediately emptying it, without offering me a drop, 'they proceeded with me towards the town.

'In our way, I observed one whisper another, while he 'kept his eye stedfastly fixed on me. This gave me 'some uneasiness; but the other answered, No, d—n me, 'the captain will never forgive us: besides, we have 'enough of it among the black women, and, in my mind, 'one colour is as good as another. This was enough to 'give me violent apprehensions; but I heard no more of 'that kind, till we came to the town, where, in about six 'hours, I arrived in safety.

'As soon as I came to the captain, he inquired what 'was become of my friend, meaning the villainous Count. 'When he was informed by me of what had happened, he 'wished me heartily joy of my delivery, and, expressing the 'utmost abhorrence of such baseness, swore if ever he met 'him he would cut his throat; but indeed we both con-'cluded that he had died of the blow which the hermit had 'given him.

'I was now introduced to the chief magistrate of this 'country, who was desirous of seeing me. I will give 'you a short description of him: He was chosen (as is the 'custom there) for his superior bravery and wisdom. His 'power is entirely absolute during his continuance; but, 'on the first deviation from equity and justice, he is liable 'to be deposed and punished by the people, the elders of 'whom, once a year, assemble to examine into his con-'duct. Besides the danger which these examinations, 'which are very strict, expose him to, his office is of such 'care and trouble that nothing but that restless love of 'power, so predominant in the mind of man, could make 'it the object of desire; for he is indeed the only slave of 'all the natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of 'peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his 'dominions, and to render him justice. For which pur-

'pose every one may demand an audience of him, unless 'during the hour which he is allowed for dinner, when 'he sits alone at the table, and is attended, in the most 'public manner, with more than European ceremony. 'This is done to create an awe and respect towards him 'in the eye of the vulgar; but, lest it should elevate him 'too much in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation, 'he receives every evening, in private, from a kind of 'beadle a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides which, he 'wears a ring in his nose, somewhat resembling that we 'ring our pigs with, and a chain round his neck, not un-'like that worn by our aldermen; both which, I suppose, 'to be emblematical, but heard not the reasons of either 'assigned. There are many more particularities among 'these people, which, when I have an opportunity, I may 'relate to you. The second day after my return from 'court, one of his officers, whom they call SCHACH 'PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a French interpreter 'who lives here, informed me that the chief magistrate 'liked my person, and offered me an immense present if 'I would suffer him to enjoy it (this is, it seems, their 'common form of making love). I rejected the present, 'and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no 'shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so 'they never receive a second.

'I had resided in this town a week, when the captain 'informed me that a number of slaves, who had been 'taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea 'side, where they were to be sold to the merchants who 'traded in them to America; that if I would embrace 'this opportunity I might assure myself of finding a 'passage to America, and thence to England; acquaint-'ing me at the same time that he himself intended to 'go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. 'The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us

'both to court, and without mentioning a word of love 'to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of 'less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil 'leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and 'ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

'We were provided with mules for ourselves and 'what we carried with us, and, in nine days, reached 'the sea shore, where we found an English vessel ready 'to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard 'it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New 'England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage 'to the Old: but Providence was kinder than my ex-'pectation; for the third day after we were at sea we 'met an English man of war homeward bound; the 'captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed 'to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave 'of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, 'who went on to New England, whence he intended 'to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I was now 'treated with great civility, had a little cabin assigned 'me, and dined every day at the captain's table, who 'was indeed a very gallant man, and, at first, made me 'a tender of his affections; but, when he found me 'resolutely bent to preserve myself pure and entire for 'the best of husbands, he grew cooler in his addresses, 'and soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, 'regarding my sex only so far as to pay me a deference, 'which is very agreeable to us all.

'To conclude my story; I met with no adventure in this 'passage at all worth relating till my landing at Graves-'end, whence the captain brought me in his own boat 'to the Tower. In a short hour after my arrival we 'had that meeting, which, however dreadful at first, 'will, I now hope, by the good offices of the best of 'men, whom heaven for ever bless, end in our perfect

'happiness, and be a strong instance of what I am per-'suaded is the surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL, 'SOONER OR LATER, PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE 'VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT.'

Mrs. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having before delivered to her husband the jewels which the Count had robbed him of, and that presented her by the African chief, which last was of immense value. The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her narrative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings she had herself undergone, as for those of her husband, which he had himself been innocently the instrument of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however, much rejoiced in what he had already done for his preservation, and promised to labour with his utmost interest and industry to procure the absolute pardon, rather of his sentence, than of his guilt, which, he now plainly discovered, was a barbarous and false imputation.

CHAPTER XII.

The history returns to the contemplation of GREATNESS.

BUT we have already perhaps detained our reader too long in this relation from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness in cajoling the *Prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, *i.e.* corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call Honesty. The greatest character among them was that of a Pickpocket, or, in truer language, a *File;* and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they

were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *Prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

The glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation; but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it; so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death, which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those, whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than Honourable. Indeed those, who have unluckily missed it, seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end, which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck: but whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

> ——*Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,*
> *Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of Hanging to be as proper for a Hero as any other; and I solemnly declare that had Alexander the Great been

hanged it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, i.e. *Priggism*), I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT Dramatic Poet,

——*Fame*
Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth that fir'd th' Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by means of which he was enabled to curse, swear, and bully, and brave his fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much; for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly that he forbad the keeper ever to admit her again. The Ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in shorthand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of

the most curious pieces which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dialogue between the Ordinary of Newgate and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great: in which the subjects of death, immortality, and other grave matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

ORDINARY.

GOOD morrow to you, Sir; I hope you rested well last night.

JONATHAN. D——n'd ill, Sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

ORDINARY. Fie upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to shew you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some inferences from the whole*; in which I am mightily deceived if I did not convince you that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your

* He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

naming the text. But did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now in order to comfort me?

ORDINARY. I do it in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell, or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! such joys! such pleasures! such delights! Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

JONATHAN. Ay, who indeed? I assure you, Doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But†

ORDINARY. Nothing can be plainer. St.

JONATHAN. If once convinced no man lives of

† This part was so blotted that it was illegible.

* * * * * * * * whereas sure the clergy * * opportunity * * * better informed * * * * * * all manner of vice * * * * * * *

ORDINARY. * are * atheist. * * deist * ari * * cinian * hanged * * burnt * * oiled * oasted. * * * dev * * his an * * * ell fire * * ternal da * * * tion.

JONATHAN. You * * * to frighten me out of my wits: But the good * * * is, I doubt not, more merciful than his wicked * * If I should believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

ORDINARY. Despair is sinful. You should place your hopes in repentance and grace; and though it is most true that you are in danger of the judgment, yet there is still room for mercy; and no man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without hopes of a reprieve.

JONATHAN. I am not without hopes of a reprieve from the cheat yet: I have pretty good interest; but, if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of my courage. I will not die like a pimp. D—n me, what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos and with Cæsars,—as the poet says, and all the other great heroes of antiquity.* *

ORDINARY. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet for all that, and I had rather live to eternity than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where then will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings, and your braggings?

You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

ORDINARY. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

JONATHAN. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

ORDINARY. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

JONATHAN. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, Doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to shew me the way thither.

ORDINARY. No; the gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

JONATHAN. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such there are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

ORDINARY. Why, it must be confessed, that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learnt patience and resignation: and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: You are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And if you are guilty of theft you can make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy

it indeed for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exalt and rejoice in it: and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins; it follows that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it; if therefore a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime.

JONATHAN. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

ORDINARY. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is no where spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

JONATHAN. (Having called for a bowl.) I ask your pardon, Doctor; I should have remembered that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

ORDINARY. I confess I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well as for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other cause, viz. it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

JONATHAN. You are in the right; and I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

ORDINARY. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: It is yet time enough to think of dying; you have good friends, who very pro-

bably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved who had less reason to expect it.

JONATHAN. But if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what would then become of my soul?

ORDINARY. Pugh! never mind your soul, leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket, which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world:—But, perhaps, there are not many such sermons.—But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes.—My text is the latter part of a verse only.

——— *To the Greeks* FOOLISHNESS.

The occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and as it were puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the learning of others might be, yet if it any wise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it, it is not for us.* It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

In the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated.

And here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

And first, for the first of these, namely the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word which our

adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, bringing no ornament to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals of all these wise men, but, to use the words mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master Plato, or their other great light Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: Their precepts are neither borrowed from nature, nor guided by reason: mere fictions, serving only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but, as to transcribe every passage to my purpose would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop it is difficult to choose; instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here—But here the punch by entering waked Mr. Wild, who was fast asleep, and put an end to the sermon; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wild proceeds to the highest consummation of human GREATNESS.

THE day now drew nigh when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names) which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or, at least. without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly and, bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits as must promise to every good judge among the spectators a noble, public, and exalted end.

But she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite to be neglected by her in his last moments: accordingly, all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of shewing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these compotations, being asked whether he was afraid to die,

he answered, 'D—n me, it is only a dance without music.' Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness, 'A man can die but once.' Again, when one of his acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man, he cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out greatly, 'Zounds! who's afraid?'

Happy would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides: but it could not continue so; for unluckily some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him how he could have used her so barbarously once as calling her b——, and whether such language became a man much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of b——s to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort, however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and, indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death, (so this weak woman called hanging) which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order and with more perfect memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and, it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete catalogue, had not our hero's

patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him out of the room.

At length the morning came, which fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: he had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed, in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent: and, whether she had determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-seed, and not the spirit of poppy-seed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentleman appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes: and, knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then, shaking hands with his friends, (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree,) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers to behold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it would be, *viz.* the proper catastrophe of a great man.

But, though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which, erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion with a temper of mind described in these verses,

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to shew the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to the last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the

horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

Thus fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that, whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all the history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

Narrow minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

CHAPTER XV.

The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this Great Man; and, by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: for as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking; so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an Ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense; but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it; for which

reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: for which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

1. Never to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.

9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.
10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.
15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles the First; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming every thing he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have

done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory; *i.e.* as the tragic poet calls it,

——— a privilege to kill,
A strong temptation to do bravely ill;

yet if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum,

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will: if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance, not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty, which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so

grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now, in Wild every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence: but surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Having thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what become of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that

the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, though the share he had in bringing these upon him was not only innocent, but, from its motive, laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man of war, at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels* which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade, compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship; but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, not even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match: but she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

* In the edition of the Miscellanies, 1743, the text runs thus—For which the Count had paid, when the Great Wild procured him to be robbed of the money.

Thus Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history, in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, *viz.* Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the Count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

Indeed, whoever considers the common fate of great men must allow they well deserve, and hardly earn that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine, *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell.* To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild: that while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are, who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not after much fruitless pains be obliged to own themselves inferior to Mr. JONATHAN WILD the GREAT.

A

JOURNEY

FROM

THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT

&c.

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THE

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing pages were really the dream or vision of some very pious and holy person; or whether they were really written in the other world, and sent back to this, which is the opinion of many (though I think too much inclining to superstition;) or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest part imagine, they were really the production of some choice inhabitant of New-Bethlehem, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly sufficient, if I give the reader an account by what means they came into my possession.

Mr. Robert Powney, stationer, who dwells opposite to Catherine Street, in the Strand, a very honest man and of great gravity of countenance; who, among other excellent stationery commodities, is particularly eminent for his pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar goodness that my manuscripts have by any means been legible: this gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a bundle of those pens, wrapt up with great care and caution, in a very large sheet of paper full of characters, written as it seemed in a very bad hand. Now, I have a surprising curiosity to read every thing which is almost illegible; partly perhaps from the sweet remembrance of the dear Scrawls, Skrawls, or Skrales (for the word is variously spelt), which I have in my youth received from

that lovely part of the creation for which I have the tenderest regard; and partly from that temper of mind which makes men set an immense value on old manuscripts so effaced, bustoes so maimed, and pictures so black, that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this sheet with wonderful application, and in about a day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Powney, and enquired very eagerly, whether he had not more of the same manuscript? He produced about one hundred pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more; but that the book was originally a huge folio, had been left in his garret by a gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other satisfaction for nine months' lodging. He proceeded to inform me, that the manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the booksellers, who refused to meddle; some alleged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would have it to be an atheistical book, and some that it was a libel on the government; for one or other of which reasons, they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shewn to the R—l Society, but they shook their heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That hearing the gentleman was gone to the West Indies, and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste paper. He said, I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I desired him much to name a price: but he would receive no consideration farther than the payment of a small bill I owed him, which at that time he said he looked on as so much money given him.

I presently communicated this manuscript to my friend parson Abraham Adams, who, after a long and careful perusal, returned it me with his opinion, that there was

more in it than at first appeared, that the author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the writings of Plato; but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the original: for nothing, continued the parson, is commoner than for men now-a-days to pretend to have read Greek authors, who have met with them only in translations, and cannot conjugate a verb in *mi*.

To deliver my own sentiments on the occasion, I think the author discovers a philosophical turn of thinking, with some little knowledge of the world, and no very inadequate value of it. There are some indeed, who from the vivacity of their temper, and the happiness of their station, are willing to consider its blessings as more substantial, and the whole to be a scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but without controverting their opinions at present, the number of wise and good men, who have thought with our author, are sufficient to keep him in countenance: nor can this be attended with any ill inference, since he every where teaches this moral, That the greatest and truest happiness which this world affords is to be found only in the possession of goodness and virtue; a doctrine, which as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the minds of men.

A

JOURNEY,

&c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

The Author dies; meets with Mercury, and is by him conducted to the stage, which sets out for the other world.

On the first day of December, 1741,* I departed this life at my lodging in Cheapside. My body had been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, lest it should by any accident return to life: this is an injunction imposed on all souls by the eternal law of fate, to prevent the inconveniences which would follow. As soon as the destined period was expired (being no longer than till the body is become perfectly cold and stiff,) I began to move; but found myself under a difficulty of making my escape, for the mouth, or door, was shut, so that it was impossible for me to go out at it; and the windows vulgarly called the eyes, were so closely pulled down by the fingers of a nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last, I perceived a beam of light glimmering at the top of the house (for such I may call the body I had been inclosed

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a date more agreeable to the account given of it in the introduction: but then there are some passages which seem to relate to transactions infinitely later, even within this year or two.—To say the truth, there are difficulties attend either conjecture; so the reader may take which he pleases.

in), whither ascending I gently let myself down through a kind of chimney, and issued out at the nostrils.

No prisoner discharged from a long confinement ever tasted the sweets of liberty with a more exquisite relish, than I enjoyed in this delivery from a dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty years, and with much the same kind of regard I cast my eyes * backwards upon it.

My friends and relations had all quitted the room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below stairs about my will; there was only an old woman left above to guard the body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast sleep, occasioned, as from her savour it seemed, by a comfortable dose of gin. I had no pleasure in this company, and therefore, as the window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open air: but to my great astonishment found myself unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the body conceived of spirits; however, I came so lightly to the ground, that I did not hurt myself; and though I had not the gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither feathers nor wings), I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

I had not hopped far, before I perceived a tall young gentleman in a silk waistcoat, with a wing on his left heel, a garland on his head, and a caduceus in his right hand.† I thought I had seen this person before, but had not time to recollect where, when he called out to me, and asked me how long I had been departed. I

* Eyes are not perhaps so properly adapted to a spiritual substance; but we are here, as in many other places, obliged to use corporeal terms to make ourselves the better understood.

† This is the dress in which the god appears to mortals at the theatres. One of the offices attributed to this god by the ancients, was to collect the ghosts as a shepherd doth a flock of sheep, and drive them with his wand into the other world.

answered, I was just come forth. 'You must not stay 'here,' replied he, 'unless you had been murdered; in 'which case indeed, you might have been suffered to walk 'some time; but if you died a natural death, you must 'set out for the other world immediately.' I desired to know the way. 'Oh,' cried the gentleman, 'I will shew 'you to the inn whence the stage proceeds: for I am the 'porter. Perhaps you never heard of me, my name is 'Mercury.' 'Sure, Sir,' said I, 'I have seen you at the 'play-house.' Upon which he smiled, and without satisfying me as to that point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in Warwick-lane; where Mercury making a full stop, pointed at a particular house, where he bade me inquire for the stage, and wishing me a good journey, took his leave, saying he must go seek after other customers.

I arrived just as the coach was setting out, and found I had no occasion for inquiry; for every person seemed to know my business the moment I appeared at the door: the coachman told me his horses were to, but that he had no place left; however, though there were already six, the passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much ceremony. We immediately began our journey, being seven in number; for as the women wore no hoops, three of them were but equal to two men.

Perhaps, reader, thou mayst be pleased with an account of this whole equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The coach was made by an eminent toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial substance, that being the matter of which it was compounded. The work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human eye. The horses which drew this extraordinary vehicle were all spiritual,

as well as the passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the service of a certain post-master; and as for the coachman, who was a very thin piece of immaterial substance, he had the honour while alive of driving the Great Peter, or Peter the Great, in whose service his soul, as well as body, was almost starved to death.

Such was the vehicle in which I set out, and now, those who are not willing to travel on with me, may, if they please, stop here, those who are, must proceed to the subsequent chapters, in which this journey is continued.

CHAPTER II.

In which the Author first refutes some idle opinions concerning spirits, and then the passengers relate their several deaths.

It is the common opinion that spirits, like owls, can see in the dark; nay, and can then most easily be perceived by others. For which reason, many persons of good understanding, to prevent being terrified with such objects, usually keep a candle burning by them, that the light may prevent their seeing. Mr. Locke, in direct opposition to this, hath not doubted to assert, that you may see a spirit in open daylight full as well as in the darkest night.

It was very dark when we set out from the inn, nor could we see any more than if every soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way before any one offered to open his mouth: indeed, most of the company were fast asleep *: but as I could not close my own eyes,

* Those who have read of the gods sleeping in Homer, will not be surprised at this happening to spirits.

and perceived the spirit, who sat opposite to me, to be likewise awake, I began to make overtures of conversation, by complaining *how dark it was.* 'And extremely 'cold too,' answered my fellow-traveller; 'though, I 'thank God, as I have no body, I feel no inconvenience 'from it: but you will believe, Sir, that this frosty air 'must seem very sharp to one just issued forth out of an 'oven: for such was the inflamed habitation I am lately 'departed from.' 'How did you come to your end, Sir?' 'said I. 'I was murdered, Sir,' answered the gentleman. 'I am surprised, then,' replied I, 'that you did not 'divert yourself by walking up and down, and playing 'some merry tricks with the murderer.' 'Oh, Sir,' returned he, 'I had not that privilege, I was lawfully put 'to death. In short, a physician set me on fire, by 'giving me medicines to throw out my distemper. I 'died of a hot regimen, as they call it, in the small-pox.'

One of the spirits at that word started up, and cried out, 'The small-pox! bless me! I hope I am not in 'company with that distemper, which I have all my life 'with such caution avoided, and have so happily escaped 'hitherto!' This fright set all the passengers who were awake into a loud laughter; and the gentleman recollecting himself with some confusion, and not without blushing, asked pardon, crying, 'I protest I dreamt that I 'was alive.' 'Perhaps, Sir,' said I, 'you died of that 'distemper, which therefore made so strong an impres- 'sion on you.' 'No, Sir,' answered he, 'I never had it 'in my life; but the continual and dreadful apprehension 'it kept me so long under cannot, I see, be so imme- 'diately eradicated. You must know, Sir, I avoided 'coming to London for thirty years together, for fear of 'the small-pox, till the most urgent business brought me 'thither about five days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid 'of this disease, that I refused the second night of my

'arrival to sup with a friend, whose wife had recovered of 'it several months before, and the same evening got a 'surfeit by eating too many muscles, which brought me 'into this good company.'

'I will lay a wager,' cried the spirit, who sat next him, 'there is not one in the coach able to guess my dis-'temper.' I desired the favour of him, to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. 'Why, Sir, (said he) 'I died of honour.'—'Of honour, Sir!' repeated I, with some surprise. 'Yes, Sir,' answered the spirit, 'of 'honour, for I was killed in a duel.'

'For my part,' said a fair spirit, 'I was innoculated 'last summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a 'very few marks in my face. I esteemed myself now 'perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no restraint to a 'full enjoyment of the diversions of the town; but 'within a few days after my coming up, I caught cold by 'overdancing myself at a ball, and last night died of a 'violent fever.'

After a short silence, which now ensued, the fair spirit who spoke last, it being now day-light, addressed herself to a female, who sat next her, and asked her to what chance they owed the happiness of her company. She answered, she apprehended to a consumption: but the physicians were not agreed concerning her distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot dispute about it, when she came out of her body. 'And pray, Madam,' said the same spirit, to the sixth passenger, 'how came you to 'leave the other world?' But that female spirit screwing up her mouth, answered, she wondered at the curiosity of some people; that perhaps persons had already heard some reports of her death, which were far from being true: that whatever was the occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a world, in which she had no pleasure, and where there was nothing but nonsense and

impertinence; particularly among her own sex, whose loose conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

The beauteous spirit, perceiving her question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the sweetness and good-humour, which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that sex, which tenderness most exquisitely becomes. Her countenance displayed all the cheerfulness, the good-nature, and the modesty, which diffuse such brightness round the beauty of Seraphina,* awing every beholder with respect, and, at the same time, ravishing him with admiration. Had it not been indeed for our conversation on the small-pox, I should have imagined we had been honoured with her identical presence. This opinion might have been heightened by the good sense she uttered, whenever she spoke: by the delicacy of her sentiments, and the complacence of her behaviour, together with a certain dignity, which attended every look, word, and gesture; qualities which could not fail making an impression on a heart† so capable of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in raising in me a very violent degree of seraphic love. I do not intend by this, that sort of love which men are very properly said to make to women in the lower world, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is making. I mean by seraphic love, an extreme delicacy and tenderness of friendship, of which, my worthy reader, if thou hast no conception, as it is probable thou mayst not, my endeavour to instruct thee would be fruitless, as it would be to explain the most difficult problems of Sir Isaac Newton to one ignorant of vulgar arithmetic.

* A particular lady of quality is meant here; but every lady of quality or no quality, are welcome to apply the character to themselves.

† We have before made an apology for this language, which we here repeat for the last time: though the heart may, we hope, be metaphorically used here with more propriety, than when we apply those passions to the body, which belong to the soul.

To return therefore to matters comprehensible by all understandings; the discourse now turned on the vanity, folly, and misery of the lower world, from which every passenger in the coach expressed the highest satisfaction in being delivered: though it was very remarkable, that notwithstanding the joy we declared at our death, there was not one of us who did not mention the accident which occasioned it, as a thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave lady herself, who was the forwardest in testifying her delight, confessed inadvertently, that she left a physician by her bedside. And the gentleman, who died of honour, very liberally cursed both his folly, and his fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these matters, on a sudden a most offensive smell began to invade our nostrils. This very much resembled the savour, which travellers, in summer, perceive at their approach to that beautiful village of the Hague, arising from those delicious canals, which, as they consist of standing water, do at that time emit odours greatly agreeable to a Dutch taste; but not so pleasant to any other. Those perfumes, with the assistance of a fair wind, begin to affect persons of quick olfactory nerves at a league's distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner did the smell I have just mentioned more and more invade us, till one of the spirits, looking out of the coach-window, declared we were just arrived at a very large city; and indeed he had scarce said so, before we found ourselves in the suburbs, and at the same time, the coachman being asked by another, informed us, that the name of this place was the City of Diseases. The road to it was extremely smooth, and excepting the abovementioned savour, delightfully pleasant. The streets of the suburbs were lined with bagnios, taverns, and cooks shops; in the first we saw several beautiful women, but in tawdry dresses, looking out at the windows; and in the

latter were visibly exposed all kinds of the richest dainties: but on our entering the city, we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other world, that the suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the city itself. It was indeed, a very dull, dark, and melancholy place. Few people appeared in the streets, and these, for the most part, were old women, and here and there a formal grave gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large tie-wigs on, and amber-headed canes in their hands. We were all in hopes, that our vehicle would not stop here; but, to our sorrow, the coach soon drove into an inn, and we were obliged to alight.

CHAPTER III.

The adventures we met with in the City of Diseases.

We had not been long arrived in our inn, where it seems we were to spend the remainder of the day, before our host acquainted us, that it was customary for all spirits, in their passage through that city, to pay their respects to that lady Disease, to whose assistance they had owed their deliverance from the lower world. We answered, we should not fail in any complacence which was usual to others; upon which our host replied he would immediately send porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the room, before we were attended by some of those grave persons, whom I have before described in large tie-wigs with amber-headed canes. These gentlemen are the ticket-porters in the city, and their canes are the *insignia*, or tickets, denoting their office. We informed them of the several ladies to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another, and left us in a hurry, with a frown

on every countenance. We were surprised at this behaviour, and presently summoned the host, who was no sooner acquainted with it, than he burst into an hearty laugh, and told us the reason was, because we did not fee the gentlemen the moment they came in, according to the custom of the place. We answered with some confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other world, which we had been all our lives informed was not lawful to do. 'No, no, master,' replied the host, 'I am apprised 'of that, and indeed it was my fault. I should have first 'sent you to my Lord* Scrape; who would have supplied 'you with what you want.' 'My Lord Scrape supply us!' said I, with astonishment: 'sure you must know we can-'not give him security; and I am convinced he never lent 'a shilling without it in his life.' 'No, Sir,' answered the host, 'and for that reason he is obliged to do it here, where 'he is sentenced to keep a bank, and to distribute money '*gratis* to all passengers. This bank originally consisted 'of just that sum, which he had miserably hoarded up in 'the other world, and he is to perceive it decrease visibly 'one shilling a day, till it is totally exhausted; after 'which, he is to return to the other world, and perform 'the part of a miser for seventy years; then being puri-'fied in the body of a Hog, he is to enter the human 'species again, and take a second trial.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you tell me wonders: but if his bank be to decrease only 'a shilling a day, how can he furnish all passengers?' 'The rest,' answered the host, 'is supplied again; but in a 'manner which I cannot easily explain to you.' 'I appre-'hend,' said I, 'this distribution of his money is inflicted 'on him as a punishment; but I do not see how it can 'answer that end, when he knows it is to be restored to 'him again; would it not serve the purpose as well, if he

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyrical part of this work, some particular person is always meant, but in the satirical, nobody.

'parted only with the single shilling, which it seems is all 'he is really to lose?' 'Sir,' cries the host, 'when you 'observe the agonies with which he parts with every 'guinea, you will be of another opinion. No prisoner 'condemned to death ever begged so heartily for transpor-'tation, as he, when he received his sentence, did to go to 'hell, provided he might carry his money with him. But 'you will know more of these things when you arrive at 'the upper world; and now, if you please, I will attend 'you to my Lord's, who is obliged to supply you with 'whatever you desire.'

We found his lordship sitting at the upper end of a table, on which was an immense sum of money, disposed in several heaps, every one of which would have purchased the honour of some patriots and the chastity of some prudes. The moment he saw us he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our business. Mine host accosted him with a familiar air, which at first surprised me, who so well remembered the respect I had formerly seen paid this lord by men infinitely superior in quality to the person who now saluted him in the following manner: 'Here, you lord, and be dam—d to your 'little sneaking soul, tell out your money, and supply 'your betters with what they want. Be quick, sirrah, or 'I'll fetch the beadle to you. Don't fancy yourself in the 'lower world again, with your privilege at your a—.' He then shook a cane at his lordship, who immediately began to tell out his money, with the same miserable air and face which the miser on our stage wears while he delivers his bank bills. This affected some of us so much that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to fee the porters, had not our host, perceiving our compassion, begged us not to spare a fellow, who in the midst of immense wealth had always refused the least contribution to charity. Our hearts were hardened

with this reflection, and we all filled our pockets with his money. I remarked a poetical spirit in particular, who swore he would have a hearty gripe at him: 'For,' says he, 'the rascal not only refused to subscribe to my works; 'but sent back my letter unanswered, though I am a 'better gentleman than himself.'

We now returned from this miserable object, greatly admiring the propriety as well as justice of his punishment, which consisted, as our host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his money; and he observed we could not wonder at the pain this gave him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with money should make him miserable as that the bare having money without using it should have made him happy.

Other tiewig-porters (for those we had summoned before refused to visit us again) now attended us; and we having fee'd them the instant they entered the room, according to the instructions of our host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever disease we pleased.

We set out several ways, as we were all to pay our respects to different ladies. I directed my porter to shew me to the Fever on the Spirits, being the disease which had delivered me from the flesh. My guide and I traversed many streets, and knocked at several doors, but to no purpose. At one, we were told, lived the Consumption; at another, the Maladie Alamode, a French lady; at the third, the Dropsy; at the fourth, the Rheumatism; at the fifth, Intemperance; at the sixth, Misfortune. I was tired and had exhausted my patience, and almost my purse; for I gave my porter a new fee at every blunder he made: when my guide, with a solemn countenance told me he could do no more; and marched off without any farther ceremony.

He was no sooner gone than I met another gentleman

with a ticket, *i.e.* an amber-headed cane in his hand. I first fee'd him, and then acquainted him with the name of the disease. He cast himself for two or three minutes into a thoughtful posture, then pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he writ something in one of the oriental languages, I believe; for I could not read a syllable: he bade me carry it to such a particular shop, and, telling me it would do my business, he took his leave.

Secure, as I now thought myself, of my direction, I went to the shop, which very much resembled an apothecary's. The person who officiated, having read the paper, took down about twenty different jars, and, pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a bottle, having first tied a paper round the neck of it, on which were written three or four words, the last containing eleven syllables. I mentioned the name of the disease I wanted to find out; but received no other answer than that he had done as he was ordered, and the drugs were excellent.

I began now to be enraged, and, quitting the shop with some anger in my countenance, I intended to find out my inn: but, meeting in the way a porter, whose countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapped a fee into his hand. As soon as I mentioned the disease to him he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on, for in reality no such disease was to be found in that city. He then enquired into the particulars of my case, and was no sooner acquainted with them than he informed me that the Maladie Alamode was the lady to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my respects to her.

The house, or rather palace of this lady, was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the city. The

avenue to it was planted with sycamore trees, with beds of flowers on each side; it was extremely pleasant, but short. I was conducted through a magnificent hall, adorned with several statues and bustoes, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true antiques; but was informed they were the figures of several modern heroes, who had died martyrs to her ladyship's cause. I next mounted through a large painted staircase, where several persons were depictured in caricatura; and, upon enquiry, was told they were the portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the lady in the lower world. I suppose I should have known the faces of many physicians and surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much malice in his work, that I believe he had himself received some particular favours from the lady of this mansion: it is difficult to conceive a group of stranger figures. I then entered a long room, hung round with the pictures of women of such exact shapes and features, that I should have thought myself in a gallery of beauties, had not a certain sallow paleness in their complexions given me a more distasteful idea. Through this I proceeded to a second apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the figures of old ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this furniture, the servant told me with a smile that these had been very good friends of his lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower world. I immediately recollected the faces of one or two of my acquaintance, who had formerly kept bagnios: but was very much surprised to see the resemblance of a lady of great distinction in such company. The servant, upon my mentioning this, made no other answer than that his lady had pictures of all degrees.

I was now introduced into the presence of the lady

herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre person, very wan in the countenance, had no nose, and many pimples in her face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many compliments, much congratulation on her side, and the most fervent expressions of gratitude on mine, she asked me many questions concerning the situation of her affairs in the lower world; most of which I answered to her entire satisfaction. At last, with a kind of forced smile, she said, 'I suppose the Pill and Drop go on swimmingly.' I told her, they were reported to have done great cures. She replied, she could apprehend no danger from any person who was not of regular practice: for, however simple mankind are, said she, or however afraid they are of death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a nostrum. She then expressed great pleasure at the account I gave her of the beau-monde. She said she had, herself, removed the hundreds of Drury to the hundreds of Charing-cross, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into St. James's; that she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy friends, who had lately published their excellent works, endeavouring to extirpate all notions of religion and virtue; and particularly to the deserving author of the Bachelor's Estimate, to whom, said she, if I had not reason to think he was a surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary views, I could never sufficiently own my obligations. She spoke likewise greatly in approbation of the method, so generally used by parents, of marrying children very young, and without the least affection between the parties; and concluded by saying, that, if these fashions continued to spread, she doubted not but she should shortly be the only disease who would ever receive a visit from any person of considerable rank.

While we were discoursing her three daughters entered the room. They were all called by hard names, the eldest was named * Lepra, the second Chæras, and the third Scorbutia. They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their parent; which the old lady remarking in my countenance, as soon as they quitted the room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her unhappiness in her offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her children, though she said she had been a very indulgent mother and had plentifully provided for them all. As family complaints generally as much tire the hearer as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this subject, I resolved to put an end to my visit; and taking my leave, with many thanks for the favour she had done me, I returned to the inn, where I found my fellow-travellers just mounting into their vehicle. I shook hands with my host and accompanied them into the coach, which immediately after proceeded on its journey.

CHAPTER IV.

Discourses on the road, and a description of the palace of Death.

We were all silent for some minutes, till, being well shaken into our several seats, I opened my mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our separation in the city we had just left. The rest of the company,

* These ladies, I believe, by their names, presided over the *leprosy*, *kings-evil*, and *scurvy*.

except the grave female spirit, whom our reader may remember to have refused giving an account of the distemper which occasioned her dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large, we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable inveteracy which the Surfeit declared to all the other diseases, especially to the Fever, who, she said, by the roguery of the porters, received acknowledgments from numberless passengers, which were due to herself. 'Indeed,' says she, 'those 'cane-headed fellows,' (for so she called them, alluding, I suppose, to their ticket) 'are constantly making such 'mistakes; there is no gratitude in those fellows; for I 'am sure they have greater obligations to me, than to 'any other disease, except the vapours.' These relations were no sooner over than one of the company informed us, we were approaching to the most noble building he had ever beheld, and which we learnt from our coachman was the palace of Death. Its outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its structure was of the gothic order: vast beyond imagination, the whole pile consisting of black marble. Rows of immense yews form an amphitheatre round it of such height and thickness that no ray of the sun ever perforates this grove; where black eternal darkness would reign, was it not excluded by innumerable lamps which are placed in pyramids round the grove. So that the distant reflection they cast on the palace, which is plentifully gilt with gold on the outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add the hollow murmur of winds constantly heard from the grove, and the very remote sound of roaring waters. Indeed, every circumstance seems to conspire to fill the mind with horror and consternation as we approach to this palace; which we had scarce time to admire before our vehicle stopped at the gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our respects to his most mortal majesty (this being the title

which it seems he assumes). The outward court was full of soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the state of an earthly monarch, only more magnificent. We passed through several courts into a vast hall, which led to a spacious staircase, at the bottom of which stood two pages, with very grave countenances; whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent undertakers, and were in reality the only dismal faces I saw here: for this palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and sprightly within, so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still silence maintained among the guards and attendants resembled rather the stately pomp of eastern courts; but there was on every face such symptoms of content and happiness that diffused an air of cheerfulness all round. We ascended the staircase and passed through many noble apartments whose walls were adorned with various battle-pieces in tapestry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my mind those beautiful ones I had in my lifetime seen at Blenheim, nor could I prevent my curiosity from enquiring where the Duke of Marlborough's victories were placed; (for I think they were almost the only battles of any eminence I had read of which I did not meet with:) when the skeleton of a beefeater, shaking his head, told me a certain gentleman, one Lewis XIVth, who had great interest with his most mortal majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there. 'Besides,' says he, 'his majesty hath no great respect for that duke, for 'he never sent him a subject he could keep from him, 'nor did he ever get a single subject by his means, but 'he lost 1000 others for him.' We found the presence-chamber, at our entrance, very full, and a buz ran through it, as in all assemblies, before the principal figure enters; for his majesty was not yet come out. At the bottom of

the room were two persons in close conference, one with a square black cap on his head, and the other with a robe embroidered with flames of fire. These, I was informed, were a judge long since dead, and an inquisitor-general. I overheard them disputing with great eagerness, whether the one had hanged or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this dispute, which seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy decision, the emperor entered the room, and placed himself between two figures, one of which was remarkable for the roughness, and the other for the beauty of his appearance. These were, it seems, Charles the XIIth of Sweden, and Alexander of Macedon. I was at too great a distance to hear any of the conversation, so could only satisfy my curiosity by contemplating the several personages present, of whose names I informed myself by a page, who looked as pale and meagre as any court-page in the other world, but was somewhat more modest. He shewed me here two or three Turkish emperors, to whom his most mortal majesty seemed to express much civility. Here were likewise several of the Roman emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as Caligula, on account, as the page told me, of his pious wish that he could send all the Romans hither at one blow. The reader may be perhaps surprised, that I saw no physicians here; as indeed I was myself, till informed that they were all departed to the city of Diseases, where they were busy in an experiment to purge away the immortality of the soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many individuals I saw here, but I cannot omit a fat figure, well dressed in the French fashion, who was received with extraordinary complacence by the emperor, and whom I imagined to be Lewis the XIVth himself; but the page acquainted me he was a celebrated French cook.

We were at length introduced to the royal presence,

and had the honour to kiss hands. His majesty asked us a few questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

When we returned into the yard we found our caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the formality of a court, notwithstanding its outward splendour and magnificence.

CHAPTER V.

The travellers proceed on their journey, and meet several spirits, who are coming into the flesh.

We now came to the banks of the great river Cocytus, where we quitted our vehicle, and passed the water in a boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our journey; and now we met, for the first time, several passengers travelling to the world we had left, who informed us they were souls going into the flesh.

The two first we met were walking arm and arm in very close and friendly conference; they informed us that one of them was intended for a duke, and the other for a hackney-coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the place where we were to deposite our passions, we were all surprised at the familiarity which subsisted between persons of such different degrees; nor could the grave lady help expressing her astonishment at it. The future coachman then replied with a laugh, that they had exchanged lots; for that the duke had with his dukedom drawn a shrew for a wife, and the coachman only a single state.

As we proceeded on our journey, we met a solemn spirit walking alone with great gravity in his counte-

nance: our curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his reserve, to ask what lot he had drawn. He answered with a smile, he was to have the reputation of a wise man with 100,000*l.* in his pocket, and that he was practising the solemnity which he was to act in the other world.

A little farther we met a company of very merry spirits, whom we imagined by their mirth to have drawn some mighty lot, but, on enquiry, they informed us they were to be beggars.

The farther we advanced, the greater numbers we met; and now we discovered two large roads leading different ways, and of very different appearance; the one all craggy with rocks, full as it seemed of boggy grounds, and every where beset with briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost danger and difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful flowers; in short, the most wanton imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprised to see great numbers crowding into the former, and only one or two solitary spirits choosing the latter. On enquiry, we were acquainted that the bad road was the way to Greatness, and the other to Goodness. When we expressed our surprise at the preference given to the former, we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the music of drums and trumpets, and the perpetual acclamations of the mob, with which those who travelled this way were constantly saluted. We were told likewise, that there were several noble palaces to be seen, and lodged in, on this road, by those who had past through the difficulties of it (which indeed many were not able to surmount), and great quantities of all sorts of treasure to be found in it; whereas the other

had little inviting more than the beauty of the way, scarce a handsome building, save one greatly resembling a certain house by the Bath, to be seen during that whole journey; and lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

We now heard a violent noise, when, casting our eyes forward, we perceived a vast number of spirits advancing in pursuit of one whom they mocked and insulted in all kinds of scorn. I cannot give my reader a more adequate idea of this scene than by comparing it to an English mob conducting a pickpocket to the water; or by supposing that an incensed audience at a playhouse had unhappily possessed themselves of the miserable damned poet. Some laughed, some hissed, some squalled, some groaned, some bawled, some spit at him, some threw dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched spirit was, whom they treated in this barbarous manner; when to our great surprise, we were informed that it was a king: we were likewise told that this manner of behaviour was usual among the spirits to those who drew the lots of emperors, kings, and other great men, not from envy or anger, but mere derision and contempt of earthly grandeur: that nothing was more common than for those who had drawn these great prizes (as to us they seemed) to exchange them with tailors and coblers; and that Alexander the Great, and Diogenes, had formerly done so: he that was afterwards Diogenes, having originally fallen on the lot of Alexander.

And now, on a sudden, the mockery ceased, and the king spirit, having obtained a hearing, began to speak as follows: for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly.

'GENTLEMEN,

'I am justly surprised at your treating me in this 'manner; since whatever lot I have drawn, I did not 'choose: if therefore it be worthy of derision, you 'should compassionate me, for it might have fallen to 'any of your shares. I know in how low a light the 'station to which fate hath assigned me is considered 'here, and that, when ambition doth not support it, it 'becomes generally so intolerable, that there is scarce 'any other condition for which it is not gladly ex-'changed: for what portion, in the world to which we 'are going, is so miserable as that of care? Should 'I therefore consider myself as become by this lot 'essentially your superior, and of a higher order of 'being than the rest of my fellow-creatures: should 'I foolishly imagine myself without wisdom superior 'to the wise, without knowledge to the learned, without 'courage to the brave, and without goodness and virtue 'to the good and virtuous; surely so preposterous, so 'absurd a pride, would justly render me the object of 'ridicule. But far be it from me to entertain it. And 'yet, gentlemen, I prize the lot I have drawn, nor would 'I exchange it with any of yours, seeing it is in my eye 'so much greater than the rest. Ambition, which I own 'myself possessed of, teaches me this; ambition, which 'makes me covet praise, assures me that I shall enjoy 'a much larger portion of it than can fall within your 'power either to deserve or obtain. I am then superior 'to you all, when I am able to do more good, and when 'I execute that power. What the father is to the son, 'the guardian to the orphan, or the patron to his client, 'that am I to you. You are my children, to whom I 'will be a father, a guardian, and a patron. Not one 'evening in my long reign (for so it is to be) will I 'repose myself to rest, without the glorious, the heart-

'warming consideration, that thousands that night owe 'their sweetest rest to me. What a delicious fortune is it 'to him, whose strongest appetite is doing good, to have 'every day the opportunity and the power of satisfying 'it! If such a man hath ambition, how happy is it for 'him to be seated so on high that every act blazes abroad, 'and attracts to him praises tainted with neither sarcasm 'nor adulation; but such as the nicest and most delicate 'mind may relish! Thus, therefore, while you derive 'your good from me, I am your superior. If to my 'strict distribution of justice you owe the safety of your 'property from domestic enemies: if by my vigilance and 'valour you are protected from foreign foes: if by my 'encouragement of genuine industry, every science, every 'art which can embellish or sweeten life, is produced and 'flourishes among you; will any of you be so insensible 'or ungrateful, as to deny praise and respect to him, 'by whose care and conduct you enjoy these blessings? 'I wonder not at the censure which so frequently falls on 'those in my station: but I wonder that those in my 'station so frequently deserve it. What strange per- 'verseness of nature! What wanton delight in mischief 'must taint his composition, who prefers dangers, diffi- 'culty, and disgrace, by doing evil, to safety, ease, and 'honour, by doing good! who refuses happiness in the 'other world, and heaven in this, for misery there and 'hell here! But be assured, my intentions are different. 'I shall always endeavour the ease, the happiness, and 'the glory of my people, being confident that, by so 'doing, I take the most certain method of procuring 'them all to myself.'—He then struck directly into the road of goodness, and received such a shout of applause, as I never remember to have heard equalled.

He was gone a little way when a spirit limped after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This spirit,

I was presently informed, was one who had drawn the lot of his prime minister.

CHAPTER VI.

An account of the Wheel of Fortune, with a method of preparing a spirit for this world.

We now proceeded on our journey, without staying to see whether he fulfilled his word or no; and, without encountering any thing worth mentioning, came to the place where the spirits on their passage to the other world were obliged to decide by lot the station in which every one was to act there. Here was a monstrous wheel, infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly seen lottery tickets deposited. This was called the Wheel of Fortune. The goddess herself was present. She was one of the most deformed females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing the frowns she expressed when any beautiful spirit of her own sex passed by her, nor the affability which smiled in her countenance on the approach of any handsome male spirits. Hence I accounted for the truth of an observation I had often made on earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome men, nor more unfortunate than handsome women. The reader may be perhaps pleased with an account of the whole method of equipping a spirit for his entrance into the flesh.

First, then, he receives from a very sage person, whose look much resembled that of an apothecary, (his warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an apothecary's shop,) a small phial inscribed, The Pathetic Potion, to be taken

just before you are born. This potion is a mixture of all the passions, but in no exact proportion, so that sometimes one predominates, and sometimes another; nay, often, in the hurry of making up, one particular ingredient is, as we were informed, left out. The spirit receiveth at the same time another medicine called the NOUSPHORIC DECOCTION, of which he is to drink *ad libitum*. This decoction is an extract from the faculties of the mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak: for very little care is taken in the preparation. This decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that, notwithstanding its wholesomeness, several spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a drop of it; but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it: by which means some, who were not disgusted by the nauseousness, drank double and treble portions. I observed a beautiful young female, who, tasting it immediately from curiosity, screwed up her face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the wheel, she drew a coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly that I could not distinguish the degree; and indeed, I observed several of the same sex, after a very small sip, throw the bottles away.

As soon as the spirit is dismissed by the operator, or apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the wheel, where he hath a right to extract a single lot: but those whom fortune favours she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of figure who drew forth a handful, which, when he opened, were a bishop, a general, a privy-counsellor, a player, and a poet laureate, and returning the three first, he walked off, smiling, with the two last.

Every single lot contained two more articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the lots as equal as possible to each other.

On one was written	*Earl,*
	Riches,
	Health,
	Disquietude.
On another,	*Cobler,*
	Sickness,
	Good-humour.
On a third,	*Poet,*
	Contempt,
	Self-satisfaction.
On a fourth,	*General,*
	Honour,
	Discontent.
On a fifth,	*Cottage,*
	Happy love.
On a sixth,	*Coach and six,*
	Impotent jealous husband.
On a seventh,	*Prime Minister,*
	Disgrace.
On an eighth,	*Patriot,*
	Glory.
On a ninth,	*Philosopher,*
	Poverty,
	Ease.
On a tenth,	*Merchant,*
	Riches,
	Care.

And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a mixture of good and evil, that it would have puzzled me which to choose. I must not omit here that in every lot was directed whether the drawer should marry or remain in celibacy, the married lots being all marked with a large pair of horns.

We were obliged, before we quitted this place, to take

each of us an emetic from the apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly passions, and presently the cloud forsook our eyes, as it doth those of Æneas in Virgil, when removed by Venus; and we discerned things in a much clearer light than before. We began to compassionate those spirits who were making their entry into the flesh, whom we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful plains which now opened themselves to our eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost eagerness. On our way we met with several spirits with very dejected countenances; but our expedition would not suffer us to ask any questions.

At length we arrived at the gate of Elysium. Here was a prodigious crowd of spirits waiting for admittance, some of whom were admitted, and some were rejected; for all were strictly examined by the porter, whom I soon discovered to be the celebrated judge Minos.

CHAPTER VII.

The proceedings of judge Minos at the gate of Elysium.

I NOW got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, Ostentation, and repulsed him. The second exhibited that he had constantly frequented his church, been a rigid observer of fast-days: he likewise represented the great animosity he had shewn to vice in others, which never escaped his severest censure; and, as to his own behaviour, he had never been once guilty of whoring, drinking, gluttony, or

any other excess. He said, he had disinherited his son for getting a bastard——'Have you so,' said Minos, 'then pray return into the other world and beget another; 'for such an unnatural rascal shall never pass this gate.' A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring if he could not pass, they had no expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to earth; which was the fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a further purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous crimes, who were hustled in at a little back gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless pit.

The next spirit that came up declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world; for that, since his arrival at man's estate, he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities; and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful spirit indeed. She began to ogle Minos the moment she saw him. She said she hoped there was some merit in refusing a great number of lovers, and dying a maid, though she had had the choice of a hundred. Minos told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a spirit, who told the judge he believed his works would speak for him. 'What works?' answered Minos. 'My dramatic works,' replied the other, 'which have done so much good in recommending 'virtue and punishing vice.'—'Very well,' said the judge, 'if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the 'gate by your means shall carry you in with him; but if 'you will take my advice, I think, for expedition sake, you 'had better return, and live another life upon earth.' The

bard grumbled at this, and replied, that, besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things; for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this, the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays. The poet answered, he believed, if Minos had read his works, he would set a higher value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and turning his back to him, applied himself to the next passenger, a very genteel spirit, who made a very low bow to Minos, and threw himself into an erect attitude, and imitated the motion of taking snuff with his right hand.—Minos asked him, what he had to say for himself? He answered, he would dance a minuet with any spirit in Elysium: that he could likewise perform all his other exercises very well, and hoped he had in his life deserved the character of a perfect fine gentleman. Minos replied, it would be a great pity to rob the world of so fine a gentleman, and therefore desired him to take the other trip. The beau bowed, thanked the judge, and said he desired no better. Several spirits expressed much astonishment at this his satisfaction; but we were afterwards informed, he had not taken the emetic above-mentioned.

A miserable old spirit now crawled forwards, whose face I thought I had formerly seen near Westminster-Abbey. He entertained Minos with a long harangue of what he had done when in the HOUSE; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single instance of any one good action. Minos stopt the career of his discourse, and acquainted him he must take a trip back again.—'What, 'to S——house?' said the spirit in an ecstacy. But the

judge, without making him any answer, turned to another; who, with a very solemn air and great dignity, acquainted him he was a duke.—'To the right about, Mr. Duke,' cried Minos, 'you are infinitely too great a man for Ely-'sium;' and then giving him a kick on the b—ch, he addressed himself to a spirit, who with fear and trembling begged he might not go to the bottomless pit: he said, he hoped Minos would consider, that though he had gone astray, he had suffered for it, that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteen pence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged: that he had done some good actions in his life, that he had supported an aged parent with his labour, that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father, and that he had ruined himself by being bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back as he passed by him.

A great number of spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same claim, and that the captain should speak for them. He acquainted the judge that they had been all slain in the service of their country. Minos was going to admit them, but had the curiosity to ask who had been the invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back gate for him. The captain answered, they had been the invaders themselves, that they had entered the enemy's country, and burnt and plundered several cities.—'And for what reason?' said Minos. 'By the command of him who paid us,' said the captain, 'that is the reason of a soldier. We are to execute 'whatever we are commanded, or we should be a dis-'grace to the army, and very little deserve our pay.' 'You are brave fellows, indeed,' said Minos, 'but be 'pleased to face about, and obey my command for once, 'in returning back to the other world: for what should 'such fellows as you do, where there are no cities to be

'burnt, nor people to be destroyed? But let me advise 'you to have a stricter regard to truth for the future, and 'not call the depopulating other countries the service of 'your own.' The captain answered in a rage, 'D—n 'me, do you give me the lie?' and was going to take Minos by the nose, had not his guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his followers back the same road they came.

Four spirits informed the judge, that they had been starved to death through poverty; being the father, mother, and two children: that they had been honest, and as industrious as possible, till sickness had prevented the man from labour.—'All that is very true,' cried a grave spirit, who stood by: 'I know the fact; for these 'poor people were under my cure.'—'You was, I suppose, 'the parson of the parish,' cries Minos; 'I hope you had 'a good living, Sir.'—'That was but a small one,' replied the spirit; 'but I had another a little better.'—'Very 'well,' said Minos, 'let the poor people pass.'—At which the parson was stepping forwards with a stately gait before them; but Minos caught hold of him, and pulled him back, saying, 'Not so fast, Doctor; you must take one 'step more into the other world first; for no man enters 'that gate without charity.'

A very stately figure now presented himself, and, informing Minos he was a patriot, began a very florid harangue on public virtue and the liberties of his country. Upon which Minos shewed him the utmost respect, and ordered the gate to be opened. The patriot was not contented with this applause; he said, he had behaved as well in place as he had done in the opposition; and that, though he was now obliged to embrace the court-measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his friends, and brought as many in as was possible.—'Hold a moment,' says Minos, 'on second consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think

'a man of your great virtue and abilities will be so much 'missed by your country, that, if I might advise you, you 'should take a journey back again. I am sure you will 'not decline it, for I am certain you will with great 'readiness sacrifice your own happiness to the public 'good.' The patriot smiled, and told Minos, he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the gate, but the judge laid fast hold of him and insisted on his return, which the patriot still declining, he at last ordered his guards to seize him and conduct him back.

A spirit now advanced, and the gate was immediately thrown open to him, before he had spoken a word. I heard some whisper,—'That is our last Lord Mayor.'

It now came to our company's turn. The fair spirit, which I mentioned with so much applause in the beginning of my journey, passed through very easily; but the grave lady was rejected on her first appearance, Minos declaring there was not a single prude in Elysium.

The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthropy and private friendship.—I was proceeding, when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues. I accordingly passed forward with my lovely companion, and embracing her with vast eagerness, but spiritual innocence, she returned my embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our arrival in this happy region, whose beauty no painting of the imagination can describe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The adventures which the Author met on his first entrance into Elysium.

We pursued our way through a delicious grove of orange-trees, where I saw infinite numbers of spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them (for spirits here know one another by intuition). I presently met a little daughter, whom I had lost several years before. Good Gods! what words can describe the raptures, the melting passionate tenderness, with which we kissed each other, continuing our embrace, with the most extatic joy, a space, which, if time had been measured here as on earth, could not be less than half a year.

The first spirit with whom I entered into discourse was the famous Leonidas of Sparta. I acquainted him with the honours which had been done him by a celebrated poet of our nation; to which he answered he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a violin, equal to Signior Piantinida. I presently discovered the musician and songster to be Orpheus and Sappho.

Old Homer was present at this concert (if I may so call it,) and Madame Dacier sat in his lap. He asked much after Mr. Pope, and said he was very desirous of seeing him; for that he had read his Iliad in his translation with almost as much delight as he believed he had given others in the original. I had the curiosity to enquire whether he had really writ that poem in detached pieces, and sung it about as ballads all over Greece, according to the report which went of him? He smiled at my question, and asked me whether there appeared

any connection in the poem; for if there did he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the cities, which contended for the honour of his birth, he was really born? To which he answered—'Upon my soul I can't tell.'

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. Addison under his arm. 'Well, Sir,' said he, 'how many translations have 'these few last years produced of my Æneid?' I told him I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never read any but Dr. Trapp's——'Ay,' said he, 'that is a curious piece indeed!' I then acquainted him with the discovery made by Mr. Warburton of the Elusinian mysteries couched in his sixth book. 'What 'mysteries?' said Mr. Addison. 'The Elusinian,' answered Virgil, 'which I have disclosed in my sixth book.' 'How!' replied Addison. 'You never mentioned a word of any 'such mysteries to me in all our acquaintance.' 'I thought 'it was unnecessary,' cried the other, 'to a man of your 'infinite learning: besides, you always told me you 'perfectly understood my meaning.' Upon this I thought the critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry spirit, one Dick Steel, who embraced him, and told him, He had been the greatest man upon earth; that he readily resigned up all the merit of his own works to him. Upon which, Addison gave him a gracious smile, and clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cried out, 'Well said, Dick.'

I then observed Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors, concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines: this was disputed on both sides with a warmth, which surprised me in Elysium, till I discovered by intuition that every soul retained its principal characteristic, being, indeed, its very essence. The line was that celebrated one in Othello:

Put out the light, and then put out the light,

according to Betterton. Mr. Booth contended to have it thus:

Put out the light, and then put out THE *light.*

I could not help offering my conjecture on this occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be:

Put out the light, and then put out THY *light.*

Another hinted a reading very sophisticated in my opinion,

Put out the light, and then put out THEE *light,*

making light to be the vocative case. Another would have altered the last word, and read,

Put out thy light, and then put out thy sight.

But Betterton said, if the text was to be disturbed, he saw no reason why a word might not be changed as well as a letter, and instead of 'put out thy light,' you may read, 'put out thy eyes.' At last it was agreed on all sides, to refer the matter to the decision of Shakespeare himself, who delivered his sentiments as follows: 'Faith, gentle-'men, it is so long since I wrote the line I have forgot 'my meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so 'much nonsense would have been talked, and writ about 'it, I would have blotted it out of my works: for I am 'sure if any of these be my meaning, it doth me very 'little honour.'

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer: Saying, if Mr. Theobald had not writ about it sufficiently, there were three or four more new editions of his plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one; Concluding 'I marvel nothing so

'much, as that men will gird themselves at discovering 'obscure beauties in an author. Certes the greatest and 'most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most 'striking; and, when two meanings of a passage can in 'the least balance our judgments which to prefer, I hold 'it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of 'them is worth a farthing.'

From his works our conversation turned on his monument; upon which Shakespeare, shaking his sides, and addressing himself to Milton, cried out: 'On my word, 'brother Milton, they have brought a noble set of poets 'together; they would have been hanged erst have con-'vened such a company at their tables when alive.' 'True, 'brother,' answered Milton, 'unless we had been as in-'capable of eating then as we are now.'

CHAPTER IX.

More adventures in Elysium.

A CROWD of spirits now joined us, whom I soon perceived to be the heroes, who here frequently pay their respects to the several bards, the recorders of their actions. I now saw Achilles and Ulysses addressing themselves to Homer, and Æneas and Julius Cæsar to Virgil: Adam went up to Milton, upon which I whispered Mr. Dryden, that I thought the devil should have paid his compliments there according to his opinion. Dryden only answered, 'I believe the devil was in me when I said so.' Several applied themselves to Shakespeare, amongst whom Henry the Fifth made a very distinguishing appearance. While my eyes were fixed on that monarch, a very small spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by

the hand, and told me his name was THOMAS THUMB. I expressed great satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my resentment against the historian who had done such injustice to the stature of this great little man; which he represented to be no bigger than a span; whereas I plainly perceived at first sight, he was full a foot and half (and the 37th part of an inch more, as he himself informed me,) being indeed little shorter than some considerable beaus of the present age.

I asked this little hero concerning the truth of those stories related of him, viz. of the pudding, and the cow's belly. As to the former, he said it was a ridiculous legend, worthy to be laughed at: but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some truth in it: nor had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by surprise; adding with great fierceness, that if he had had any weapon in his hand, the cow should have as soon swallowed the devil.

He spoke the last word with so much fury, and seemed so confounded, that, perceiving the effect it had on him, I immediately waived the story, and passing to other matters, we had much conversation touching giants. He said, so far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of Jack the Giantkiller, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame giant, who very complacently staid in London a whole winter, at the special request of several gentlemen and ladies; though the affairs of his family called him home to Sweden.

I now beheld a stern-looking spirit leaning on the shoulder of another spirit, and presently discerned the former to be Oliver Cromwell, and the latter Charles Martel. I own I was a little surprised at seeing Crom-

well here; for I had been taught by my grandmother, that he was carried away by the devil himself in a tempest; but he assured me, on his honour, there was not the least truth in that story. However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the bottomless pit; and if the former part of his conduct had not been more to his honour than the latter, he had been certainly soused into it. He was nevertheless sent back to the upper world with this lot,

Army.
Cavalier.
Distress.

He was born for the second time, the day of Charles the Second's restoration into a family which had lost a very considerable fortune in the service of that prince and his father, for which they received the reward very often conferred by princes on real merit, viz.—000. At 16, his father bought a small commission for him in the army, in which he served without any promotion all the reigns of Charles the Second and of his brother. At the revolution he quitted his regiment, and followed the fortunes of his former master, and was in his service dangerously wounded at the famous battle of the Boyne, where he fought in the capacity of a private soldier. He recovered of this wound, and retired after the unfortunate king to Paris, where he was reduced to support a wife and seven children (for his lot had horns in it) by cleaning shoes, and snuffing candles at the opera. In which situation, after he had spent a few miserable years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited Minos, who compassionating his sufferings, by means of that family, to whom he had been in his former capacity so bitter an enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My curiosity would not refrain asking him one question, *i.e.* Whether in reality he had any desire to

obtain the crown? He smiled and said, 'No more than 'an ecclesiastic hath to the mitre, when he cries *Nolo* '*episcopari*.' Indeed, he seemed to express some contempt at the question, and presently turned away.

A venerable spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great historian Livy. Alexander the Great, who was just arrived from the palace of death, passed by him with a frown. The historian observing it, said, 'Ay, you 'may frown: but those troops which conquered the base 'Asiatic slaves would have made no figure against the 'Romans.' We then privately lamented the loss of the most valuable part of his history, after which he took occasion to commend the judicious collection made by Mr. Hooke, which, he said, was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning Echard's, he gave a bounce, not unlike the going off of a squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my curiosity in one point, whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was, till Mr. Leibnitz had assured me to the contrary. He answered sullenly,—'Doth Mr. Leibnitz know my mind better 'than myself?' and then walked away.

CHAPTER X.

The Author is surprised at meeting Julian the apostate in Elysium: but is satisfied by him by what means he procured his entrance there. Julian relates his adventures in the character of a slave.

As he was departing, I heard him salute a spirit by the name Mr. Julian the apostate. This exceedingly amazed

me: for I had concluded that no man ever had a better title to the bottomless pit than he. But I soon found, that this same Julian the apostate was also the very individual, Archbishop Latimer. He told me, that several lies had been raised on him in his former capacity, nor was he so bad a man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent pilgrimages on earth, and to act in the different characters of a slave, a Jew, a general, an heir, a carpenter, a beau, a monk, a fiddler, a wise man, a king, a fool, a beggar, a prince, a statesman, a soldier, a tailor, an alderman, a poet, a knight, a dancing-master, and three times a bishop before his martyrdom, which together with his other behaviour in this last character satisfied the judge, and procured him a passage to the blessed regions.

I told him such various characters must have produced incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had leisure, I should be obliged to him for the recital. He answered, he perfectly recollected every circumstance, and as to leisure the only business of that happy place was to contribute to the happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for adding to his, in proposing to him a method of increasing mine. I then took my little darling in one hand, and my favourite fellow-traveller in the other, and going with him to a sunny bank of flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows:—

'I suppose you are sufficiently acquainted with my 'story, during the time I acted the part of the emperor 'Julian, though I assure you all which hath been related 'of me is not true, particularly with regard to the many 'prodigies forerunning my death. However, they are 'now very little worth disputing; and if they can serve 'any purpose of the historian they are extremely at his 'service.

'My next entrance into the world was at Laodicea in 'Syria, in a Roman family of no great note; and being 'of a roving disposition, I came at the age of seventeen 'to Constantinople, where, after about a year's stay, I set 'out for Thrace, at the time when the emperor Valens 'admitted the *Goths* into that country. I was there so 'captivated with the beauty of a Gothic lady, the wife 'of one Rodoric a captain, whose name, out of the most 'delicate tenderness for her lovely sex, I shall even at 'this distance conceal; since her behaviour to me was 'more consistent with good-nature than with that virtue 'which women are obliged to preserve against every 'assailant. In order to procure an intimacy with this 'woman I sold myself a slave to her husband, who, being 'of a nation not over-inclined to jealousy, presented me 'to his wife, for those very reasons which would have 'induced one of a jealous complexion to have withheld 'me from her, namely, for that I was young and hand-'some.

'Matters succeeded so far according to my wish, and 'the sequel answered those hopes which this beginning 'had raised. I soon perceived my service was very ac-'ceptable to her. I often met her eyes, nor did she 'withdraw them without a confusion which is scarce 'consistent with entire purity of heart. Indeed, she gave 'me every day fresh encouragement, but the un-'happy distance which circumstances had placed between 'us deterred me long from making any direct attack; and 'she was too strict an observer of decorum to violate the 'severe rules of modesty by advancing first; but passion, 'at last, got the better of my respect, and I resolved to 'make one bold attempt, whatever was the consequence. 'Accordingly, laying hold of the first kind opportunity, 'when she was alone, and my master abroad, I stoutly as-'sailed the citadel, and carried it by storm. Well may I

'say by storm: for the resistance I met was extremely 'resolute, and indeed, as much as the most perfect decency 'would require. She swore often she would cry out for 'help; but I answered, it was in vain, seeing there was no 'person near to assist her; and probably she believed me, 'for she did not once actually cry out: which if she had, 'I might very likely have been prevented.

'When she found her virtue thus subdued against her 'will, she patiently submitted to her fate, and quietly 'suffered me a long time to enjoy the most delicious fruits 'of my victory: but envious fortune resolved to make me 'pay a dear price for my pleasure. One day in the midst 'of our happiness we were suddenly surprised by the un-'expected return of her husband, who coming directly 'into his wife's apartment just allowed me time to creep 'under the bed. The disorder in which he found his wife 'might have surprised a jealous temper; but his was so 'far otherwise, that possibly no mischief might have 'happened, had he not by a cross accident discovered my 'legs, which were not well hid. He immediately drew 'me out by them, and then turning to his wife with a 'stern countenance, began to handle a weapon he wore 'by his side, with which I am persuaded he would have in-'stantly dispatched her, had I not very gallantly, and 'with many imprecations, asserted her innocence and my 'own guilt; which, however, I protested had hitherto 'gone no farther than design. She so well seconded my 'plea (for she was a woman of wonderful art), that he 'was at length imposed upon; and now all his rage was 'directed against me, threatening all manner of tortures, 'which the poor lady was in too great a fright and con-'fusion to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if 'her concern for me had made her attempt it, it would 'have raised a jealousy in him not afterwards to be re-'moved.

'After some hesitation, Rodoric cried out he had 'luckily hit on the most proper punishment for me in the 'world, by a method which would at once do severe 'justice on me for my criminal intention, and at the same 'time prevent me from any danger of executing my 'wicked purpose hereafter. This cruel resolution was 'immediately executed, and I was no longer worthy the 'name of a man.

'Having thus disqualified me from doing him any 'future injury he still retained me in his family: but the 'lady, very probably repenting of what she had done, 'and looking on me as the author of her guilt, would 'never, for the future, give me either a kind word or look: 'and shortly after, a great exchange being made between 'the Romans and the Goths of dogs for men, my lady 'exchanged me with a Roman widow for a small lapdog, 'giving a considerable sum of money to boot.

'In this widow's service I remained seven years, dur- 'ing all which time I was very barbarously treated. I 'was worked without the least mercy, and often severely 'beat by a swinging maid-servant, who never called me 'by any other names than those of the Thing, and the 'Animal. Though I used my utmost industry to please, it 'never was in my power. Neither the lady nor her woman 'would eat any thing I touched, saying, they did not be- 'lieve me wholesome. It is unnecessary to repeat par- 'ticulars; in a word, you can imagine no kind of ill usage 'which I did not suffer in this family.

'At last, an heathen priest, an acquaintance of my 'lady's, obtained me of her for a present. The scene 'was now totally changed, and I had as much reason to 'be satisfied with my present situation, as I had to lament 'my former. I was so absolutely my master's favourite 'that the rest of the slaves paid me almost as much 'regard as they shewed to him, well knowing, that it

'was entirely in my power to command and treat them 'as I pleased. I was entrusted with all my master's 'secrets, and used to assist him in privately conveying 'away by night the sacrifices from the altars, which the 'people believed the deities themselves devoured. Upon 'these we feasted very elegantly, nor could invention 'suggest a rarity which we did not pamper ourselves 'with. Perhaps you may admire at the close union 'between this priest and his slave: but we lived in an 'intimacy which the Christians thought criminal: but my 'master, who knew the will of the gods, with whom he 'told me he often conversed, assured me it was perfectly 'innocent.

'This happy life continued about four years, when my 'master's death, occasioned by a surfeit got by overfeed-'ing on several exquisite dainties, put an end to it.

'I now fell into the hands of one of a very different 'disposition, and this was no other than the celebrated 'St. Chrysostome, who dieted me with sermons instead of 'sacrifices, and filled my ears with good things, but not 'my belly. Instead of high food to fatten and pamper 'my flesh, I had receipts to mortify and reduce it. With 'these I edified so well, that within a few months I 'became a skeleton. However, as he had converted me 'to his faith, I was well enough satisfied with this new 'manner of living; by which he taught me I might 'insure myself an eternal reward in a future state. The 'saint was a good-natured man, and never gave me an 'ill word but once, which was occasioned by my neglecting 'to place Aristophanes, which was his constant bed-'fellow, on his pillow. He was, indeed, extremely fond 'of that Greek poet, and frequently made me read his 'comedies to him: when I came to any of the loose 'passages, he would smile, and say, *It was pity his matter 'was not as pure as his style;* of which latter he was so

'immoderately fond, that notwithstanding the detestation 'he expressed for obscenity, he hath made me repeat 'those passages ten times over. The character of this 'good man hath been very unjustly attacked by his 'heathen cotemporaries, particularly with regard to 'women; but his severe invectives against that sex are 'his sufficient justification.

'From the service of this saint, from whom I received 'manumission, I entered into the family of Timasius, a 'leader of great eminence in the Imperial army, into 'whose favour I so far insinuated myself, that he pre-'ferred me to a good command, and soon made me 'partaker of both his company and his secrets. I soon 'grew intoxicated with this preferment, and the more 'he loaded me with benefits, the more he raised my 'opinion of my own merit; which, still outstripping the 'rewards he conferred on me, inspired me rather with 'dissatisfaction than gratitude. And thus, by preferring 'me beyond my merit or first expectation, he made me 'an envious aspiring enemy, whom, perhaps, a more 'moderate bounty would have preserved a dutiful 'servant.

'I fell now acquainted with one Lucilius, a creature of 'the prime minister Eutropius, who had by his favour 'been raised to the post of a tribune: a man of low 'morals, and eminent only in that meanest of qualities, 'cunning. This gentleman, imagining me a fit tool for 'the minister's purpose, having often sounded my prin-'ciples of honour and honesty, both which he declared to 'me were words without meaning; and finding my ready 'concurrence in his sentiments, recommended me to Eu-'tropius, as very proper to execute some wicked pur-'poses he had contrived against my friend Timasius. 'The minister embraced this recommendation, and I was 'accordingly acquainted by Lucilius (after some previous

'accounts of the great esteem Eutropius entertained of me, 'from the testimony he had borne of my parts) that he 'would introduce me to him; adding, that he was a great 'encourager of merit, and that I might depend upon his 'favour.

'I was with little difficulty prevailed on to accept of 'this invitation. A late hour therefore the next evening 'being appointed, I attended my friend Lucilius to the 'minister's house. He received me with the utmost 'civility and cheerfulness, and affected so much regard to 'me, that I, who knew nothing of these high scenes of 'life, concluded I had in him a most disinterested friend, 'owing to the favourable report which Lucilius had made 'of me. I was however soon cured of this opinion; for 'immediately after supper our discourse turned on the 'injustice which the generality of the world were guilty 'of in their conduct to great men, expecting that they 'should reward their private merit, without ever endea-'vouring to apply it to their use. *What avail* (said 'Eutropius) *the learning, wit, courage, or any virtue which 'a man may be possessed of to me, unless I receive some 'benefit from them? Hath he not more merit to me, who 'doth my business and obeys my commands, without any of 'these qualities?* I gave such entire satisfaction in my 'answers on this head, that both the minister and his 'creature grew bolder, and after some preface, began to 'accuse Timasius. At last, finding I did not attempt to 'defend him, Lucilius swore a great oath, that he was not 'fit to live, and that he would destroy him. Eutropius 'answered, that it would be too dangerous a task: *Indeed,* 'says he, *his crimes are of so black a dye, and so well 'known to the emperor, that his death must be a very 'acceptable service, and could not fail meeting a proper 'reward: but I question whether you are capable of ex-'ecuting it. If he is not,* cried I, *I am; and surely, no*

'*man can have greater motives to destroy him than myself:* '*for, besides his disloyalty to my prince, for whom I have* '*so perfect a duty, I have private disobligations to him. I* '*have had fellows put over my head, to the great scandal of* '*the service in general, and to my own prejudice and disap-* '*pointment in particular.*—I will not repeat you my whole 'speech: but to be as concise as possible, when we parted 'that evening, the minister squeezed me heartily by the 'hand, and with great commendation of my honesty, 'and assurances of his favour, he appointed me the next 'evening to come to him alone; when finding me, after a 'little more scrutiny, ready for his purpose, he proposed to 'me, to accuse Timasius of high treason; promising me 'the highest rewards, if I would undertake it. The con-'sequence to him, I suppose, you know, was ruin: but 'what was it to me? Why truly, when I waited on 'Eutropius, for the fulfilling his promises, he received me 'with great distance and coldness: and on my dropping 'some hints of my expectations from him, he affected not 'to understand me; saying, he thought impunity was the 'utmost I could hope for, on discovering my accomplice, 'whose offence was only greater than mine, as he was in 'a higher station; and telling me, he had great difficulty 'to obtain a pardon for me from the emperor, which, he 'said, he had struggled very hardly for, as he had worked 'the discovery out of me. He turned away, and addressed 'himself to another person.

'I was so incensed at this treatment, that I resolved 'revenge, and should certainly have pursued it, had he 'not cautiously prevented me, by taking effectual means 'to dispatch me soon after out of the world.

'You will, I believe, now think I had a second good 'chance for the bottomless pit, and indeed Minos seemed 'inclined to tumble me in, till he was informed of the 'revenge taken on me by Rodoric, and my seven years

'subsequent servitude to the widow; which he thought 'sufficient to make atonement for all the crimes a single 'life could admit of, and so sent me back to try my 'fortune a third time.'

CHAPTER XI.

In which Julian relates his adventures in the character of an avaricious Jew.

'The next character in which I was destined to appear 'in the flesh was that of an avaricious Jew. I was born 'in Alexandria in Egypt. My name was Balthazar. 'Nothing very remarkable happened to me till the year 'of the memorable tumult, in which the Jews of that city 'are reported in history to have massacred more Chris-'tians than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, 'they did maul the dogs pretty handsomely; but I 'myself was not present, for, as all our people were 'ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of sell-'ing two swords, which probably I might otherwise 'never have disposed of, they being extremely old and 'rusty: so that, having no weapon left, I did not care 'to venture abroad. Besides, though I really thought it 'an act meriting salvation to murder the Nazarenes, as 'the fact was to be committed at midnight, at which 'time, to avoid suspicion, we were all to sally from our 'own houses, I could not persuade myself to consume 'so much oil in sitting up to that hour: for these reasons 'therefore I remained at home that evening.

'I was at this time greatly enamoured with one 'Hypatia, the daughter of a philosopher; a young lady

'of the greatest beauty and merit: indeed, she had 'every imaginable ornament both of mind and body. 'She seemed not to dislike my person: but there were 'two obstructions to our marriage, *viz.* my religion and 'her poverty: both which might probably have been 'got over, had not those dogs the Christians murdered 'her; and, what is worse, afterwards burnt her body: 'worse I say, because I lost by that means a jewel of 'some value, which I had presented to her, designing, 'if our nuptials did not take place, to demand it of her 'back again.

'Being thus disappointed in my love, I soon after left 'Alexandria, and went to the Imperial city, where I 'apprehended I should find a good market for jewels 'on the approaching marriage of the emperor with 'Athenais. I disguised myself as a beggar on this 'journey, for these reasons: first, as I imagined I should 'thus carry my jewels with greater safety; and secondly, 'to lessen my expences: which latter expedient succeeded 'so well, that I begged two oboli on my way more than 'my travelling cost me, my diet being chiefly roots, and 'my drink water.

'But, perhaps, it had been better for me if I had been 'more lavish, and more expeditious: for the ceremony 'was over before I reached Constantinople; so that I lost 'that glorious opportunity of disposing of my jewels, 'with which many of our people were greatly enriched.

'The life of a miser is very little worth relating, as it 'is one constant scheme of getting or saving money. I 'shall therefore repeat to you some few only of my 'adventures, without regard to any order.

'A Roman Jew, who was a great lover of Falernian 'wine, and who indulged himself very freely with it, came 'to dine at my house; when knowing he should meet with 'little wine, and that of the cheaper sort, sent me in half-

'a-dozen jars of Falernian. Can you believe I would not 'give this man his own wine? Sir, I adulterated it so, 'that I made six jars of them; three, which he and his 'friend drank; the other three I afterwards sold to the 'very person who originally sent them me, knowing he 'would give a better price than any other.

'A noble Roman came one day to my house in the 'country, which I had purchased, for half the value, of a 'distressed person. My neighbours paid him the compli- 'ment of some music, on which account, when he departed, 'he left a piece of gold with me to be distributed among 'them. I pocketed this money, and ordered them a small 'vessel of sour wine, which I could not have sold for above 'two drachmas, and afterwards made them pay in work 'three times the value of it.

'As I was not entirely void of religion, though I pre- 'tended to infinitely more than I had, so I endeavoured to 'reconcile my transactions to my conscience as well as 'possible. Thus I never invited any one to eat with me, 'but those on whose pockets I had some design. After 'our collation, it was constantly my method to set down 'in a book I kept for that purpose what I thought they 'owed me for their meal. Indeed, this was generally a 'hundred times as much as they could have dined else- 'where for; but, however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad* '*valorem*. Now, whenever the opportunity offered of 'imposing on them, I considered it only as paying myself 'what they owed me: indeed, I did not always confine 'myself strictly to what I had set down, however extra- 'vagant that was; but I reconciled taking the overplus 'to myself as usance.

'But I was not only too cunning for others, I some- 'times over-reached myself. I have contracted dis- 'tempers for want of food and warmth, which have put 'me to the expense of a physician; nay, I once very

'narrowly escaped death by taking bad drugs, only to 'save one seven-eighth *per cent.* in the price.

'By these, and such like means, in the midst of poverty 'and every kind of distress, I saw myself master of an 'immense fortune: the casting up and ruminating on 'which was my daily and only pleasure. This was how-'ever obstructed and embittered by two considerations, 'which against my will often invaded my thoughts. One 'would have been intolerable (but that it indeed seldom 'troubled me) was, that I must one day leave my darling 'treasure. The other haunted me continually, *viz.* that 'my riches were no greater. However, I comforted 'myself against this reflection by an assurance that they 'would increase daily: on which head, my hopes were so 'extensive, that I may say with Virgil,

'*His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono.*

'Indeed I am convinced, that had I possessed the whole 'globe of earth, save one single drachma, which I had 'been certain never to be master of, I am convinced, I say, 'that single drachma would have given me more uneasi-'ness than all the rest could afford me pleasure.

'To say the truth, between my solicitude in contriving 'schemes to procure money, and my extreme anxiety in 'preserving it, I never had one moment of ease while 'awake, nor of quiet when in my sleep. In all the cha-'racters through which I have passed, I have never under-'gone half the misery I suffered in this, and indeed Minos 'seemed to be of the same opinion: for while I stood 'trembling and shaking in expectation of my sentence, he 'bid me go back about my business; for that nobody was 'to be d—n'd in more worlds than one. And indeed, I 'have since learnt, that the devil will not receive a miser.'

CHAPTER XII.

What happened to Julian in the characters of a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, and a Beau.

'THE next step I took into the world was at Apollonia in 'Thrace; where I was born of a beautiful Greek slave, 'who was the mistress of Eutyches, a great favourite of 'the emperor Zeno. That prince, at his restoration, gave 'me the command of a cohort, I being then but fifteen 'years of age; and a little afterwards, before I had even 'seen an army, preferred me, over the heads of all the old 'officers, to be a tribune.

'As I found an easy access to the emperor, by means 'of my father's intimacy with him, he being a very good 'courtier, or, in other words, a most prostitute flatterer; 'so I soon ingratiated myself with Zeno, and so well 'imitated my father in flattering him, that he would never 'part with me from about his person. So that the first 'armed force I ever beheld was that with which Martian 'surrounded the palace, where I was then shut up with 'the rest of the court.

'I was afterwards put at the head of a legion, and 'ordered to march into Syria, with Theodoric the Goth; 'that is, I mean my legion was so ordered: for, as to 'myself, I remained at court, with the name and pay of a 'general, without the labour or the danger.

'As nothing could be more gay, *i.e. debauched*, than 'Zeno's court, so the ladies of gay disposition had great 'sway in it; particularly one, whose name was *Fousta*, 'who, though not extremely handsome, was by her wit 'and sprightliness very agreeable to the emperor. With 'her I lived in good correspondence, and we together 'disposed of all kinds of commissions in the army, not to 'those who had most merit, but who would purchase at

'the highest rate. My levee was now prodigiously 'thronged by officers, who returned from the campaigns; 'who, though they might have been convinced by daily 'example, how ineffectual a recommendation their ser- 'vices were, still continued indefatigable in attendance, 'and behaved to me with as much observance and respect, 'as I should have been entitled to for making their for- 'tunes, while I suffered them and their families to starve.

'Several poets, likewise, addressed verses to me, in 'which they celebrated my military achievements; and 'what, perhaps, may seem strange to us at present, I 'received all this incense with most greedy vanity, without 'once reflecting, that as I did not deserve these compli- 'ments, they should rather put me in mind of my defects.

'My father was now dead, and I became so absolute 'in the emperor's grace, that one unacquainted with 'courts would scarce believe the servility with which 'all kinds of persons who entered the walls of the palace 'behaved towards me. A bow, a smile, a nod from me, 'as I passed through cringing crowds, were esteemed as 'signal favours; but a gracious word made any one 'happy; and, indeed, had this real benefit attending it, 'that it drew on the person, on whom it was bestowed, 'a very great degree of respect from all others; for these 'are of current value in courts, and, like notes in trading 'communities, are assignable from one to the other. 'The smile of a court favourite immediately raises the 'person who receives it, and gives a value to his smile 'when conferred on an inferior; thus the smile is trans- 'ferred from one to the other, and the great man at last 'is the person to discount it. For instance, a very low 'fellow hath a desire for a place. To whom is he to 'apply? Not to the great man; for to him he hath no 'access. He therefore applies to A, who is the creature 'of B, who is the tool of C, who is the flatterer of D,

'who is the catamite of E, who is the pimp of F, who 'is the bully of G, who is the buffoon of I, who is the 'husband of K, who is the whore of L, who is the bastard 'of M, who is the instrument of the great man. Thus 'the smile descending regularly from the great man to 'A, is discounted back again, and at last paid by the 'great man.

'It is manifest, that a court would subsist as diffi-'cultly without this kind of coin, as a trading city with-'out paper credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their 'value is not quite so certain, and a favourite may 'protest his smile without the danger of bankruptcy.

'In the midst of all this glory, the emperor died, and 'Anastasius was preferred to the crown. As it was yet 'uncertain whether I should not continue in favour, I 'was received as usual at my entrance into the palace, 'to pay my respects to the new emperor; but I was no 'sooner rumped by him, than I received the same com-'pliment from all the rest; the whole room, like a 'regiment of soldiers, turning their backs to me all at 'once, my smile was now become of equal value with 'the note of a broken banker, and every one was as 'cautious not to receive it.

'I made as much haste as possible from the court, 'and shortly after from the city, retreating to the place 'of my nativity, where I spent the remainder of my days 'in a retired life in husbandry, the only amusement for 'which I was qualified, having neither learning nor 'virtue.

'When I came to the gate, Minos again seemed at 'first doubtful, but at length dismissed me; saying, 'though I had been guilty of many heinous crimes, in 'as much as I had, though a general, never been con-'cerned in spilling human blood, I might return again 'to earth.

'I was now again born in Alexandria, and, by great 'accident, entering into the womb of my daughter-in-'law, came forth my own grandson, inheriting that 'fortune which I had before amassed.

'Extravagance was now as notoriously my vice as 'avarice had been formerly; and I spent, in a very short 'life, what had cost me the labour of a very long one 'to rake together. Perhaps, you will think my present 'condition was more to be envied than my former: but 'upon my word it was very little so; for, by possessing 'every thing almost before I desired it, I could hardly 'ever say, I enjoyed my wish: I scarce ever knew the 'delight of satisfying a craving appetite. Besides, as 'I never once thought, my mind was useless to me, and 'I was an absolute stranger to all the pleasures arising 'from it. Nor, indeed, did my education qualify me 'for any delicacy in other enjoyments; so that in the 'midst of plenty I loathed every thing. Taste for 'elegance I had none; and the greatest of corporeal 'blisses I felt no more from, than the lowest animal. 'In a word, as while a miser I had plenty without daring 'to use it, so now I had it without appetite.

'But if I was not very happy in the height of my 'enjoyment, so I afterwards became perfectly miserable: 'being soon overtaken by disease, and reduced to distress, 'till at length, with a broken constitution, and broken 'heart, I ended my wretched days in a gaol: nor can 'I think the sentence of Minos too mild, who condemned 'me, after having taken a large dose of avarice, to 'wander three years on the banks of Cocytus, with the 'knowledge of having spent the fortune in the person 'of the grandson, which I had raised in that of the 'grandfather.

'The place of my birth, on my return to the world, 'was Constantinople, where my father was a carpenter.

'The first thing I remember was the triumph of Beli-
'sarius: which was, indeed, a most noble shew: but
'nothing pleased me so much as the figure of Gelimer,
'king of the African Vandals, who being led captive
'on this occasion, reflecting with disdain on the mutation
'of his own fortune, and on the ridiculous empty pomp
'of the conqueror, cried out, VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS
'MERE VANITY.

'I was bred up to my father's trade, and you may
'easily believe so low a sphere could produce no adven-
'tures worth your notice. However, I married a woman
'I liked, and who proved a very tolerable wife. My
'days were passed in hard labour, but this procured
'me health, and I enjoyed a homely supper at night
'with my wife with more pleasure than I apprehend
'greater persons find at their luxurious meals. My life
'had scarce any variety in it, and at my death, I
'advanced to Minos with great confidence of entering
'the gate: but I was unhappily obliged to discover
'some frauds I had been guilty of in the measure of
'my work, when I worked by the foot, as well as
'my laziness, when I was employed by the day. On
'which account, when I attempted to pass, the angry
'judge laid hold on me by the shoulders, and turned
'me back so violently, that had I had a neck of flesh
and bone, I believe he would have broke it.'

CHAPTER XIII.

Julian passes into a Fop.

y scene of action was Rome. I was born into a
ble family, and heir to a considerable fortune. On

'which my parents, thinking I should not want any 'talents, resolved very kindly and wisely to throw none 'away upon me. The only instructors of my youth 'were therefore one Saltator, who taught me several 'motions for my legs; and one Ficus, whose busi- 'ness was to shew me the clearest way (as he called 'it) of cutting off a man's head. When I was well 'accomplished in these sciences, I thought nothing 'more wanting, but what was to be furnished by the 'several mechanics in Rome, who dealt in dressing and 'adorning the Pope. Being therefore well equipped with 'all which their art could produce, I became at the age 'of twenty a complete finished beau. And now during 'forty-five years I dressed, I sang and danced, and 'danced and sang, I bowed and ogled, and ogled and 'bowed, till, in the sixty-sixth year of my age, I got 'cold by overheating myself with dancing, and died.

'Minos told me as I was unworthy of Elysium, so I 'was too insignificant to be damned, and therefore bade 'me walk back again.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Adventures in the person of a Monk.

'FORTUNE now placed me in the character of a younger 'brother of a good house, and I was in my youth sent 'to school; but learning was now at so low an ebb 'that my master himself could hardly construe a sen- 'tence of Latin; and as for Greek, he could not read 'it. With very little knowledge therefore, and with 'altogether as little virtue, I was set apart for the

'church, and at the proper age commenced monk. I 'lived many years retired in a cell, a life very agree- 'able to the gloominess of my temper, which was much 'inclined to despise the world: that is, in other words, 'to envy all men of superior fortune and qualifications, 'and in general to hate and detest the human species. 'Notwithstanding which, I could, on proper occasions, 'submit to flatter the vilest fellow in nature, which I 'did one Stephen an eunuch, a favourite of the emperor 'Justinian II., one of the wickedest wretches whom 'perhaps the world ever saw. I not only wrote a 'panegyric on this man, but I commended him as a 'pattern to all others in my sermons, by which means 'I so greatly ingratiated myself with him, that he intro- 'duced me to the emperor's presence, where I prevailed 'so far by the same methods, that I was shortly taken 'from my cell, and preferred to a place at court. I 'was no sooner established in the favour of Justinian 'than I prompted him to all kinds of cruelty. As I was 'of a sour morose temper, and hated nothing more than 'the symptoms of happiness appearing in any counte- 'nance, I represented all kinds of diversion and amuse- 'ment as the most horrid sins. I inveighed against 'cheerfulness as levity, and encouraged nothing but 'gravity, or, to confess the truth to you, hypocrisy. The 'unhappy emperor followed my advice, and incensed 'the people by such repeated barbarities, that he was 'at last deposed by them and banished.

'I now retired again to my cell (for historians 'mistake in saying I was put to death), where I 'remained safe from the danger of the irritated mob, 'whom I cursed in my own heart as much as they could 'curse me.

'Justinian after three years of his banishment, re- 'turned to Constantinople in disguise, and paid me a

'visit. I at first affected not to know him, and without 'the least compunction of gratitude for his former 'favours intended not to receive him, till a thought 'immediately suggesting itself to me how I might con-'vert him to my advantage, I pretended to recollect 'him; and, blaming the shortness of my memory and 'badness of my eyes, I sprung forward and embraced 'him with great affection.

'My design was to betray him to Apsimar, who, I 'doubted not, would generously reward such a service. 'I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the 'whole evening with me; to which he consented. I 'formed an excuse for leaving him a few minutes, and 'ran away to the palace to acquaint Apsimar with the 'guest whom I had then in my cell. He presently 'ordered a guard to go with me and seize him: but 'whether the length of my stay gave him any suspicion, 'or whether he changed his purpose after my departure, 'I know not; for at my return we found he had given 'us the slip; nor could we with the most diligent search 'discover him.

'Apsimar, being disappointed of his prey, now raged 'at me: at first denouncing the most dreadful vengeance 'if I did not produce the deposed monarch. However, 'by soothing his passion when at the highest, and after-'wards by canting and flattery, I made a shift to escape 'his fury.

'When Justinian was restored I very confidently went 'to wish him joy of his restoration: but it seems he 'had unfortunately heard of my treachery, so that he 'at first received me coldly, and afterwards upbraided 'me openly with what I had done. I persevered stoutly 'in denying it, as I knew no evidence could be produced 'against me; till, finding him irreconcilable, I betook 'myself to reviling him in my sermons, and on every

'other occasion, as an enemy to the church, and good 'men, and as an infidel, an heretic, an atheist, a heathen, 'and an Arian. This I did immediately on his return, 'and before he gave those flagrant proofs of his inhu- 'manity which afterwards sufficiently verified all I had 'said.

'Luckily, I died on the same day when a great 'number of those forces which Justinian had sent 'against the Thracian Bosphorus, and who had executed 'such unheard-of cruelties there, perished. As every 'one of these was cast into the bottomless pit, Minos 'was so tired with condemnation, that he proclaimed 'that all present, who had not been concerned in that 'bloody expedition, might, if they pleased, return to 'the other world. I took him at his word, and, presently 'turning about, began my journey.'

CHAPTER XV.

Julian passes into the character of a Fiddler.

'Rome was now the seat of my nativity. My mother 'was an African, a woman of no great beauty, but a 'favourite, I suppose from her piety, to pope Gregory 'II. Who was my father, I know not: but I believe 'no very considerable man: for after the death of that 'pope, who was, out of his religion, a very good friend 'of my mother, we fell into great distress, and were 'at length reduced to walk the streets of Rome; nor 'had either of us any other support but a fiddle, on 'which I played with pretty tolerable skill: for as my 'genius turned naturally to music, so I had been in

'my youth very early instructed at the expense of the 'good pope. This afforded us but a very poor liveli-'hood: for though I had often a numerous crowd of 'hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged to con-'tribute the smallest pittance to the poor starving wretch 'who had given them pleasure. Nay, some of the 'graver sort, after an hour's attention to my music, 'have gone away shaking their heads, and crying, it 'was a shame such vagabonds were suffered to stay in 'the city.

'To say the truth, I am confident the fiddle would 'not have kept us alive, had we entirely depended on 'the generosity of my hearers. My mother therefore 'was forced to use her own industry; and while I was 'soothing the ears of the crowd, she applied to their 'pockets, and that generally with such good success, 'that we now began to enjoy a very comfortable subsis-'tence; and indeed, had we had the least prudence or 'forecast, might have soon acquired enough to enable 'us to quit this dangerous and dishonourable way of 'life: but I know not what is the reason, that money 'got with labour and safety is constantly preserved, 'while the produce of danger and ease is commonly 'spent as easily, and often as wickedly, as acquired. 'Thus we proportioned our expenses rather by what 'we had than what we wanted, or even desired; and 'on obtaining a considerable booty, we have even forced 'nature into the most profligate extravagance; and have 'been wicked without inclination.

'We carried on this method of thievery for a long 'time without detection: but as Fortune generally 'leaves persons of extraordinary ingenuity in the lurch 'at last; so did she us: for my poor mother was taken 'in the fact, and, together with myself, as her accom-'plice, hurried before a magistrate.

'Luckily for us, the person who was to be our judge, 'was the greatest lover of music in the whole city, and 'had often sent for me to play to him, for which, as he 'had given me very small rewards, perhaps his grati- 'tude now moved him: but, whatever was his motive, 'he browbeat the informers against us, and treated 'their evidence with so little favour, that their mouths 'were soon stopped, and we dismissed with honour; 'acquitted, I should rather have said: for we were 'not suffered to depart, till I had given the judge 'several tunes on the fiddle.

'We escaped the better on this occasion, because 'the person robbed happened to be a poet; which 'gave the judge, who was a facetious person, many 'opportunities of jesting. He said, poets and musicians 'should agree together, seeing they had married sisters; 'which he afterwards explained to be the sister arts. 'And when the piece of gold was produced he burst 'into a loud laugh, and said it must be the golden age, 'when poets had gold in their pockets, and in that age, 'there could be no robbers. He made many more jests 'of the same kind, but a small taste will suffice.

'It is a common saying that men should take 'warning by any signal delivery; but I cannot approve 'the justice of it: for to me it seems that the acquittal 'of a guilty person should rather inspire him with 'confidence, and it had this effect on us: for we now 'laughed at the law, and despised its punishments, which 'we found were to be escaped even against positive 'evidence. We imagined the late example was rather 'a warning to the accuser than the criminal, and accord- 'ingly proceeded in the most impudent and flagitious 'manner.

'Among other robberies, one night being admitted 'by the servants into the house of an opulent priest,

'my mother took an opportunity, whilst the servants 'were dancing to my tunes, to convey away a silver 'vessel; this she did without the least sacrilegious 'intention: but it seems the cup, which was a pretty 'large one, was dedicated to holy uses, and only bor-'rowed by the priest on an entertainment which he 'made for some of his brethren. We were immediately 'pursued upon this robbery (the cup being taken in 'our possession), and carried before the same magis-'trate, who had before behaved to us with so much 'gentleness; but his countenance was now changed; 'for the moment the priest appeared against us, his 'severity was as remarkable as his candour had been 'before, and we were both ordered to be stript and 'whipt through the streets.

'This sentence was executed with great severity, the 'priest himself attending and encouraging the execu-'tioner, which he said he did for the good of our souls: 'but though our backs were both flea'd, neither my 'mother's torments nor my own afflicted me so much, 'as the indignity offered to my poor fiddle, which was 'carried in triumph before me, and treated with a con-'tempt by the multitude, intimating a great scorn for 'the science I had the honour to profess; which, as it 'is one of the noblest inventions of men, and as I had 'been always in the highest degree proud of my excel-'lence in it, I suffered so much from the ill-treatment 'my fiddle received, that I would have given all my 'remainder of skin to have preserved it from this 'affront.

'My mother survived the whipping a very short time; 'and I was now reduced to great distress and misery, 'till a young Roman of considerable rank took a fancy 'to me, received me into his family, and conversed with 'me in the utmost familiarity. He had a violent

'attachment to music, and would learn to play on the 'fiddle: but, through want of genius for the science, 'he never made any considerable progress. However 'I flattered his performance, and he grew extravagantly 'fond of me for so doing. Had I continued this 'behaviour I might possibly have reaped the greatest 'advantages from his kindness: but I had raised his 'own opinion of his musical abilities so high that he 'now began to prefer his skill to mine, a presumption 'I could not bear. One day as we were playing in 'concert he was horribly out; nor was it possible, as 'he destroyed the harmony, to avoid telling him of it. 'Instead of receiving my correction, he answered, it 'was my blunder, and not his, and that I had mistaken 'the key. Such an affront from my own scholar was 'beyond human patience; I flew into a violent passion, 'I flung down my instrument in a rage, and swore I was 'not to be taught music at my age. He answered with 'as much warmth, nor was he to be instructed by a 'strolling fiddler. The dispute ended in a challenge to 'play a prize before judges. This wager was deter-'mined in my favour; but the purchase was a dear one; 'for I lost my friend by it, who now twitting me with 'all his kindness, with my former ignominious punish-'ment, and the destitute condition from which I had 'been by his bounty relieved, discarded me for ever.

'While I lived with this gentleman I became known, 'among others, to Sabina, a lady of distinction, and who 'valued herself much on her taste for music. She no 'sooner heard of my being discarded, than she took me 'into her house, where I was extremely well clothed and 'fed. Notwithstanding which, my situation was far from 'agreeable: for I was obliged to submit to her constant re-'prehensions before company; which gave me the greater 'uneasiness, because they were always wrong; nor am I

'certain that she did not by these provocations contribute 'to my death; for as experience had taught me to give up 'my sentiment to my bread, so my passions, for want of 'outward vent, preyed inwardly on my vitals, and perhaps 'occasioned the distemper of which I sickened.

'The lady, who, amidst all the faults she found, was 'very fond of me; nay, probably was the fonder of me 'the more faults she found; immediately called in the 'aid of three celebrated physicians. The doctors (being 'well fee'd) made me seven visits in three days; and two 'of them were at the door to visit me the eighth time, 'when, being acquainted that I was just dead, they shook 'their heads and departed.

'When I came to Minos, he asked me with a smile, 'whether I had brought my fiddle with me; and receiv- 'ing an answer in the negative, he bid me get about my 'business, saying, it was well for me that the devil was 'no lover of music.'

CHAPTER XVI.

The History of the Wise Man.

'I now returned to Rome, but in a very different cha- 'racter. Fortune had now allotted me a serious part to 'act. I had even in my infancy a grave disposition, nor 'was I ever seen to smile; which infused an opinion into 'all about me, that I was a child of great solidity: some 'foreseeing that I should be a judge, and others a bishop. 'At two years old my father presented me with a rattle, 'which I broke to pieces with great indignation. This, 'the good parent being extremely wise, regarded as an 'eminent symptom of my wisdom, and cried out in a

'kind of ecstasy, Well said, boy! I warrant thou makest 'a great man.

'At school, I could never be persuaded to play with 'my mates: not that I spent my hours in learning, to 'which I was not in the least addicted, nor indeed had I 'any talents for it. However, the solemnity of my 'carriage won so much on my master, who was a most 'sagacious person, that I was his chief favourite, and my 'example on all occasions was recommended to the other 'boys, which filled them with envy, and me with pleasure: 'but though they envied me, they all paid me that involuntary respect, which it is the curse attending this 'passion to bear towards its object.

'I had now obtained universally the character of a very 'wise young man, which I did not altogether purchase 'without pains; for the restraint I laid on myself in abstaining from the several diversions adapted to my years 'cost me many a yearning: but the pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fancied dignity of my character 'made me some amends.

'Thus I past on, without any thing very memorable 'happening to me, till I arrived at the age of twenty-'three; when unfortunately I fell acquainted with a 'young Neapolitan lady, whose name was Ariadne. Her 'beauty was so exquisite that her first sight made a violent impression on me; this was again improved by her 'behaviour, which was most genteel, easy, and affable: 'lastly, her conversation completed the conquest. In 'this she discovered a strong and lively understanding, 'with the sweetest and most benign temper. This lovely 'creature was about eighteen when I first unhappily beheld her at Rome, in a visit to a relation with whom I 'had great intimacy. As our interviews at first were extremely frequent my passions were captivated before I 'apprehended the least danger; and the sooner, probably,

'as the young lady herself, to whom I consulted every 'method of recommendation, was not displeased with my 'being her admirer.

'Ariadne having spent three months at Rome, now re- 'turned to Naples, bearing my heart with her: on the 'other hand, I had all the assurances, consistent with the 'constraint under which the most perfect modesty lays a 'young woman, that her own heart was not entirely un- 'affected. I soon found her absence gave me an un- 'easiness not easy to be borne, or to remove. I now first 'applied to diversions (of the graver sort, particularly to 'music), but in vain; they rather raised my desires, and 'heightened my anguish. My passion at length grew so 'violent that I began to think of satisfying it. As the 'first step to this, I cautiously enquired into the circum- 'stances of Ariadne's parents, with which I was hitherto 'unacquainted: though, indeed, I did not apprehend they 'were extremely great, notwithstanding the handsome ap- 'pearance of their daughter at Rome. Upon examina- 'tion, her fortune exceeded my expectation; but was not 'sufficient to justify my marriage with her, in the opinion 'of the wise and prudent. I had now a violent struggle 'between wisdom and happiness, in which, after several 'grievous pangs, wisdom got the better. I could by no 'means prevail with myself to sacrifice that character of 'profound wisdom, which I had with such uniform con- 'duct obtained, and with such caution hitherto preserved. 'I therefore resolved to conquer my affection, whatever 'it cost me; and indeed it did not cost me a little.

'While I was engaged in this conflict (for it lasted a 'long time), Ariadne returned to Rome: her presence 'was a terrible enemy to my wisdom, which even in her 'absence had with great difficulty stood its ground. It 'seems (as she hath since told me in Elysium with much 'merriment) I had made the same impressions on her

'which she had made on me. Indeed, I believe my 'wisdom would have been totally subdued by this sur- 'prise, had it not cunningly suggested to me a method of 'satisfying my passion without doing any injury to my 'reputation. This was by engaging her privately as a 'mistress, which was at that time reputable enough at 'Rome, provided the affair was managed with an air of 'slyness and gravity, though the secret was known to the 'whole city.

'I immediately set about this project, and employed 'every art and engine to effect it. I had particularly 'bribed her priest, and an old female acquaintance and 'distant relation of hers into my interest: but all was in 'vain; her virtue opposed the passion in her breast, as 'strongly as wisdom had opposed it in mine. She re- 'ceived my proposals with the utmost disdain, and pre- 'sently refused to see or hear from me any more.

'She returned again to Naples, and left me in a worse 'condition than before. My days I now passed with the 'most irksome uneasiness, and my nights were restless 'and sleepless. The story of our amour was now pretty 'public, and the ladies talked of our match as certain; 'but my acquaintance denied their assent, saying, No, 'no, he is too wise to marry so imprudently. This their 'opinion gave me, I own, very great pleasure: but, to 'say the truth, scarce compensated the pangs I suffered 'to preserve it.

'One day, while I was balancing with myself, and had 'almost resolved to enjoy my happiness, at the price of my 'character, a friend brought me word that Ariadne was 'married. This news struck me to the soul; and though 'I had resolution enough to maintain my gravity before 'him (for which I suffered not a little the more), the 'moment I was alone I threw myself into the most 'violent fit of despair, and would willingly have parted

'with wisdom, fortune, and every thing else to have 'retrieved her: but that was impossible, and I had now 'nothing but time to hope a cure from. This was very 'tedious in performing it, and the longer as Ariadne had 'married a Roman cavalier, was now become my near 'neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her 'make the best of wives, and of having the happiness, 'which I had lost, every day before my eyes.

'If I suffered so much on account of my wisdom in 'having refused Ariadne, I was not much more obliged 'to it for procuring me a rich widow, who was recom-'mended to me by an old friend, as a very prudent 'match, and, indeed, so it was; her fortune being 'superior to mine, in the same proportion as that of 'Ariadne had been inferior. I therefore embraced this 'proposal, and my character of wisdom soon pleaded so 'effectually for me with the widow, who was herself a 'woman of great gravity and discretion, that I soon suc-'ceeded; and as soon as decency would permit (of which 'this lady was the strictest observer), we were married, 'being the second day of the second week, of the second 'year, after her husband's death: for she said, she 'thought some period of time above the year had a 'great air of decorum.

'But prudent as this lady was, she made me miserable. 'Her person was far from being lovely, but her temper 'was intolerable. During fifteen years habitation I never 'passed a single day without heartily cursing her, and 'the hour in which we came together. The only com-'fort I received, in the midst of the highest torments, 'was from continually hearing the prudence of my match 'commended by all my acquaintance.

'Thus you see, in the affairs of love, I bought the 'reputation of wisdom pretty dear. In other matters I 'had it somewhat cheaper; not that hypocrisy, which

'was the price I gave for it, gives one no pain. I have 'refused myself a thousand little amusements with a 'feigned contempt, while I have really had an inclina- 'tion to them. I have often almost choked myself to 'restrain from laughing at a jest, and (which was perhaps 'to myself the least hurtful of all my hypocrisy) have 'heartily enjoyed a book in my closet, which I have 'spoke with detestation of in public. To sum up my 'history in short, as I had few adventures worth remem- 'bering, my whole life was one constant lie; and happy 'would it have been for me if I could as thoroughly 'have imposed on myself, as I did on others: for reflec- 'tion, at every turn, would often remind me I was not 'so wise as people thought me; and this considerably 'embittered the pleasure I received from the public com- 'mendation of my wisdom. This self-admonition, like a '*memento mori* or *mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, 'a very dangerous enemy to flattery: indeed, a weight 'sufficient to counterbalance all the false praise of the 'world. But, whether it be, that the generality of wise 'men do not reflect at all, or whether they have from a 'constant imposition on others, contracted such a habit of 'deceit as to deceive themselves, I will not determine: it 'is, I believe, most certain, that very few wise men know 'themselves what fools they are more than the world 'doth. Good gods! could one but see what passes in 'the closet of wisdom! how ridiculous a sight must it 'be to behold the wise man, who despises gratifying 'his palate, devouring custard; the sober wise man 'with his dram-bottle; or, the anticarnalist (if I may 'be allowed the expression) chuckling over a b—dy 'book or picture, and perhaps caressing his house- 'maid!

'But to conclude a character, in which I apprehend I 'made as absurd a figure as in any in which I trod the

'stage of earth, my wisdom at last put an end to itself; 'that is, occasioned my dissolution.

'A relation of mine in the eastern part of the empire 'disinherited his son, and left me his heir. This hap- 'pened in the depth of winter, when I was in my grand 'climacteric, and had just recovered of a dangerous 'disease. As I had all the reason imaginable to appre- 'hend the family of the deceased would conspire against 'me, and embezzle as much as they could, I advised with 'a grave and wise friend, what was proper to be done; 'whether I should go myself, or employ a notary on this 'occasion, and defer my journey to the spring. To say 'the truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the rather 'as my circumstances were extremely flourishing, as I 'was advanced in years, and had not one person in the 'world to whom I should with pleasure bequeath any 'fortune at my death.

'My friend told me he thought my question admitted 'of no manner of doubt or debate; that common pru- 'dence absolutely required my immediate departure; 'adding, that if the same good luck had happened to 'him, he would have been already on his journey: for, 'continued he, a man who knows the world so well as 'you would be inexcusable to give persons such an 'opportunity of cheating you, who, you must be assured, 'will be too well inclined; and as for employing a 'notary, remember that excellent maxim, *Ne facias per 'alium, quod fieri potest per te.* I own the badness of 'the season, and your very late recovery, are unlucky 'circumstances: but a wise man must get over difficulties 'when necessity obliges him to encounter them.

'I was immediately determined by this opinion. The 'duty of a wise man made an irresistible impression, and 'I took the necessity for granted, without examination. 'I accordingly set forward the next morning; very tem-

'pestuous weather soon overtook me; I had not tra-
'velled three days before I relapsed into my fever, and
'died.

'I was now as cruelly disappointed by Minos, as I had
'formerly been happily so. I advanced with the utmost
'confidence to the gate, and really imagined I should
'have been admitted by the wisdom of my countenance,
'even without any questions asked: but this was not my
'case; and, to my great surprise, Minos, with a menacing
'voice, called out to me——You Mr. there, with the
'grave countenance, whither so fast, pray? Will you
'please, before you move any farther forwards, to give
'me a short account of your transactions below. I then
'began, and recounted to him my whole history, still
'expecting, at the end of every period, that the gate
'would be ordered to fly open; but I was obliged to go
'quite through with it, and then Minos, after some little
'consideration, spoke to me as follows:—

'You, Mr. Wiseman, stand forth if you please. Believe
'me, Sir, a trip back again to earth will be one of the
'wisest steps you ever took, and really more to the
'honour of your wisdom, than any you have hitherto
'taken. On the other side, nothing could be simpler,
'than to endeavour at Elysium; for who, but a fool,
'would carry a commodity, which is of such infinite
'value in one place, into another where it is of none?
'But without attempting to offend your gravity with a
'jest, you must return to the place from whence you
'came: for Elysium was never designed for those who
'are too wise to be happy.

'This sentence confounded me greatly, especially as it
'seemed to threaten me with carrying my wisdom back
'again to earth. I told the judge, though he would not
'admit me at the gate, I hoped I had committed no crime,
'while alive, which merited my being wise any longer. He

'answered me, I must take my chance as to that matter;
'and immediately we turned our backs to each other.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Julian enters into the person of a King.

'I was born at Oviedo in Spain. My father's name was
'Veremond, and I was adopted by my uncle, king
'Alphonso the chaste. I don't recollect, in all the
'pilgrimages I have made on earth, that I ever passed a
'more miserable infancy than now; being under the
'utmost confinement and restraint, and surrounded with
'physicians, who were ever dosing me; and tutors, who
'were continually plaguing me with their instructions;
'even those hours of leisure, which my inclination would
'have spent in play, were allotted to tedious pomp and
'ceremony, which, at an age wherein I had no ambition
'to enjoy the servility of courtiers, enslaved me more
'than it could the meanest of them. However, as I
'advanced towards manhood my condition made me
'some amends; for the most beautiful women of their
'own accord threw out lures for me, and I had the happi-
'ness, which no man in an inferior degree can arrive at,
'of enjoying the most delicious creatures without the
'previous and tiresome ceremonies of courtship, unless
'with the most simple, young, and unexperienced. As
'for the court ladies, they regarded me rather as men do
'the most lovely of the other sex; and though they out-
'wardly retained some appearance of modesty, they in
'reality rather considered themselves as receiving than
'conferring favours.

'Another happiness I enjoyed was in conferring

'favours of another sort; for as I was extremely good-
'natured and generous, so I had daily opportunities of
'satisfying those passions. Besides my own princely
'allowance, which was very bountiful, and with which I
'did many liberal and good actions, I recommended
'numberless persons of merit in distress to the king's
'notice, most of whom were provided for.

'Indeed, had I sufficiently known my blest situation
'at this time, I should have grieved at nothing more than
'the death of Alphonso, by which the burden of govern-
'ment devolved upon me: but so blindly fond is
'ambition, and such charms doth it fancy in the power,
'and pomp, and splendour of a crown, that though I
'vehemently loved that king, and had the greatest
'obligations to him, the thoughts of succeeding him
'obliterated my regret at his loss, and the wish for my
'approaching coronation dried my eyes at his funeral.

'But my fondness for the name of king, did not make
'me forgetful of those over whom I was to reign. I
'considered them in the light in which a tender father
'regards his children, as persons whose well-being God
'had entrusted to my care; and again, in that in which
'a prudent lord respects his tenant, as those on whose
'wealth and grandeur he is to build his own. Both
'these considerations inspired me with the greatest care
'for their welfare, and their good was my first and
'ultimate concern.

'The usurper Muregas had impiously obliged himself
'and his successors to pay to the Moors every year an
'infamous tribute of a hundred young virgins: from this
'cruel and scandalous imposition I resolved to relieve my
'country. Accordingly, when their emperor Abderames
'the Second had the audaciousness to make this demand
'of me, instead of complying with it, I ordered his
'ambassadors to be driven away with all imaginable

'ignominy, and would have condemned them to death, 'could I have done it without a manifest violation of the 'law of nations.

'I now raised an immense army. At the levying of 'which I made a speech from my throne, acquainting my 'subjects with the necessity, and the reasons of the war 'in which I was going to engage: which I convinced 'them I had undertaken for their ease and safety, and 'not for satisfying any wanton ambition, or revenging 'any private pique of my own. They all declared 'unanimously that they would venture their lives, and 'every thing dear to them, in my defence, and in the 'support of the honour of my crown. Accordingly, my 'levies were instantly complete, sufficient numbers being 'only left to till the land; churchmen, even bishops 'themselves, enlisting themselves under my banners.

'The armies met at Alvelda, where we were discom-'fited with immense loss, and nothing but the lucky 'intervention of the night could have saved our whole 'army.

'I retreated to the summit of a hill, where I abandoned 'myself to the highest agonies of grief, not so much for 'the danger in which I then saw my crown, as for the 'loss of those miserable wretches who had exposed their 'lives at my command. I could not then avoid this 'reflection; That if the deaths of these people in a war, 'undertaken absolutely for their protection, could give 'me such concern; what horror must I have felt, if, like 'princes greedy of dominion, I had sacrificed such 'numbers to my own pride, vanity, and ridiculous lust of 'power.

'After having vented my sorrows for some time in this 'manner I began to consider by what means I might 'possibly endeavour to retrieve this misfortune; when, re-'flecting on the great number of priests I had in my army,

'and on the prodigious force of superstition, a thought 'luckily suggested itself to me to counterfeit that St. 'James had appeared to me in a vision, and had promised 'me the victory. While I was ruminating on this the 'bishop of Najara came opportunely to me. As I 'did not intend to communicate the secret to him I 'took another method, and, instead of answering any 'thing the bishop said to me, I pretended to talk to 'St. James, as if he had been really present; till at 'length, after having spoke those things which I thought 'sufficient, and thanked the saint aloud for his promise of 'the victory, I turned about to the bishop, and embracing 'him with a pleased countenance, protested I did not 'know he was present; and then, informing him of this 'supposed vision, I asked him if he had not himself seen 'the saint? He answered me he had; and afterwards 'proceeded to assure me that this appearance of St. 'James was entirely owing to his prayers; for that he 'was his tutelar saint. He added, he had a vision of him 'a few hours before, when he promised him a victory 'over the infidels, and acquainted him at the same time of 'the vacancy of the see of Toledo. Now, this news being 'really true, though it had happened so lately, that I had 'not heard of it (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should, 'considering the great distance of the way), when I was 'afterwards acquainted with it, a little staggered me, 'though far from being superstitious; till being informed 'that the bishop had lost three horses on a late expedi-'tion, I was satisfied.

'The next morning, the bishop, at my desire, mounted 'the rostrum, and trumpeted forth this vision so effectu-'ally, which he said he had that evening twice seen with 'his own eyes, that a spirit began to be infused through 'the whole army, which rendered them superior to almost 'any force: the bishop insisted that the least doubt of

'success was giving the lie to the saint, and a damnable 'sin, and he took upon him in his name to promise them 'victory.

'The army being drawn out, I soon experienced the 'effect of enthusiasm, for having contrived another* 'stratagem to strengthen what the bishop had said, the 'soldiers fought more like furies than men. My strata-'gem was this: I had about me a dexterous fellow, who 'had been formerly a pimp in my amours. Him I 'dressed up in a strange antic dress, with a pair of white 'colours in his right hand, a red cross in his left, and, 'having disguised him so that no one could know him, 'I placed him on a white horse, and ordered him to ride 'to the head of the army, and cry out, Follow St. James! 'These words were reiterated by all the troops, who at-'tacked the enemy with such intrepidity, that, notwith-'standing our inferiority of numbers, we soon obtained 'a complete victory.

'The bishop was come up by the time that the enemy 'was routed, and acquainting us that he had met St. James 'by the way, and that he had informed him of what had 'passed, he added, that he had express orders from the 'saint to receive a considerable sum for his use, and that 'a certain tax on corn and wine should be settled on his 'church for ever; and lastly, that a horseman's pay 'should be allowed for the future to the saint himself, 'of which he and his successors were appointed receivers. 'The army received these demands with such acclama-'tions that I was obliged to comply with them, as I could 'by no means discover the imposition, nor do I believe I 'should have gained any credit if I had.

'I had now done with the saint, but the bishop had 'not; for about a week afterwards lights were seen in a

* This silly story is told as a solemn truth (*i.e.* that St. James really appeared in the manner this fellow is described) by Mariana, l. 7, § 78.

'wood near where the battle was fought; and, in a short 'time afterwards, they discovered his tomb at the same 'place. Upon this, the bishop made me a visit, and 'forced me to go thither, build a church to him, and 'largely endow it. In a word, the good man so plagued 'me with miracle after miracle that I was forced to make 'interest with the Pope to convey him to Toledo, to get 'rid of him.

'But to proceed to other matters.—There was an in-'ferior officer, who had behaved very bravely in the 'battle against the Moors, and had received several 'wounds, who solicited me for preferment; which I was 'about to confer on him, when one of my ministers came 'to me in a fright, and told me, that he had promised the 'post I designed for this man to the son of Count Alde-'redo; and that the count, who was a powerful person, 'would be greatly disobliged at the refusal, as he had 'sent for his son from school to take possession of it. I 'was obliged to agree with my minister's reasons, and at 'the same time recommended the wounded soldier to be 'preferred by him, which he faithfully promised he 'would; but I met the poor wretch since in Elysium, 'who informed me he was afterwards starved to death.

'None, who hath not been himself a prince, nor any 'prince, till his death, can conceive the impositions daily 'put on them by their favourites and ministers; so that 'princes are often blamed for the faults of others. The 'Count of Saldagne had been long confined in prison, 'when his son D. Bernard del Carpio, who had performed 'the greatest actions against the Moors, entreated me, as 'a reward for his service, to grant him his father's 'liberty. The old man's punishment had been so tedious, 'and the services of the young one so singularly eminent, 'that I was very inclinable to grant the request; but my 'ministers strongly opposed it. They told me, *My glory*

'*demanded revenge for the dishonour offered to my family;* '*that so positive a demand carried with it rather the air of* '*menace than entreaty. That the vain detail of his services,* '*and the recompense due to them, was an injurious re-* '*proach. That to grant what had been so haughtily de-* '*manded, would argue in the monarch both weakness and* '*timidity; in a word, that to remit the punishment inflicted* '*by my predecessors would be to condemn their judgment.* '*Lastly, one told me in a whisper, his whole family are* '*enemies to your house.* By these means the ministers 'prevailed. The young lord took the refusal so ill, 'that he retired from court, and abandoned himself to 'despair, whilst the old one languished in prison. By 'which means, as I have since discovered, I lost the use 'of two of my best subjects.

'To confess the truth, I had, by means of my ministers, 'conceived a very unjust opinion of my whole people, 'whom I fancied to be daily conspiring against me, and 'to entertain the most disloyal thoughts; when in reality '(as I have known since my death) they held me in 'universal respect and esteem. This is a trick, I believe, 'too often played with sovereigns, who, by such means, 'are prevented from that open intercourse with their 'subjects, which as it would greatly endear the person of 'the prince to the people, so might it often prove danger-'ous to a minister, who was consulting his own interest 'only at the expense of both. I believe I have now re-'counted to you the most material passages of my life; 'for I assure you, there are some incidents in the lives of 'kings not extremely worth relating. Every thing which 'passes in their minds and families is not attended with 'the splendour which surrounds their throne: indeed, 'there are some hours wherein the naked king and the 'naked cobler can scarce be distinguished from each 'other.

'Had it not been, however, for my ingratitude to 'Bernard del Carpio, I believe this would have been my 'last pilgrimage on earth: for as to the story of St. 'James, I thought Minos would have burst his sides at 'it; but he was so displeased with me on the other 'account, that, with a frown, he cried out, Get thee 'back again, king. Nor would he suffer me to say 'another word.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Julian passes into a Fool.

'THE next visit I made to the world, was performed in 'France, where I was born in the court of Lewis III. 'and had afterwards the honour to be preferred to be 'fool to the prince, who was surnamed Charles the 'Simple. But in reality, I know not whether I might 'so properly be said to have acted the fool in his court as 'to have made fools of all others in it. Certain it is, I 'was very far from being what is generally understood by 'that word, being a most cunning, designing, arch knave. 'I knew very well the folly of my master, and of many 'others, and how to make my advantage of this know-'ledge. I was as dear to Charles the Simple, as the 'player Paris was to Domitian, and, like him, bestowed 'all manner of offices and honours on whom I pleased. 'This drew me a great number of followers among the 'courtiers, who really mistook me for a fool, and yet 'flattered my understanding. There was particularly in 'the court a fellow, who had neither honour, honesty, 'sense, wit, courage, beauty, nor indeed any one good 'quality, either of mind or body, to recommend him; but

'was at the same time, perhaps, as cunning a monster as 'ever lived. This gentleman took it into his head to list 'under my banner, and pursued me so very assiduously 'with flattery, constantly reminding me of my good sense, 'that I grew immoderately fond of him; for though 'flattery is not most judiciously applied to qualities which 'the persons flattered possess, yet as, notwithstanding my 'being well assured of my own parts, I passed in the 'whole court for a fool, this flattery was a very sweet 'morsel to me. I therefore got this fellow preferred to 'a bishopric, but I lost my flatterer by it; for he never 'afterwards said a civil thing to me.

'I never baulked my imagination for the grossness of 'the reflection on the character of the greatest noble, nay 'even the king himself; of which I will give you a very 'bold instance. One day, his simple majesty told me he 'believed I had so much power that his people looked on 'me as the king, and himself as my fool. At this I pre-'tended to be angry as with an affront. Why, how now? 'says the king; Are you ashamed of being a king? 'No, Sir, says I, but I am devilishly ashamed of my fool.

'Hebert, Earl of Vermandois, had by my means been 'restored to the favour of The Simple (for so I used 'always to call Charles). He afterwards prevailed with 'the king to take the city of Arras from Earl Baldwin, 'by which means Hebert, in exchange for this city, had 'Peronne restored to him by Count Altmar. Baldwin 'came to court, in order to procure the restoration of 'his city; but, either through pride or ignorance, 'neglected to apply to me. As I met him at court 'during his solicitation, I told him he did not apply 'the right way; he answered roughly, he should not 'ask a fool's advice. I replied I did not wonder at his 'prejudice; since he had miscarried already by following 'a fool's advice: but I told him there were fools who had

'more interest than that he had brought with him to 'court. He answered me surlily, he had no fool with 'him, for that he travelled alone.—Ay, my lord, says I, I 'often travel alone, and yet they will have it I always 'carry a fool with me. This raised a laugh among the 'bystanders, on which he gave me a blow. I imme- 'diately complained of this usage to The Simple, who 'dismissed the earl from court with very hard words, 'instead of granting him the favour he solicited.

'I give you these rather as a specimen of my interest 'and impudence than of my wit; indeed my jests were 'commonly more admired than they ought to be; for 'perhaps I was not in reality much more a wit than a 'fool. But, with the latitude of unbounded scurrility, it 'is easy enough to attain the character of wit, especially 'in a court, where, as all persons hate and envy one 'another heartily, and are at the same time obliged 'by the constrained behaviour of civility to profess 'the greatest liking, so it is, and must be wonderfully 'pleasant to them to see the follies of their acquaintance 'exposed by a third person. Besides, the opinion of 'the court is as uniform as the fashion, and is always 'guided by the will of the prince or of the favourite. 'I doubt not that Caligula's horse was universally held 'in his court to be a good and able consul. In the 'same manner was I universally acknowledged to be 'the wittiest fool in the world. Every word I said 'raised laughter, and was held to be a jest, especially 'by the ladies; who sometimes laughed before I had 'discovered my sentiment, and often repeated that as 'a jest which I did not even intend as one.

'I was as severe on the ladies as on the men, and with 'the same impunity; but this at last cost me dear: for 'once having joked the beauty of a lady, whose name 'was Adelaide, a favourite of The Simple's, she pretended

'to smile and be pleased at my wit with the rest of the 'company; but in reality she highly resented it, and en- 'deavoured to undermine me with the king. In which 'she so greatly succeeded (for what cannot a favourite 'woman do with one who deserves the surname of 'Simple?) that the king grew every day more reserved 'to me, and when I attempted any freedom, gave me such 'marks of his displeasure, that the courtiers (who have 'all hawks' eyes at a slight from the sovereign) soon dis- 'cerned it: and indeed, had I been blind enough not to 'have discovered that I had lost ground in the Simple's 'favour by his own change in his carriage towards me, I 'must have found it, nay even felt it, in the behaviour of 'the courtiers: for, as my company was two days before 'solicited with the utmost eagerness, it was now rejected 'with as much scorn. I was now the jest of the ushers 'and pages; and an officer of the guards, on whom I was 'a little jocose, gave me a box on the ear, bidding me 'make free with my equals. This very fellow had been 'my butt for many years, without daring to lift his hand 'against me.

'But though I visibly perceived the alteration in The 'Simple, I was utterly unable to make any guess at the 'occasion. I had not the least suspicion of Adelaide: 'for, besides her being a very good-humoured woman, I 'had often made severe jests on her reputation, which I 'had all the reason imaginable to believe had given her 'no offence. But I soon perceived that a woman will 'bear the most bitter censures on her morals easier than 'the smallest reflection on her beauty; for she now 'declared publicly that I ought to be dismissed from 'court, as the stupidest of fools, and one in whom there 'was no diversion; and that she wondered how any per- 'son could have so little taste, as to imagine I had any 'wit. This speech was echoed through the drawing-

'room, and agreed to by all present. Every one now put 'on an unusual gravity on their countenance whenever I 'spoke; and it was as much out of my power to raise a 'laugh, as formerly it had been for me to open my mouth 'without one.

'While my affairs were in this posture, I went one day 'into the circle without my fool's dress. The Simple, 'who would still speak to me, cried out. So fool, 'what's the matter now? Sir, answered I, fools are 'like to be so common a commodity at court, that I am 'weary of my coat. How dost thou mean, answered 'the Simple; what can make them commoner now than 'usual?—O Sir, said I, there are ladies here make 'your majesty a fool every day of their lives. The 'Simple took no notice of my jest, and several present 'said my bones ought to be broke for my impudence; 'but it pleased the queen, who knowing Adelaide, whom 'she hated, to be the cause of my disgrace, obtained me 'of the king, and took me into her service; so that 'I was henceforth called the queen's fool, and in her 'court received the same honour, and had as much wit as 'I had formerly had in the king's. But as the queen had 'really no power unless over her own domestics, I was 'not treated in general with that complacence, nor did I 'receive those bribes and presents, which had once fallen 'to my share.

'Nor did this confined respect continue long: for 'the queen who had in fact no taste for humour, soon 'grew sick of my foolery, and forgetting the cause for 'which she had taken me, neglected me so much, that 'her court grew intolerable to my temper, and I broke 'my heart and died.

'Minos laughed heartily at several things in my story, 'and then telling me no one played the fool in Elysium, 'bid me go back again.'

CHAPTER XIX.

Julian appears in the character of a Beggar.

'I NOW returned to Rome, and was born into a very poor 'and numerous family, which, to be honest with you, 'procured its livelihood by begging. This, if you was 'never yourself of the calling, you do not know, I sup- 'pose, to be as regular a trade as any other; to have its 'several rules and secrets, or mysteries, which to learn 'require perhaps as tedious an apprenticeship as those of 'any craft whatever.

'The first thing we are taught is the countenance 'miserable. This indeed nature makes much easier to 'some than others; but there are none who cannot ac- 'complish it, if they begin early enough in youth, and 'before the muscles are grown too stubborn.

'The second thing is, the voice lamentable. In this 'qualification, too, nature must have her share in 'producing the most consummate excellence: however, 'art will here, as in every other instance, go a great 'way with industry and application, even without the 'assistance of genius: especially if the student begins 'young.

'There are many other instructions; but these are 'the most considerable. The women are taught one 'practice more than the men, for they are instructed 'in the art of crying, that is, to have their tears ready 'on all occasions: but this is attained very easily by 'most. Some indeed arrive at the utmost perfection in 'this art with incredible facility.

'No profession requires a deeper insight into human 'nature than the beggar's. Their knowledge of the 'passions of men is so extensive, that I have often

'thought it would be of no little service to a politician 'to have his education among them. Nay, there is a 'much greater analogy between these two characters 'than is imagined; for both concur in their first and 'grand principle, it being equally their business to delude 'and impose on mankind. It must be confessed that 'they differ widely in the degree of advantage which 'they make by their deceit; for, whereas the beggar 'is contented with a little, the politician leaves but a 'little behind.

'A very great English philosopher hath remarked 'our policy, in taking care never to address any one 'with a title inferior to what he really claims. My 'father was of the same opinion: for I remember when 'I was a boy, the pope happening to pass by, I attended 'him with pray, Sir; for God's sake, Sir; for the Lord's 'sake, Sir;—To which he answered gravely, Sirrah, 'sirrah, you ought to be whipt for taking the Lord's 'name in vain; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave 'me nothing. My father overhearing this took his ad- 'vice, and whipt me very severely. While I was under 'correction I promised often never to take the Lord's 'name in vain any more. My father then said, Child, 'I do not whip you for taking his name in vain: I whip 'you for not calling the pope his holiness.

'If all men were so wise and good to follow the 'clergy's example, the nuisance of beggars would soon 'be removed. I do not remember to have been above 'twice relieved by them during my whole state of 'beggary. Once was by a very well-looking man, who 'gave me a small piece of silver, and declared, he had 'given me more than he had left himself; the other was 'by a spruce young fellow, who had that very day first 'put on his robes, whom I attended with pray, reve- 'rend Sir, good reverend Sir, consider your cloth. He

'answered, I do, child, consider my office, and I hope 'all our cloth do the same. He then threw down some 'money, and strutted off with great dignity.

'With the women, I had one general formulary: 'Sweet pretty lady, God bless your ladyship, God bless 'your handsome face. This generally succeeded; but 'I observed, the uglier the woman was the surer I was 'of success.

'It was a constant maxim among us, that the greater 'retinue any one travelled with the less expectation we 'might promise ourselves from them; but whenever we 'saw a vehicle with a single, or no servant, we imagined 'our booty sure, and were seldom deceived.

'We observed great difference introduced by time and 'circumstance in the same person; for instance, a losing 'gamester is sometimes generous: but from a winner 'you will as easily obtain his soul as a single groat. A 'lawyer travelling from his country seat to his clients at 'Rome, and a physician going to visit a patient, were 'always worth asking; but the same on their return were '(according to our cant phrase) untouchable.

'The most general, and indeed, the truest maxim 'among us, was, that those who possessed the least were 'always the readiest to give. The chief art of a beggar-'man is therefore to discern the rich from the poor, 'which, though it be only distinguishing substance from 'shadow, is by no means attainable without a pretty 'good capacity, and a vast degree of attention: for these 'two are eternally industrious in endeavouring to counter-'feit each other. In this deceit, the poor man is more 'heartily in earnest to deceive you than the rich; who, 'amidst all the emblems of poverty which he puts on, 'still permits some mark of his wealth to strike the eye. 'Thus, while his apparel is not worth a groat, his finger 'wears a ring of value, or his pocket a gold watch. In a

'word, he seems rather to affect poverty to insult than 'impose on you. Now the poor man, on the contrary, is 'very sincere in his desire of passing for rich; but the 'eagerness of this desire hurries him to overact his part, 'and he betrays himself, as one who is drunk by his 'overacted sobriety. Thus, instead of being attended 'by one servant well mounted, he will have two; and 'not being able to purchase or maintain a second horse 'of value, one of his servants at least is mounted on a 'hired rascallion. He is not contented to go plain and 'neat in his clothes; he therefore claps on some tawdry 'ornament, and what he adds to the fineness of his vest-'ment he detracts from the fineness of his linen. Without 'descending into more minute particulars, I believe I 'may assert it as an axiom of indubitable truth, that 'whoever shews you he is, either in himself, or his 'equipage, as gaudy as he can, convinces you he is more 'so than he can afford. Now, whenever a man's expence 'exceeds his income, he is indifferent in the degree; we 'had therefore nothing more to do with such than to 'flatter them with their wealth and splendor, and were 'always certain of success.

'There is, indeed, one kind of rich man, who is com-'monly more liberal, namely, where riches surprise him, 'as it were, in the midst of poverty and distress, the 'consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive 'avarice; but oftener extreme prodigality. I remember 'one of these who, having received a pretty large sum of 'money, gave me, when I begged an obolus, a whole 'talent; on which his friend having reproved him, he 'answered with an oath, Why not? Have I not fifty 'left?

'The life of a beggar, if men estimated things by their 'real essence, and not by their outward false appearance, 'would be, perhaps, a more desirable situation than any

'of those, which ambition persuades us with such diffi-
'culty, danger, and often villany to aspire to. The wants
'of a beggar are commonly as chimerical as the abun-
'dance of a nobleman; for besides vanity, which a
'judicious beggar will always apply to with wonderful
'efficacy, there are in reality very few natures so
'hardened, as not to compassionate poverty and distress,
'when the predominancy of some other passion doth not
'prevent them.

'There is one happiness which attends money got with
'ease, namely, that it is never hoarded; otherwise, as we
'have frequent opportunities of growing rich, that canker
'care might prey upon our quiet, as it doth on others;
'but our money stock we spend as fast as we acquire it;
'usually at least, for I speak not without exception; thus
'it gives us mirth only, and no trouble. Indeed, the
'luxury of our lives might introduce diseases, did not our
'daily exercise prevent them. This gives us an appetite
'and relish for our dainties, and at the same time an
'antidote against the evil effects, which sloth, united
'with luxury, induces on the habit of a human body.
'Our women we enjoy with ecstacies, at least equal to
'what the greatest men feel in their embraces. I can,
'I am assured, say of myself, that no mortal could reap
'more perfect happiness from the tender passion than my
'fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young
'woman for love; she was the daughter of a neighbour-
'ing beggar, who, with an improvidence too often seen,
'spent a very large income which he procured by his
'profession, so that he was able to give her no fortune
'down; however, at his death, he left her a very well
'accustomed begging-hut, situated on the side of a steep
'hill, where travellers could not immediately escape from
'us, and a garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth
'part of an acre, well planted. She made the best of

'wives, bore me nineteen children, and never failed, 'unless on her lying-in, which generally lasted three 'days, to get my supper ready, against my return home 'in an evening; this being my favourite meal, and at 'which I as well as my whole family, greatly enjoyed 'ourselves; the principal subject of our discourse being 'generally the boons we had that day obtained, on which 'occasions laughing at the folly of the donors made no 'inconsiderable part of the entertainment; for, whatever 'might be their motive for giving, we constantly imputed 'our success to our having flattered their vanity, or over-'reached their understanding.

'But perhaps I have dwelt too long on this character; 'I shall conclude therefore with telling you, that after a 'life of 102 years continuance, during all which I had 'never known any sickness or infirmity, but that which 'old age necessarily induced, I at last, without the least 'pain, went out like the snuff of a candle.

'Minos, having heard my history, bid me compute, if 'I could, how many lies I had told in my life. As we 'are here, by a certain fated necessity, obliged to confine 'ourselves to the truth, I answered, I believed about '50,000,000. He then replied with a frown, Can such a 'wretch conceive any hopes of entering Elysium? I 'immediately turned about, and, upon the whole, was 'rejoiced at his not calling me back.'

CHAPTER XX.

Julian performs the part of a Statesman.

'It was now my fortune to be born of a German Princess; 'but a man-midwife pulling my head off, in delivering 'my mother, put a speedy end to my princely life.

'Spirits, who end their lives before they are at the age 'of five years, are immediately ordered into other bodies; 'and it was now my fortune to perform several infancies 'before I could again entitle myself to an examination of 'Minos.

'At length I was destined once more to play a con- 'siderable part on the stage. I was born in England, in 'the reign of Etheldred II. My father's name was 'Ulnoth. He was Earl or Thane of Sussex: I was 'afterwards known by the name of Earl Godwin, and 'began to make a considerable figure in the world, in 'the time of Harold Harefoot, whom I procured to 'be made King of Wessex, or the West Saxons, in pre- 'judice of Hardicanute, whose mother Emma endeavoured 'afterwards to set another of her sons on the throne: but 'I circumvented her, and communicating her design to 'the king, at the same time acquainted him with a project 'which I had formed for the murder of these two young 'princes. Emma had sent for these her sons from Nor- 'mandy, with the king's leave, whom she had deceived 'by her religious behaviour, and pretended neglect of all 'worldly affairs; but I prevailed with Harold to invite 'these princes to his court, and put them to death. The 'prudent mother sent only Alfred, retaining Edward to 'herself, as she suspected my ill designs, and thought 'I should not venture to execute them on one of her sons, 'while she secured the other; but she was deceived, for 'I had no sooner Alfred in my possession, than I caused 'him to be conducted to Ely, where I ordered his eyes to 'be put out, and afterwards to be confined in a monastery.

'This was one of those cruel expedients which great 'men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding 'them to be necessary to the service of their prince, who 'is the support of their ambition.

'Edward, the other son of Emma, escaped again to

'Normandy; whence, after the death of Harold and 'Hardicanute, he made no scruple of applying to my 'protection and favour, though he had before prosecuted 'me, with all the vengeance he was able, for the murder of 'his brother: but in all great affairs private relation must 'yield to public interest. Having therefore concluded 'very advantageous terms for myself with him, I made 'no scruple of patronising his cause, and soon placed him 'on the throne. Nor did I conceive the least appre-'hension from his resentment, as I knew my power was 'too great for him to encounter.

'Among other stipulated conditions, one was to marry 'my daughter Editha. This Edward consented to with 'great reluctance, and I had afterwards no reason to be 'pleased with it; for it raised her, who had been my 'favourite child, to such an opinion of greatness, that, 'instead of paying me the usual respect, she frequently 'threw in my teeth (as often at least as I gave her any 'admonition), that she was now a queen, and that the 'character and title of father merged in that of subject. 'This behaviour, however, did not cure me of my affec-'tion towards her, nor lessen the uneasiness which I 'afterwards bore on Edward's dismissing her from 'his bed.

'One thing, which principally induced me to labour 'the promotion of Edward, was the simplicity or weak-'ness of that prince, under whom I promised myself 'absolute dominion, under another name. Nor did this 'opinion deceive me: for during his whole reign my 'administration was in the highest degree despotic: I 'had every thing of royalty but the outward ensigns: no 'man ever applying for a place, or any kind of prefer-'ment, but to me only. A circumstance, which as it 'greatly enriched my coffers, so it no less pampered my 'ambition, and satisfied my vanity with a numerous

'attendance; and I had the pleasure of seeing those, who 'only bowed to the king, prostrating themselves before 'me.

'Edward the Confessor, or St. Edward, as some have 'called him in derision, I suppose being a very silly 'fellow, had all the faults incident, and almost in-'separable to fools. He married my daughter Editha, 'from his fear of disobliging me; and afterwards, out of 'hatred to me, refused even to consummate his marriage, 'though she was one of the most beautiful women of her 'age. He was likewise guilty of the basest ingratitude 'to his mother (a vice to which fools are chiefly, if not 'only liable), and in return for her endeavours to procure 'him a throne in his youth, confined her in a loathsome 'prison in her old age. This, it is true, he did by my 'advice: but as to her walking over nine ploughshares 'red-hot, and giving nine manors, when she had not one 'in her possession, there is not a syllable of veracity 'in it.

'The first great perplexity I fell into, was on the 'account of my son Swane, who had deflowered the 'Abbess of Leon, since called Leominster in Hereford-'shire. After this fact, he retired into Denmark, whence 'he sent to me to obtain his pardon. The King at first 'refused it; being moved thereto, as I afterwards found, 'by some churchmen, particularly by one of his chap-'lains, whom I had prevented from obtaining a bishopric. 'Upon this, my son Swane invaded the coasts with 'several ships, and committed many outrageous cruelties; 'which, indeed, did his business, as they served me to 'apply to this fear of this king, which I had long since 'discovered to be his predominant passion. And, at 'last, he, who had refused pardon to his first offence, 'submitted to give it him after he had committed many 'other more monstrous crimes; by which his pardon

'lost all grace to the offender, and received double 'censure from all others.

'The king was greatly inclined to the Normans, had 'created a Norman archbishop of Canterbury, and had 'heaped extraordinary favours on him. I had no other 'objection to this man than that he rose without my 'assistance; a cause of dislike, which, in the reign of 'great and powerful favourites, hath often proved fatal 'to the persons who have given it, as the persons thus 'raised inspire us constantly with jealousies and appre-'hensions. For when we promote any one ourselves 'we take effectual care to preserve such an ascendant 'over him that we can at any time reduce him to his 'former degree, should he dare to act in opposition to 'our wills; for which reason we never suffer any to 'come near the prince, but such as we are assured it 'is impossible should be capable of engaging or im-'proving his affection; no prime minister, as I appre-'hend, esteeming himself to be safe, while any other 'shares the ear of his prince, of whom we are as jealous 'as the fondest husband can be of his wife. Whoever, 'therefore, can approach him by any other channel than 'that of ourselves, is in our opinion a declared enemy, 'and one whom the first principles of policy oblige us 'to demolish with the utmost expedition. For the af-'fection of kings is as precarious as that of women, and 'the only way to secure either to ourselves is to keep 'all others from them.

'But the archbishop did not let matters rest on sus-'picion. He soon gave open proofs of his interest with 'the confessor, in procuring an office of some importance 'for one Rollo, a Roman of mean extraction, and very 'despicable parts. When I represented to the king the 'indecency of conferring such an honour on such a 'fellow, he answered me, That he was the archbishop's

'relation. Then, Sir, replied I, he is related to your 'enemy. Nothing more passed at that time: but I soon 'perceived by the archbishop's behaviour, that the king 'had acquainted him with our private discourse, a sufficient assurance of his confidence in him, and neglect 'of me.

'The favour of princes, when once lost, is recoverable 'only by the gaining a situation which may make you terrible to them. As I had no doubt of having lost all credit 'with this king, which indeed had been originally founded 'and constantly supported by his fear, so I took the 'method of terror to regain it.

'The Earl of Boulogne coming over to visit the king 'gave me an opportunity of breaking out into open opposition: for as the earl was on his return to France, one 'of his servants, who was sent before to procure lodgings 'at Dover, and insisted on having them in the house of a 'private man in spite of the owner's teeth, was, in a fray 'which ensued, killed on the spot; and the earl himself, 'arriving there soon after, very narrowly escaped with 'his life. The earl, enraged at this affront, returned to 'the king at Gloucester, with loud complaints and 'demands of satisfaction. Edward consented to his demands, and ordered me to chastise the rioters, who were 'under my government as Earl of Kent: but instead of 'obeying these orders, I answered with some warmth, 'that the English were not used to punish people unheard; nor ought their rights and privileges to be 'violated; that the accused should be first summoned: 'if guilty, should make satisfaction both with body and 'estate; but if innocent, should be discharged. Adding, 'with great ferocity, that as Earl of Kent it was my duty 'to protect those under my government against the insults of foreigners.

'This accident was extremely lucky, as it gave my

'quarrel with the king a popular colour; and so ingra-
'tiated me with the people, that when I set up my
'standard, which I soon after did, they readily and cheer-
'fully listed under my banners, and embraced my cause,
'which I persuaded them was their own; for that it was
'to protect them against foreigners that I had drawn my
'sword. The word foreigners with an Englishman hath
'a kind of magical effect, they having the utmost hatred
'and aversion to them, arising from the cruelties they
'suffered from the Danes, and some other foreign nations.
'No wonder therefore they espoused my cause in a
'quarrel which had such a beginning.

'But what may be somewhat more remarkable is, that
'when I afterwards returned to England from banish-
'ment, and was at the head of an army of the Flemish,
'who were preparing to plunder the city of London, I
'still persisted that I was come to defend the English
'from the danger of foreigners, and gained their credit.
'Indeed, there is no lie so gross but it may be imposed
'on the people by those whom they esteem their patrons
'and defenders.

'The king saved his city by being reconciled to me,
'and taking again my daughter whom he had put away
'from him; and thus having frightened the king into
'what concessions I thought proper, I dismissed my
'army and fleet, with which I intended, could I not have
'succeeded otherwise, to have sacked the city of London,
'and ravaged the whole country.

'I was no sooner re-established in the king's favour, or
'what was as well for me, the appearance of it, than I
'fell violently on the archbishop. He had of himself
'retired to his monastery in Normandy; but that did not
'content me, I had him formally banished, the see de-
'clared vacant, and then filled up by another.

'I enjoyed my grandeur a very short time after my

'restoration to it; for the king hating and fearing me to 'a very great degree, and finding no means of openly 'destroying me, at last effected his purpose by poison, 'and then spread abroad a ridiculous story of my wishing 'the next morsel might choke me, if I had had any hand 'in the death of Alfred; and, accordingly, that the next 'morsel, by a divine judgment, stuck in my throat, and 'performed that office.

'This of a statesman was one of my worst stages in the 'other world. It is a post subjected daily to the greatest 'danger and inquietude, and attended with less pleasure, 'and less ease. In a word, it is a pill, which, was it not 'gilded over by ambition, would appear nauseous and 'detestable in the eye of every one; and perhaps that is 'one reason why Minos so greatly compassionates the 'case of those who swallow it: for that just judge told 'me he always acquitted a prime minister who could pro-'duce one single good action in his whole life, let him 'have committed ever so many crimes. Indeed, I under-'stood him a little too largely, and was stepping towards 'the gate: but he pulled me by the sleeve, and, telling 'me no prime minister ever entered there, bid me go 'back again; saying, he thought I had sufficient reason 'to rejoice in escaping the bottomless pit, which half my 'crimes committed in any other capacity would have 'entitled me to.'

CHAPTER XXI.

Julian's adventures in the post of a Soldier.

'I WAS born at Caen in Normandy. My mother's name 'was Matilda; as for my father, I am not so certain; for

'the good woman on her death-bed assured me she her-
'self could bring her guess to no greater certainty than
'to five of Duke William's captains. When I was no
'more than thirteen (being indeed a surprising stout boy
'of my age) I enlisted into the army of Duke William,
'afterwards known by the name of William the Con-
'queror; landed with him at Pemesey, or Pemsey in
'Sussex, and was present at the famous battle of
'Hastings.

'At the first onset it was impossible to describe my
'consternation, which was heightened by the fall of two
'soldiers who stood by me; but this soon abated, and by
'degrees, as my blood grew warm, I thought no more of
'my own safety, but fell on the enemy with great fury,
'and did a good deal of execution; till unhappily I re-
'ceived a wound in my thigh, which rendered me unable
'to stand any longer, so that I now lay among the dead,
'and was constantly exposed to the danger of being
'trampled to death; as well by my fellow-soldiers as by
'the enemy. However, I had the fortune to escape it,
'and continued the remaining part of the day, and the
'night following, on the ground.

'The next morning, the Duke sending out parties to
'bring off the wounded, I was found almost expiring with
'loss of blood; notwithstanding which, as immediate care
'was taken to dress my wounds, youth and a robust con-
'stitution stood my friends, and I recovered, after a long
'and tedious indisposition, and was again able to use my
'limbs and do my duty.

'As soon as Dover was taken I was conveyed thither
'with all the rest of the sick and wounded. Here I re-
'covered of my wound; but fell afterwards into a violent
'flux, which, when it departed, left me so weak that it
'was long before I could regain my strength. And what
'most afflicted me was, that during my whole illness,

'when I languished under want as well as sickness, I had 'daily the mortification to see and hear the riots and 'excess of my fellow-soldiers, who had happily escaped 'safe from the battle.

'I was no sooner well than I was ordered into garrison 'at Dover-castle. The officers here fared very indif- 'ferently; but the private men much worse. We had 'great scarcity of provisions, and, what was yet more in- 'tolerable, were so closely confined for want of room '(four of us being obliged to lie on the same bundle of 'straw) that many died and most sickened.

'Here I had remained about four months, when one 'night we were alarmed with the arrival of the Earl of 'Boulogne, who had come over privily from France, and 'endeavoured to surprise the castle. The design proved 'ineffectual; for the garrison making a brisk sally, most 'of his men where tumbled down the precipice, and he 'returned with a very few back to France. In this action, 'however, I had the misfortune to come off with a broken 'arm; it was so shattered, that besides a great deal of pain 'and misery, which I endured in my cure, I was disabled 'for upwards of three months.

'Soon after my recovery I had contracted an amour 'with a young woman, whose parents lived near the 'garrison, and were in much better circumstances than I 'had reason to expect should give their consent to the 'match. However, as she was extremely fond of me (as 'I was indeed distractedly enamoured of her), they were 'prevailed on to comply with her desires, and the day was 'fixed for our marriage.

'On the evening preceding, while I was exulting with 'the eager expectation of the happiness I was the next 'day to enjoy, I received orders to march early in the 'morning towards Windsor, where a large army was to 'be formed, at the head of which the king intended to

'march into the West. Any person, who hath ever been 'in love, may easily imagine what I felt in my mind, on 'receiving those orders; and what still heightened my 'torments was, that the commanding officer would not 'permit any one to go out of the garrison that evening; 'so that I had not even an opportunity of taking leave 'of my beloved.

'The morning came which was to have put me in the 'possession of my wishes; but alas! the scene was now 'changed, and all the hopes which I had raised were 'now so many ghosts to haunt, and furies to torment me.

'It was now the midst of winter, and very severe 'weather for the season; when we were obliged to make 'very long and fatiguing marches, in which we suffered 'all the inconveniences of cold and hunger. The night 'in which I expected to riot in the arms of my beloved 'mistress I was obliged to take up with a lodging on the 'ground, exposed to the inclemencies of a rigid frost; 'nor could I obtain the least comfort of sleep, which 'shunned me as its enemy. In short, the horrors of that 'night are not to be described, or perhaps imagined. 'They made such an impression on my soul that I was 'forced to be dipped three times in the river Lethe to 'prevent my remembering it in the characters which 'I afterwards performed in the flesh.'

Here I interrupted Julian for the first time, and told him no such dipping had happened to me in my voyage from one world to the other: but he satisfied me by saying, 'That this only happened to those spirits which 'returned into the flesh, in order to prevent that remi-'niscence which Plato mentions, and which would other-'wise cause great confusion in the other world.'

He then proceeded as follows: 'We continued a very 'laborious march to Exeter, which we were ordered to 'besiege. The town soon surrendered, and his majesty

'built a castle there, which he garrisoned with his 'Normans, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one 'of the number.

'Here we were confined closer than I had been at 'Dover; for, as the citizens were extremely disaffected, 'we were never suffered to go without the walls of the 'castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large bodies, 'without the utmost danger. We were likewise kept 'to continual duty, nor could any solicitations prevail 'with the commanding officer to give me a month's 'absence to visit my love, from whom I had no oppor-'tunity of hearing in all my long absence.

'However, in the spring, the people being more quiet, 'and another officer of a gentler temper succeeding to 'the principal command, I obtained leave to go to 'Dover; but alas! what comfort did my long journey 'bring me? I found the parents of my darling in the 'utmost misery at her loss; for she had died, about 'a week before my arrival, of a consumption, which 'they imputed to her pining at my sudden depar-'ture.

'I now fell into the most violent and almost raving fit 'of despair. I cursed myself, the king, and the whole 'world, which no longer seemed to have any delight for 'me. I threw myself on the grave of my deceased love, 'and lay there without any kind of sustenance for two 'whole days. At last hunger, together with the per-'suasions of some people who took pity on me, prevailed 'with me to quit that situation, and refresh myself with 'food. They then persuaded me to return to my post, 'and abandon a place where almost every object I saw 'recalled ideas to my mind, which, as they said, I should 'endeavour with my utmost force to expel from it. This 'advice at length succeeded; the rather, as the father 'and mother of my beloved refused to see me, looking

'on me as the innocent but certain cause of the death 'of their only child.

'The loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the 'most bitter and biting evils which attends human life, 'so it wants the lenitive which palliates and softens 'every other calamity; I mean that great reliever, hope. 'No man can be so totally undone, but that he may still 'cherish expectation: but this deprives us of all such 'comfort, nor can any thing but time alone lessen it. 'This, however, in most minds, is sure to work a slow 'but effectual remedy; so did it in mine: for, within 'a twelvemonth, I was entirely reconciled to my for- 'tune, and soon after absolutely forgot the object of a 'passion from which I had promised myself such extreme 'happiness, and in the disappointment of which I had 'experienced such inconceivable misery.

'At the expiration of the month, I returned to my 'garrison at Exeter: where I was no sooner arrived than 'I was ordered to march into the north, to oppose a 'force there levied by the Earls of Chester and North- 'umberland. We came to York, where his Majesty 'pardoned the heads of the rebels, and very severely 'punished some who were less guilty. It was particu- 'larly my lot to be ordered to seize a poor man, who had 'never been out of his house, and convey him to prison. 'I detested this barbarity, yet was obliged to execute it; 'nay, though no reward would have bribed me in a 'private capacity to have acted such a part, yet so much 'sanctity is there in the commands of a monarch, or 'general to a soldier, that I performed it without reluct- 'ance, nor had the tears of his wife and family any 'prevalence with me.

'But this, which was a small piece of mischief in 'comparison with many of my barbarities afterwards, 'was however the only one which ever gave me any

'uneasiness; for when the king led us afterwards into 'Northumberland to revenge those people's having joined 'with Osborne the Dane in his invasion, and orders 'were given us to commit what ravages we could, I 'was forward in fulfilling them, and among some lesser 'cruelties (I remember it yet with sorrow) I ravished a 'woman, murdered a little infant playing in her lap, 'and then burnt her house. In short, for I have no 'pleasure in this part of my relation, I had my share 'in all the cruelties exercised on those poor wretches; 'which were so grievous, that for sixty miles together, 'between York and Durham, not a single house, 'church, or any other public or private edifice was 'left standing.

'We had pretty well devoured the country, when 'we were ordered to march to the Isle of Ely, to oppose 'Hereward, a bold and stout soldier, who had under 'him a very large body of rebels, who had the impu- 'dence to rise against their king and conqueror (I talk 'now in the same style I did then) in defence of their 'liberties, as they called them. These were soon sub- 'dued; but as I happened (more to my glory than my 'comfort) to be posted in that part through which 'Hereward cut his way, I received a dreadful cut on 'the forehead, a second on the shoulder, and was run 'through the body with a pike.

'I languished a long time with these wounds, which 'made me incapable of attending the king into Scotland. 'However, I was able to go over with him afterwards 'into Normandy, in his expedition against Philip, who 'had taken the opportunity of the troubles in England, 'to invade that province. Those few Normans who had 'survived their wounds, and had remained in the Isle 'of Ely, were all of our nation who went, the rest of 'his army being all composed of English. In a skirmish

'near the town of Mans my leg was broke, and so 'shattered, that it was forced to be cut off.

'I was now disabled from serving longer in the army; 'and accordingly, being discharged from the service, 'I retired to the place of my nativity, where, in extreme 'poverty, and frequent bad health from the many 'wounds I had received, I dragged on a miserable life 'to the age of sixty-three; my only pleasure being to 'recount the feats of my youth, in which narratives I 'generally exceeded the truth.

'It would be tedious and unpleasant to recount to 'you the several miseries I suffered after my return to 'Caen; let it suffice, they were so terrible, that they 'induced Minos to compassionate me, and notwith-'standing the barbarities I had been guilty of in 'Northumberland, to suffer me to go once more back 'to earth.'

CHAPTER XXII.

What happened to Julian in the person of a Tailor.

'FORTUNE now stationed me in a character, which the 'ingratitude of mankind hath put them on ridiculing, 'though they owe to it not only a relief from the 'inclemencies of cold, to which they would otherwise be 'exposed, but likewise a considerable satisfaction of 'their vanity. The character I mean was that of a 'tailor; which, if we consider it with due attention, 'must be confessed to have in it great dignity and 'importance. For, in reality, who constitutes the diff-'erent degrees between men but the tailor? the prince 'indeed gives the title, but it is the tailor who makes

'the man. To his labours are owing the respect of 'crowds, and the awe which great men inspire into their 'beholders, though these are too often unjustly attributed 'to other motives. Lastly, the admiration of the fair is 'most commonly to be placed to his account.

'I was just set up in my trade when I made three 'suits of fine clothes for King Stephen's coronation. 'I question whether the person, who wears the rich coat, 'hath so much pleasure and vanity in being admired in 'it as we tailors have from that admiration; and perhaps 'a philosopher would say he is not so well entitled to 'it. I bustled on the day of the ceremony through the 'crowd, and it was with incredible delight I heard 'several say, as my clothes walked by, Bless me, was 'ever any thing so fine as the Earl of Devonshire! 'Sure he and Sir Hugh Bigot are the two best dressed 'men I ever saw. Now both those suits were of my 'making.

'There would indeed be infinite pleasure in working 'for the courtiers, as they are generally genteel men, 'and show one's clothes to the best advantage, was it 'not for one small discouragement; this is, that they 'never pay. I solemnly protest, though I lost almost 'as much by the court in my life as I got by the city, 'I never carried a suit into the latter with half the 'satisfaction which I have done to the former; though 'from that I was certain of ready money, and from this 'almost as certain of no money at all.

'Courtiers may, however, be divided into two sorts, 'very essentially different from each other; into those 'who never intend to pay for their clothes; and those 'who do intend to pay for them, but never happen to 'be able. Of the latter sort are many of those young 'gentlemen whom we equip out for the army, and who 'are, unhappily for us, cut off before they arrive at pre-

'ferment. This is the reason that tailors in time of war 'are mistaken for politicians by their inquisitiveness into 'the event of battles, one campaign very often proving 'the ruin of half a dozen of us. I am sure I had 'frequent reason to curse that fatal battle of Cardigan, 'where the Welch defeated some of King Stephen's 'best troops, and where many a good suit of mine, 'unpaid for, fell to the ground.

'The gentlemen of this honourable calling have 'fared much better in later ages than when I was of 'it; for now it seems the fashion is, when they appre-'hend their customer is not in the best circumstances, 'if they are not paid as soon as they carry home the 'suit, they charge him in their book as much again as 'it is worth, and then send a gentleman with a small 'scrip of parchment to demand the money. If this be 'not immediately paid, the gentleman takes the beau 'with him to his house, where he locks him up till the 'tailor is contented: but in my time these scrips of 'parchment were not in use; and if the beau disliked 'paying for his clothes, as very often happened, we had 'no method of compelling him.

'In several of the characters which I have related to 'you I apprehend I have sometimes forgot myself, and 'considered myself as really interested as I was when I 'personated them on earth. I have just now caught 'myself in the fact; for I have complained to you as 'bitterly of my customers as I formerly used to do 'when I was the tailor: but, in reality, though there 'were some few persons of very great quality, and some 'others, who never paid their debts; yet those were but 'a few, and I had a method of repairing this loss. My 'customers I divided under three heads: those who paid 'ready money, those who paid slow, and those who 'never paid at all. The first of these, I considered

'apart by themselves, as persons by whom I got a 'certain but small profit. The two last I lumped 'together, making those who paid slow contribute to 'repair my losses by those who did not pay at all. 'Thus, upon the whole, I was a very inconsiderable 'loser, and might have left a fortune to my family, had 'I not launched forth into expenses which swallowed 'up all my gains. I had a wife, and two children. 'These indeed I kept frugally enough; for I half starved 'them; but I kept a mistress in a finer way, for whom 'I had a country house, pleasantly situated on the 'Thames, elegantly fitted up and neatly furnished. 'This woman might very properly be called my mistress; 'for she was most absolutely so; and though her tenure 'was no higher than by my will, she domineered as 'tyrannically as if my chains had been rivetted in the 'strongest manner. To all this I submitted, not through 'any adoration of her beauty, which was indeed but 'indifferent. Her charms consisted in little wanton-'nesses, which she knew admirably well to use in hours 'of dalliance, and which, I believe, are of all things the 'most delightful to a lover.

'She was so profusely extravagant, that it seemed as 'if she had an actual intent to ruin me. This I am sure 'of, if such had been her real intention, she could have 'taken no properer way to accomplish it; nay, I myself 'might appear to have had the same view: for, besides 'this extravagant mistress, and my country house, I kept 'likewise a brace of hunters, rather for that it was 'fashionable so to do than for any great delight I took 'in the sport, which I very little attended; not for want 'of leisure, for few noblemen had so much. All the 'work I ever did was taking measure, and that only of 'my greatest and best customers. I scarce ever cut a 'piece of cloth in my life, nor was indeed much more

'able to fashion a coat than any gentleman in the 'kingdom. This made a skilful servant too necessary to 'me. He knew I must submit to any terms with, or any 'treatment from, him. He knew it was easier for him to 'find another such a tailor as me, than for me to procure 'such another workman as him: for this reason, he 'exerted the most notorious and cruel tyranny, seldom 'giving me a civil word: nor could the utmost conde-'scension on my side, though attended with continual 'presents and rewards, and raising his wages, content 'or please him. In a word, he was as absolutely my 'master as was ever an ambitious, industrious prime 'minister over an indolent and voluptuous king. All 'my other journeymen paid more respect to him than to 'me; for they considered my favour as a necessary 'consequence of obtaining his.

'These were the most remarkable occurrences while I 'acted this part. Minos hesitated a few moments, and 'then bid me get back again, without assigning any 'reason.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Life of Alderman Julian.

'I now revisited England, and was born at London. 'My father was one of the magistrates of that city. He 'had eleven children, of whom I was the eldest. He 'had great success in trade, and grew extremely rich, 'but the largeness of his family rendered it impossible 'for him to leave me a fortune sufficient to live well on, 'independent of business. I was accordingly brought

'up to be a fishmonger: in which capacity I myself 'afterwards acquired very considerable wealth.

'The same disposition of mind, which in princes is 'called ambition, is in subjects named faction. To this 'temper I was greatly addicted from my youth. I was, 'while a boy, a great partisan of Prince John's against 'his brother Richard, during the latter's absence in the 'holy war, and in his captivity. I was no more than 'one-and-twenty when I first began to make political 'speeches in public, and to endeavour to foment dis-'quietude and discontent in the city. As I was pretty 'well qualified for this office by a great fluency of words, 'an harmonious accent, a graceful delivery, and above 'all an invincible assurance, I had soon acquired some 'reputation among the younger citizens, and some of the 'weaker and more inconsiderate of a riper age. This, 'co-operating with my own natural vanity, made me 'extravagantly proud and supercilious. I soon began to 'esteem myself a man of some consequence, and to 'overlook persons every way my superiors.

'The famous Robin Hood, and his companion Little 'John, at this time made a considerable figure in York-'shire. I took upon me to write a letter to the former, 'in the name of the city, inviting him to come to 'London, where I assured him of very good reception, 'signifying to him my own great weight and conse-'quence, and how much I had disposed the citizens in 'his favour. Whether he received this letter or no, I am 'not certain; but he never gave me any answer to it.

'A little afterwards one William Fitz-Osborn, or, as 'he was nick-named, William Long-beard, began to 'make a figure in the city. He was a bold and an 'impudent fellow, and had raised himself to great 'popularity with the rabble by pretending to espouse 'their cause against the rich. I took this man's part,

'and made a public oration in his favour, setting him 'forth as a patriot, and one who had embarked in the 'cause of liberty: for which service he did not receive 'me with the acknowledgments I expected. However, 'as I thought I should easily gain the ascendant over 'this fellow, I continued still firm on his side, till the 'Archbishop of Canterbury, with an armed force, put 'an end to his progress; for he was seized in Bow-'church, where he had taken refuge, and with nine of 'his accomplices hanged in chains.

'I escaped narrowly myself; for I was seized in the 'same church with the rest, and, as I had been very 'considerably engaged in the enterprise, the archbishop 'was inclined to make me an example; but my father's 'merit, who had advanced a considerable sum to Queen 'Eleanor, towards the king's ransom, preserved me.

'The consternation my danger had occasioned kept me 'some time quiet, and I applied myself very assiduously 'to my trade. I invented all manner of methods to 'enhance the price of fish, and made use of my utmost 'endeavours to engross as much of the business as 'possible in my own hands. By these means I ac-'quired a substance which raised me to some little 'consequence in the city; but far from elevating me 'to that degree, which I had formerly flattered myself 'with possessing, at a time when I was totally insig-'nificant; for in a trading society money must at least 'lay the foundation of all power and interest.

'But as it hath been remarked that the same ambition 'which sent Alexander into Asia brings the wrestler on 'the green; and as this same ambition is as incapable as 'quicksilver of lying still; so I, who was possessed, 'perhaps, of a share equal to what hath fired the blood 'of any of the heroes of antiquity, was no less restless 'and discontented with ease and quiet. My first

'endeavours were to make myself head of my company, 'which Richard I. had just published, and soon after- 'wards I procured myself to be chosen alderman.

'Opposition is the only state which can give a subject 'an opportunity of exerting the disposition I was pos- 'sessed of. Accordingly King John was no sooner 'seated on his throne than I began to oppose his 'measures, whether right or wrong. It is true that 'monarch had faults enow. He was so abandoned to 'lust and luxury that he addicted himself to the most 'extravagant excesses in both, while he indolently 'suffered the King of France to rob him of almost 'all his foreign dominions: my opposition therefore 'was justifiable enough; and if my motive from within 'had been as good as the occasion from without I should 'have had little excuse: but, in truth, I sought nothing 'but my own preferment, by making myself formidable 'to the king, and then selling to him the interest of that 'party by whose means I had become so. Indeed had 'the public good been my care, however zealously I 'might have opposed the beginning of his reign, I 'should not have scrupled to lend him my utmost 'assistance in the struggle between him and Pope 'Innocent the Third, in which he was so manifestly in 'the right; nor have suffered the insolence of that pope, 'and the power of the King of France, to have com- 'pelled him in the issue basely to resign his crown into 'the hands of the former, and receive it again as a vassal; 'by means of which acknowledgment the pope after- 'wards claimed this kingdom as a tributary fief to be 'held of the papal chair. A claim which occasioned 'great uneasiness to many subsequent princes, and 'brought numberless calamities on the nation.

'As the king had, among other concessions, stipulated to 'pay an immediate sum of money to Pandulph, which he

'had great difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary 'for him to apply to the city, where my interest and popu- 'larity were so high that he had no hopes without my 'assistance. As I knew this, I took care to sell myself 'and country as high as possible. The terms I demanded, 'therefore, were a place, a pension, and a knighthood. 'All those were immediately consented to. I was forth- 'with knighted, and promised the other two.

'I now mounted the hustings, and, without any regard 'to decency or modesty, made as emphatical a speech in 'favour of the king as before I had done against him. In 'this speech I justified all those measures which I had 'before condemned, and pleaded as earnestly with my 'fellow citizens to open their purses as I had formerly 'done to prevail with them to keep them shut. But, 'alas! my rhetoric had not the effect I proposed. The 'consequence of my arguments was only contempt to 'myself. The people at first stared on one another, and 'afterwards began unanimously to express their dislike. 'An impudent fellow among them, reflecting on my 'trade, cried out, Stinking Fish; which was immediately 'reiterated through the whole crowd. I was then forced to 'slink away home; but I was not able to accomplish my 'retreat without being attended by the mob, who huzza'd 'me along the street with the repeated cries of Stinking 'Fish.

'I now proceeded to court to inform his majesty of my 'faithful service, and how much I had suffered in his 'cause. I found by my first reception he had already 'heard of my success. Instead of thanking me for my 'speech, he said, the city should repent of their ob- 'stinacy; for that he would show them who he was: 'and so saying, he immediately turned that part to me, 'to which the toe of man hath so wonderful an affection, 'that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself con-

'veniently, to keep our toes from the most violent and 'ardent salutation of it.

'I was a little nettled at this behaviour, and with some 'earnestness claimed the king's fulfilling his promise; 'but he retired without answering me. I then applied 'to some of the courtiers, who had lately professed 'great friendship to me, had eat at my house, and in- 'vited me to theirs: but not one would return me 'any answer, all running away from me, as if I had been 'seized with some contagious distemper. I now found 'by experience that as none can be so civil, so none can 'be ruder than a courtier.

'A few moments after the king's retiring I was left 'alone in the room, to consider what I should do, or 'whither I should turn myself. My reception in the city 'promised itself to be equal at least with what I found 'at court. However, there was my home, and thither it 'was necessary I should retreat for the present.

'But, indeed, bad as I apprehended my treatment in 'the city would be, it exceeded my expectation. I rode 'home on an ambling pad through crowds, who ex- 'pressed every kind of disregard and contempt; pelting 'me not only with the most abusive language, but with 'dirt. However, with much difficulty, I arrived at last 'at my own house, with my bones whole, but covered 'over with filth.

'When I was got within my doors, and had shut them 'against the mob, who had pretty well vented their 'spleen, and seemed now contented to retire; my wife, 'whom I found crying over her children, and from whom 'I hoped some comfort in my afflictions, fell upon me in 'the most outrageous manner. She asked me, why I 'would venture on such a step without consulting her; 'she said, her advice might have been civilly asked, if I 'was resolved not to have been guided by it. That,

'whatever opinion I might have conceived of her under-
'standing, the rest of the world thought better of it.
'That I had never failed when I had asked her counsel,
'nor ever succeeded without it; with much more of the
'same kind, too tedious to mention; concluding that it
'was a monstrous behaviour to desert my party, and
'come over to the court. An abuse which I took worse
'than all the rest, as she had been constantly for several
'years assiduous in railing at the opposition, in siding
with the court-party, and begging me to come over to it.
'And especially after my mentioning the offer of knight-
'hood to her, since which time she had continually inter-
'rupted my repose with dinning in my ears the folly of
'refusing honours and of adhering to a party, and to
'principles by which I was certain of procuring no
'advantage to myself and my family.

'I had now entirely lost my trade, so that I had not
'the least temptation to stay longer in a city where I was
'certain of receiving daily affronts and rebukes. I there-
'fore made up my affairs with the utmost expedition, and,
'scraping together all I could, retired into the country;
'where I spent the remainder of my days in universal
'contempt, being shunned by every body, perpetually
'abused by my wife, and not much respected by my
'children.

'Minos told me, though I had been a very vile fellow,
'he thought my sufferings made some atonement, and so
'bid me take the other trial.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

Julian recounts what happened to him while he was a Poet.

'ROME was now the seat of my nativity, where I was born 'of a family more remarkable for honour than riches. I was 'intended for the church, and had a pretty good educa-'tion; but my father dying while I was young, and 'leaving me nothing, for he had wasted his whole patri-'mony, I was forced to enter myself in the order of men-'dicants.

'When I was at school I had a knack of rhyming, 'which I unhappily mistook for genius, and indulged to 'my cost; for my verses drew on me only ridicule, and I 'was in contempt called The Poet.

'This humour pursued me through my life. My first 'composition after I left school was a panegyric on pope 'Alexander the Fourth, who then pretended a project of 'dethroning the King of Sicily. On this subject I com-'posed a poem of about fifteen thousand lines, which with 'much difficulty I got to be presented to his holiness, of 'whom I expected great preferment as my reward; but I 'was cruelly disappointed: for when I had waited a 'year, without hearing any of the commendations I had 'flattered myself with receiving, and being now able to 'contain no longer, I applied to a jesuit, who was my 'relation, and had the pope's ear, to know what his holi-'ness's opinion was of my work. He coldly answered 'me that he was at that time busied in concerns of too 'much importance to attend the reading of poems.

'However dissatisfied I might be, and really was, with 'this reception; and however angry I was with the pope, 'for whose understanding I entertained an immoderate

'contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a second 'attempt. Accordingly, I soon after produced another 'work, entitled, The Trojan Horse. This was an 'allegorical work, in which the church was introduced 'into the world, in the same manner as that machine had 'been into Troy. The priests were the soldiers in its 'belly, and the heathen superstition the city to be 'destroyed by them. This poem was written in Latin. 'I remember some of the lines:

'*Mundanos scandit fatalis machina muros,*
'*Farta sacerdotum turmis: exinde per alvum*
'*Visi exire omnes, magno cum murmure olentes.*
'*Non aliter quàm cum humanis furibundus ab antris*
'*It sonus et nares simul aura invadit hiantes.*
'*Mille scatent et mille alii; trepidare timore*
'*Ethnica gens cœpit: falsi per inane volantes*
'*Effugere Dei—Desertaque templa relinquunt.*
'*Jam magnum crepitavit equus, mox orbis et alti*
'*Ingemuere poli: tunc tu pater, ultimus omnium,*
'*Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus equinum*
'*Deseris, heu proles meliori digne parente.*'

I believe Julian, had I not stopt him, would have gone through the whole poem (for, as I observed, in most of the characters he related, the affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on earth, still made some impression on him); but I begged him to omit the sequel of the poem, and proceed with his history. He then recollected himself, and, smiling at the observation which by intuition he perceived I had made, continued his narration as follows:—

'I confess to you,' says he, 'that the delight in repeating 'our own works is so predominant in a poet that I find 'nothing can totally root it out of the soul. Happy 'would it be for those persons if their hearers could be 'delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that '*ingens solitudo* complained of by Horace: for the vanity

'of mankind is so much greedier and more general than 'their avarice, that no beggar is so ill received by them 'as he who solicits their praise.

'This I sufficiently experienced in the character of a 'poet; for my company was shunned (I believe on this 'account chiefly) by my whole house: nay, there were 'few who would submit to hear me read my poetry, even 'at the price of sharing in my provisions. The only 'person who gave me audience was a brother poet; he 'indeed fed me with commendation very liberally: but 'as I was forced to hear and commend in my turn I 'perhaps bought his attention dear enough.

'Well, Sir, if my expectations of the reward I hoped 'from my first poem had baulked me, I had now still 'greater reason to complain; for instead of being 'preferred or commended for the second, I was enjoined 'a very severe penance by my superior for ludicrously 'comparing the pope to a fart. My poetry was now the 'jest of every company, except some few who spoke of 'it with detestation; and I found that instead of recom-'mending me to preferment, it had effectually barred me 'from all probability of attaining it.

'These discouragements had now induced me to lay 'down my pen, and write no more. But, as Juvenal 'says,

—Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Consuetudo mali.

'I was an example of the truth of this assertion: for I 'soon betook myself again to my muse. Indeed, a poet 'hath the same happiness with a man who is doatingly 'fond of an ugly woman. The one enjoys his muse, 'and the other his mistress, with a pleasure very little 'abated by the esteem of the world, and only under-'values their taste for not corresponding with his own.

'It is unnecessary to mention any more of my poems; 'they had all the same fate; and though in reality some 'of my latter pieces deserved (I may now speak it 'without the imputation of vanity) a better success, as 'I had the character of a bad writer, I found it im- 'possible ever to obtain the reputation of a good one. 'Had I possessed the merit of Homer I could have 'hoped for no applause; since it must have been a 'profound secret; for no one would now read a syllable 'of my writings.

'The poets of my age were, as I believe you know, 'not very famous. However, there was one of some 'credit at that time, though I have the consolation to 'know his works are all perished long ago. The 'malice, envy, and hatred I bore this man are incon- 'ceivable to any but an author, and an unsuccessful 'one; I never could bear to hear him well spoken of, 'and writ anonymous satires against him though I had 'received obligations from him; indeed I believe it 'would have been an absolute impossibility for him at 'any rate to have made me sincerely his friend.

'I have heard an observation which was made by 'some one of later days, that there are no worse men 'than bad authors. A remark of the same kind hath 'been made on ugly women, and the truth of both stands 'on one and the same reason, *viz.*, that they are both 'tainted with that cursed and detestable vice of envy; 'which, as it is the greatest torment to the mind it 'inhabits, so is it capable of introducing into it a total 'corruption, and of inspiring it to the commission of the 'most horrid crimes imaginable.

'My life was but short; for I soon pined myself to 'death with the vice I just now mentioned. Minos told 'me, I was infinitely too bad for Elysium; and as for 'the other place, the devil had sworn he would never

'entertain a poet for Orpheus's sake: so I was forced to 'return again to the place from whence I came.'

CHAPTER XXV.

Julian performs the parts of a Knight and a Dancing Master.

'I NOW mounted the stage in Sicily, and became a 'knight-templar; but, as my adventures differ so little 'from those I have recounted you in the character of a 'common soldier, I shall not tire you with repetition. 'The soldier and the captain differ in reality so little 'from one another, that it requires an accurate judgment 'to distinguish them; the latter wears finer clothes, and 'in times of success lives somewhat more delicately; but 'as to every thing else, they very nearly resemble one 'another.

'My next step was into France, where fortune assigned 'me the part of a dancing-master. I was so expert in 'my profession that I was brought to court in my youth, 'and had the heels of Philip de Valois, who afterwards 'succeeded Charles the Fair, committed to my direction.

'I do not remember that in any of the characters in 'which I appeared on earth I ever assumed to myself a 'greater dignity, or thought myself of more real im- 'portance than now. I looked on dancing as the greatest 'excellence of human nature, and on myself as the 'greatest proficient in it. And, indeed, this seemed to 'be the general opinion of the whole court; for I was 'the chief instructor of the youth of both sexes, whose 'merit was almost entirely defined by the advances they 'made in that science which I had the honour to profess.

'As to myself, I was so fully persuaded of this truth, 'that I not only slighted and despised those who were 'ignorant of dancing; but I thought the highest 'character I could give of any man was that he made a 'graceful bow: for want of which accomplishment I 'had a sovereign contempt for most persons of learning; 'nay, for some officers in the army, and a few even of the 'courtiers themselves.

'Though so little of my youth had been thrown away 'in what they call literature that I could hardly write 'and read, yet I composed a treatise on education; the 'first rudiments of which, as I taught, were to instruct a 'child in the science of coming handsomely into a room. 'In this I corrected many faults of my predecessors, 'particularly that of being too much in a hurry, and 'instituting a child in the sublimer parts of dancing 'before they are capable of making their honours.

'But, as I have not now the same high opinion of my 'profession which I had then, I shall not entertain you 'with a long history of a life which consisted of borées 'and coupées. Let it suffice that I lived to a very old age, 'and followed my business as long as I could crawl. At 'length I revisited my old friend Minos, who treated me 'with very little respect, and bade me dance back again 'to earth.

'I did so, and was now once more born an English- 'man, bred up to the church, and at length arrived to 'the station of a bishop.

'Nothing was so remarkable in this character, as my 'always voting—*.'

* Here part of the manuscript is lost, and that a very considerable one, as appears by the number of the next book and chapter, which contains, I find, the history of Anna Boleyn; but as to the manner in which it was introduced, or to whom the narrative is told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to remark, that this chapter is, in the original, writ in a

BOOK XIX.

CHAPTER VII.

Wherein Anna Boleyn relates the history of her life.

'I AM going now truly to recount a life, which from the 'time of its ceasing has been, in the other world, the 'continual subject of the cavils of contending parties; 'the one making me as black as hell, the other as pure 'and innocent as the inhabitants of this blessed place; 'the mist of prejudice blinding their eyes, and zeal for 'what they themselves profess making every thing appear 'in that light, which they think most conduces to its 'honour.

'My infancy was spent in my father's house, in those 'childish plays, which are most suitable to that state, and 'I think this was one of the happiest parts of my life; 'for my parents were not among the number of those 'who look upon their children as so many objects of a 'tyrannic power, but I was regarded as the dear pledge 'of a virtuous love, and all my little pleasures were 'thought from their indulgence their greatest delight. 'At seven years old I was carried into France with the 'king's sister, who was married to the French king, 'where I lived with a person of quality, who was an 'acquaintance of my father's. I spent my time in learn-'ing those things necessary to give young persons of 'fashion a polite education, and did neither good nor

woman's hand: and though the observations in it are, I think, as excellent as any in the whole volume, there seems to be a difference in style between this and the preceding chapters; and as it is the character of a woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was really written by one of that sex.

'evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way, 'till I was fourteen; then began my anxiety, my vanity 'grew strong, and my heart fluttered with joy at every 'compliment paid to my beauty: and as the lady, with 'whom I lived, was of a gay, cheerful disposition, she 'kept a great deal of company, and my youth and 'charms made me the continual object of their admi-'ration. I passed some little time in those exulting 'raptures, which are felt by every woman perfectly 'satisfied with herself and with the behaviour of others 'towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be 'maid of honour to her majesty. The court was fre-'quented by a young nobleman whose beauty was the 'chief subject of conversation in all assemblies of ladies. 'The delicacy of his person, added to a great softness 'in his manner, gave every thing he said and did such 'an air of tenderness, that every woman he spoke to 'flattered herself with being the object of his love. I 'was one of those who was vain enough of my own 'charms to hope to make a conquest of him whom the 'whole court sighed for: I now thought every other 'object below my notice; yet the only pleasure I pro-'posed to myself in this design was the triumphing over 'that heart, which I plainly saw all the ladies of the 'highest quality and the greatest beauty would have 'been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be 'very artful; but nature, without any assistance, soon 'discovers to a man, who is used to gallantry, a woman's 'desire to be liked by him, whether that desire arises from 'any particular choice she makes of him, or only from 'vanity. He soon perceived my thoughts, and gratified 'my utmost wishes by constantly preferring me before 'all other women, and exerting his utmost gallantry and 'address to engage my affections. This sudden happi-'ness, which I then thought the greatest I could have

'had, appeared visible in all my actions; I grew so gay,
'and so full of vivacity, that it made my person appear
'still to a better advantage, all my acquaintance pre-
'tending to be fonder of me than ever: though, young
'as I was, I plainly saw it was but pretence, for, through
'all their endeavours to the contrary, envy would often
'break forth in sly insinuations, and malicious sneers,
'which gave me fresh matter of triumph, and frequent
'opportunities of insulting them; which I never let slip,
'for now first my female heart grew sensible of the
'spiteful pleasure of seeing another languish for what
'I enjoyed. Whilst I was in the height of my happiness
'her majesty fell ill of a languishing distemper, which
'obliged her to go into the country for the change of
'air; my place made it necessary for me to attend her,
'and which way he brought it about I can't imagine,
'but my young hero found means to be one of that
'small train that waited on my royal mistress, although
'she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the
'interviews I had ever had with him were in public,
'and I only looked on him as the fitter object to feed
'that pride which had no other view but to show its
'power; but now the scene was quite changed. My
'rivals were all at a distance: the place we went to
'was as charming as the most agreeable natural situ-
'ation, assisted by the greatest art, could make it;
'the pleasant solitary walks, the singing of birds, the
'thousand pretty romantic scenes this delightful place
'afforded, gave a sudden turn to my mind, my whole
'soul was melted into softness, and all my vanity was
'fled. My spark was too much used to affairs of this
'nature not to perceive this change; at first the profuse
'transports of his joy made me believe him wholly
'mine, and this belief gave me such happiness, that
'no language affords words to express it, and can be

'only known to those who have felt it. But this 'was of a very short duration, for I soon found I had 'to do with one of those men, whose only end in the 'pursuit of a woman is to make her fall a victim to an 'insatiable desire to be admired. His designs had suc- 'ceeded, and now he every day grew colder, and, as if 'by infatuation, my passion every day increased; and, 'notwithstanding all my resolutions and endeavours to 'the contrary, my rage at the disappointment at once 'both of my love and pride, and at the finding a passion 'fixed in my breast I knew not how to conquer, broke 'out into that inconsistent behaviour which must always 'be the consequence of violent passions. One moment 'I reproached him, the next I grew to tenderness and 'blamed myself, and thought I fancied what was not 'true: he saw my struggle, and triumphed in it; but, 'as he had not witnesses enough there of his victory 'to give him the full enjoyment of it, he grew weary of 'the country and returned to Paris, and left me in a 'condition it is utterly impossible to describe. My mind 'was like a city up in arms, all confusion: and every 'new thought was a fresh disturber of my peace. Sleep 'quite forsook me, and the anxiety I suffered threw me 'into a fever which had like to have cost me my life. 'With great care I recovered; but the violence of the 'distemper left such a weakness on my body that the 'disturbance of my mind was greatly assuaged; and 'now I began to comfort myself in the reflection that 'this gentleman's being a finished coquet was very likely 'the only thing could have preserved me; for he was 'the only man from whom I was ever in any danger. By 'that time I was got tolerably well we returned to Paris; 'and I confess I both wished and feared to see this cause 'of all my pain: however, I hoped, by the help of my 'resentment, to be able to meet him with indifference.

'This employed my thoughts till our arrival. The next 'day there was a very full court to congratulate the queen 'on her recovery; and among the rest my love appeared 'dressed and adorned, as if he designed some new con- 'quest. Instead of seeing a woman he despised and 'slighted, he approached me with that assured air which 'is common to successful coxcombs. At the same time 'I perceived I was surrounded by all those ladies who 'were on his account my greatest enemies: and, in 'revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make 'a ridiculous figure. This situation so perplexed my 'thoughts, that when he came near enough to speak to 'me, I fainted away in his arms. (Had I studied which 'way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to 'have done any thing to have pleased him more.) Some 'that stood by brought smelling-bottles, and used means 'for my recovery; and I was welcomed to returning life 'by all those ill-natured repartees which women enraged 'by envy are capable of venting. One cried, Well, I 'never thought my lord had any thing so frightful in his 'person, or so fierce in his manner as to strike a young 'lady dead at the sight of him. No, no, says another, 'some ladies' senses are more apt to be hurried by 'agreeable than disagreeable objects. With many more 'such sort of speeches which shewed more malice than 'wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with 'but just strength enough to move, I crawled to my 'coach and hurried home. When I was alone, and 'thought on what had happened to me in a public court, 'I was at first driven to the utmost despair; but after- 'wards, when I came to reflect, I believe this accident 'contributed more to my being cured of my passion 'than any other could have done. I began to think 'the only way to pique a man who had used me so 'barbarously, and to be revenged on my spiteful rivals,

'was to recover that beauty, which was then languid,
'and had lost its lustre, to let them see I had still charms
'enough to engage as many lovers as I could desire, and
'that I could yet rival them who had thus cruelly in-
'sulted me. These pleasing hopes revived my sinking
'spirits, and worked a more effectual cure on me than all
'the philosophy and advice of the wisest men could have
'done. I now employed all my time and care in adorn-
'ing my person, and studying the surest means of en-
'gaging the affections of others, while I myself continued
'quite indifferent; for I resolved for the future, if ever
'one soft thought made its way to my heart, to fly the
'object of it, and by new lovers to drive the image from
'my breast. I consulted my glass every morning, and
'got such a command of my countenance that I could
'suit it to the different tastes of a variety of lovers; and
'though I was young, for I was not yet above seventeen,
'yet my public way of life gave me such continual oppor-
'tunities of conversing with men, and the strong desire
'I now had of pleasing them, led me to make such con-
'stant observations on every thing they said or did, that
'I soon found out the different methods of dealing with
'them. I observed that most men generally liked in
'women what was most opposite to their own characters;
'therefore, to the grave solid man of sense I endeavoured
'to appear sprightly and full of spirit; to the witty and
'gay, soft and languishing; to the amorous (for they
'want no increase of their passions), cold and reserved;
'to the fearful and backward, warm and full of fire, and
'so of all the rest. As to beaus, and all those sort of
'men, whose desires are centred in the satisfaction of
'their vanity, I had learned by sad experience the only
'way to deal with them was to laugh at them, and let
'their own good opinion of themselves be the only support
'of their hopes. I knew, while I could get other followers,

'I was sure of them; for the only sign of modesty 'they ever give is that of not depending on their own 'judgments, but following the opinions of the greatest 'number. Thus furnished with maxims, and grown wise 'by past errors, I in a manner began the world again: 'I appeared in all public places handsomer and more 'lively than ever, to the amazement of every one who 'saw me, and had heard of the affair between me and 'my lord. He himself was much surprised and vexed 'at this sudden change, nor could he account how it was 'possible for me so soon to shake off those chains he 'thought he had fixed on me for life, nor was he willing 'to lose his conquest in this manner. He endeavoured 'by all means possible to talk to me again of love, but 'I stood fixed to my resolution (in which I was greatly 'assisted by the crowd of admirers that daily surrounded 'me), never to let him explain himself; for notwith-'standing all my pride, I found the first impression the 'heart receives of love is so strong that it requires the 'most vigilant care to prevent a relapse. Now I lived 'three years in a constant round of diversions, and was 'made the perfect idol of all the men that came to court 'of all ages and all characters. I had several good 'matches offered me, but I thought none of them equal 'to my merit; and one of my greatest pleasures was to 'see those women, who had pretended to rival me, often 'glad to marry those whom I had refused. Yet, not-'withstanding this great success of my schemes, I cannot 'say I was perfectly happy; for every woman that was 'taken the least notice of, and every man that was 'insensible to my arts, gave me as much pain as 'all the rest gave me pleasure; and sometimes little 'underhand plots, which were laid against my designs, 'would succeed in spite of my care: so that I really 'began to grow weary of this manner of life, when

'my father, returning from his embassy in France, 'took me home with him, and carried me to a little 'pleasant country-house, where there was nothing grand 'or superfluous, but every thing neat and agreeable; 'there I led a life perfectly solitary. At first, the time 'hung very heavy on my hands, and I wanted all kind 'of employment, and I had very like to have fallen into 'the height of the vapours, from no other reason but 'from want of knowing what to do with myself. But 'when I had lived here a little time I found such a calm-'ness in my mind, and such a difference between this 'and the restless anxieties I had experienced in a court, 'that I began to share the tranquillity that visibly ap-'peared in every thing round me. I set myself to do 'works of fancy, and to raise little flower-gardens, with 'many such innocent rural amusements; which, although 'they are not capable of affording any great pleasure, 'yet they give that serene turn to the mind, which I 'think much preferable to any thing else human nature 'is made susceptible of. I now resolved to spend the rest 'of my days here, and that nothing should allure me 'from this sweet retirement, to be again tossed about 'with tempestuous passions of any kind. Whilst I was 'in this situation, my Lord Piercy, the Earl of Northum-'berland's eldest son, by an accident of losing his way 'after a fox-chase, was met by my father about a mile 'from our house; he came home with him, only with a 'design of dining with us; but was so taken with me 'that he stayed three days. I had too much experience 'in all affairs of this kind not to see presently the in-'fluence I had on him; but I was at that time so 'entirely free from all ambition, that even the prospect 'of being a countess had no effect on me; and I then 'thought nothing in the world could have bribed me 'to have changed my way of life. This young lord,

'who was just in his bloom, found his passion so strong
'he could not endure a long absence, but returned again
'in a week, and endeavoured, by all the means he could
'think of, to engage me to return his affection. He
'addressed me with that tenderness and respect, which
'women on earth think can flow from nothing but real
'love: and very often told me, that unless he could
'be so happy, as by his assiduity and care to make him-
'self agreeable to me, although he knew my father would
'eagerly embrace any proposals from him, yet he would
'suffer that last of miseries of never seeing me more,
'rather than owe his own happiness to any thing that
'might be the least contradiction to my inclinations. This
'manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and
'generous, that by degrees it raised a sensation in me,
'which I know not how to describe, nor by what name
'to call it; it was nothing like my former passion; for
'there was no turbulence, no uneasy waking nights
'attending it, but all I could with honour grant to oblige
'him appeared to me to be justly due to his truth and
'love, and more the effect of gratitude than of any desire
'of my own. The character I had heard of him from
'my father at my first returning to England, in dis-
'coursing of the young nobility, convinced me that, if I
'was his wife, I should have the perpetual satisfaction of
'knowing every action of his must be approved by all
'the sensible part of mankind; so that very soon I began
'to have no scruple left but that of leaving my little
'scene of quietness, and venturing again into the world.
'But this, by his continual application and submissive
'behaviour, by degrees entirely vanished, and I agreed
'he should take his own time to break it to my father,
'whose consent he was not long in obtaining; for such a
'match was by no means to be refused. There remained
'nothing now to be done but to prevail with the Earl of

'Northumberland to comply with what his son so 'ardently desired; for which purpose he set out imme- 'diately for London, and begged it as the greatest favour 'that I would accompany my father, who was also to go 'thither the week following. I could not refuse his 'request, and as soon as we arrived in town he flew to 'me with the greatest raptures to inform me his father 'was so good, that, finding his happiness depended on his 'answer, he had given him free leave to act in this affair 'as would best please himself, and that he had now no 'obstacle to prevent his wishes. It was then the be- 'ginning of the winter, and the time for our marriage 'was fixed for the latter end of March: the consent of 'all parties made his access to me very easy, and we 'conversed together both with innocence and pleasure. 'As his fondness was so great that he contrived all the 'methods possible to keep me continually in his sight, he 'told me one morning he was commanded by his father 'to attend him to court that evening, and begged I would 'be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used 'to act as he would have me that I made no difficulty of 'complying with his desire. Two days after this I was 'very much surprised at perceiving such a melancholy in 'his countenance, and alteration in his behaviour, as I 'could no way account for; but by importunity, at last 'I got from him, that Cardinal Wolsey, for what reason 'he knew not, had peremptorily forbid him to think any 'more of me: and, when he urged that his father was not 'displeased with it, the cardinal, in his imperious manner, 'answered him, he should give his father such convincing 'reasons why it would be attended with great incon- 'veniences, that he was sure he could bring him to be of 'his opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave 'him no opportunity of replying. I could not imagine 'what design the cardinal could have in intermeddling in

'this match, and I was still more perplexed to find that 'my father treated my Lord Piercy with much more 'coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both won- 'dered what could possibly be the cause of all this. But 'it was not long before the mystery was all made clear 'by my father, who, sending for me one day into his 'chamber, let me into a secret which was as little wished 'for as expected. He began with the surprising effects 'of youth and beauty, and the madness of letting go 'those advantages they might procure us till it was too 'late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back 'again. I stood amazed at this beginning; he saw my 'confusion, and bid me sit down and attend to what he 'was going to tell me, which was of the greatest conse- 'quence; and he hoped I would be wise enough to take 'his advice, and act as he should think best for my future 'welfare. He then asked me if I should not be much 'pleased to be a queen? I answered with the greatest 'earnestness, that so far from it, I would not live in a 'court again to be the greatest queen in the world: that 'I had a lover who was both desirous and able to raise 'my station, even beyond my wishes. I found this dis- 'course was very displeasing; my father frowned, and 'called me a romantic fool, and said, if I would hearken 'to him he could make me a queen; for the cardinal had 'told him, that the king, from the time he saw me at 'court the other night, liked me; and intended to get a 'divorce from his wife, and to put me in her place; and 'ordered him to find some method to make me a maid of 'honour to her present majesty, that in the mean time 'he might have an opportunity of seeing me. It is im- 'possible to express the astonishment these words threw 'me into: and notwithstanding that the moment before, 'when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very 'sincere in my declaration, how much it was against

'my will to be raised so high: yet now the prospect 'came nearer, I confess my heart fluttered, and my 'eyes were dazzled with a view of being seated on a 'throne. My imagination presented before me all the 'pomp, power, and greatness, that attend a crown; and I 'was so perplexed I knew not what to answer, but re-'mained as silent as if I had lost the use of my speech. 'My father, who guessed what it was that made me in 'this condition, proceeded to bring all the arguments he 'thought most likely to bend me to his will; at last, I 'recovered from this dream of grandeur, and begged him, 'by all the most endearing names I could think of, not to 'urge me dishonourably to forsake the man, who I was 'convinced would raise me to an empire, if in his power, 'and who had enough in his power to give me all I 'desired. But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted 'that by next week I should prepare myself to go to 'court: he bid me consider of it, and not prefer a ridi-'culous notion of honour to the real interest of my whole 'family, but, above all things, not to disclose what he 'had trusted me with. On which he left me to my own 'thoughts. When I was alone I reflected how little real 'tenderness this behaviour shewed to me, whose happi-'ness he did not at all consult; but only looked on me 'as a ladder, on which he could climb to the height of 'his own ambitious desires: and, when I thought on his 'fondness for me in my infancy, I could impute it to 'nothing, but either the liking me as a plaything, or the 'gratification of his vanity in my beauty. But I was too 'much divided between a crown and my engagement to 'Lord Piercy to spend much time in thinking of anything 'else; and although my father had positively forbid me, 'yet, when he came next, I could not help acquainting 'him with all that had passed, with the reserve only of 'the struggle in my own mind on the first mention of

'being a queen. I expected he would have received the 'news with the greatest agonies; but he shewed no vast 'emotion; however, he could not help turning pale; and, 'taking me by the hand, looked at me with an air of 'tenderness, and said, If being a queen will make you 'happy, and it is in your power to be so, I would not for 'the world prevent it, let me suffer what I will. This 'amazing greatness of mind had on me quite the contrary 'effect from what it ought to have had; for instead of 'increasing my love for him, it almost put an end to it, 'and I began to think, if he could part with me, the 'matter was not much. And I am convinced, when any 'man gives up the possession of a woman, whose consent 'he has once obtained, let his motive be ever so generous, 'he will disoblige her. I could not help shewing my dis-'satisfaction, and told him, I was very glad this affair sat 'so easily on him. He had not power to answer, but was 'so suddenly struck with this unexpected ill-natured turn 'I gave his behaviour, that he stood amazed for some 'time, and then bowed and left me. Now I was again 'left to my own reflections; but to make any thing intel-'ligible out of them is quite impossible; I wished to be a 'queen, and wished I might not be one; I would have 'my Lord Piercy happy without me; and yet I would 'not have the power of my charms be so weak that he 'could bear the thought of life after being disappointed in 'my love. But the result of all these confused thoughts 'was a resolution to obey my father. I am afraid there 'was not much duty in the case, though at that time I 'was glad to take hold of that small shadow to save me 'from looking on my own actions in the true light. 'When my lover came again I looked on him with that 'coldness that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself 'of all importunity: for since I had resolved to use him 'ill I regarded him as the monument of my shame, and

'his every look appeared to me to upbraid me. My 'father soon carried me to court; there I had no very hard 'part to act; for, with the experience I had had of man-'kind, I could find no great difficulty in managing a man 'who liked me, and for whom I not only did not care, 'but had an utter aversion to: but this aversion he 'believed to be virtue; for how credulous is a man who 'has an inclination to believe! And I took care some-'times to drop words of cottages and love, and how 'happy the woman was who fixed her affections on a 'man in such a station of life, that she might shew her 'love without being suspected of hypocrisy or mercenary 'views. All this was swallowed very easily by the 'amorous king, who pushed on the divorce with the 'utmost impetuosity, although the affair lasted a good 'while, and I remained most part of the time behind the 'curtain. Whenever the king mentioned it to me I used 'such arguments against it as I thought the most likely 'to make him the more eager for it; begging, that unless 'his conscience was really touched, he would not on my 'account give any grief to his virtuous queen; for, in 'being her handmaid, I thought myself highly honoured; 'and that I would not only forego a crown, but even 'give up the pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather 'than wrong my royal mistress. This way of talking, 'joined to his eager desire to possess my person, con-'vinced the king so strongly of my exalted merit that he 'thought it a meritorious act to displace the woman (whom 'he could not have so good an opinion of, because he 'was tired of her), and to put me in her place. After 'about a year's stay at court, as the king's love to me 'began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove 'me, that there might be no umbrage given to the 'queen's party; I was forced to comply with this, 'though greatly against my will; for I was very jealous

'that absence might change the king's mind. I retired
'again with my father to his country-seat; but it had no
'longer those charms for me which I once enjoyed there;
'for my mind was now too much taken up with ambition
'to make room for any other thoughts. During my stay
'here, my royal lover often sent gentlemen to me with
'messages and letters, which I always answered in the
'manner I thought would best bring about my designs,
'which were to come back again to court. In all the
'letters that passed between us, there was something so
'kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and
'submissive in mine, that I sometimes could not help
'reflecting on the difference betwixt this correspondence
'and that with Lord Piercy; yet I was so pressed forward
'by the desire of a crown, I could not think of turning
'back. In all I wrote I continually praised his resolu-
'tion of letting me be at a distance from him, since at
'this time it conduced indeed to my honour; but what
'was of ten times more weight with me, I thought it was
'necessary for his; and I would sooner suffer any thing
'in the world than be any means of hurt to him,
'either in his interest, or reputation. I always gave
'some hints of ill-health, with some reflections how
'necessary the peace of the mind was to that of the
'body. By these means I brought him to recal me again
'by the most absolute command, which I for a little time
'artfully delayed (for I knew the impatience of his
'temper would not bear any contradiction), till he made
'my father in a manner force me to what I most wished,
'with the utmost appearance of reluctance on my side.
'When I had gained this point, I began to think which
'way I could separate the king from the queen, for
'hitherto they lived in the same house. The Lady Mary,
'the queen's daughter, being then about sixteen, I

'sought for emissaries of her own age, that I could 'confide in, to instil into her mind disrespectful thoughts 'of her father, and make a jest of the tenderness of his 'conscience about the divorce. I knew she had 'naturally strong passions, and that young people of that 'age are apt to think those that pretend to be their 'friends are really so, and only speak their minds freely; 'I afterwards contrived to have every word she spoke of 'him carried to the king; who took it all as I could wish, 'and fancied those things did not come at first from the 'young lady, but from her mother. He would often talk 'of it to me, and I agreed with him in his sentiments; 'but then, as a great proof of my goodness, I always 'endeavoured to excuse her, by saying, a lady so long 'time used to be a royal queen might naturally be a 'little exasperated with those she fancied would throw 'her from that station she so justly deserved. By these 'sort of plots I found the way to make the king angry 'with the queen; for nothing is easier than to make a 'man angry with a woman he wants to be rid of, and 'who stands in the way between him and his pleasures: 'so that now the king, on the pretence of the queen's 'obstinacy, in a point where his conscience was so 'tenderly concerned, parted with her. Everything was 'now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to 'let the king alone to his own desires; and I had no 'reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but 'that they would urge him on to do every thing I aimed 'at. I was created Marchioness of Pembroke. This 'dignity sat very easy on me; for the thoughts of a much 'higher title took from me all feeling of this; and I 'looked upon being a marchioness as a trifle, not that I 'saw the bauble in its true light, but because it fell short 'of what I had figured to myself I should soon obtain.

'The king's desires grew very impatient, and it was not 'long before I was privately married to him. I was no 'sooner his wife, than I found all the queen come upon 'me; I felt myself conscious of royalty, and even the 'faces of my most intimate acquaintance seemed to me to 'be quite strange. I hardly knew them, height had 'turned my head, and I was like a man placed on a 'monument, to whose sight all creatures at a great 'distance below him, appear like so many little pigmies 'crawling about on the earth; and the prospect so greatly 'delighted me, that I did not presently consider that in 'both cases descending a few steps erected by human 'hands would place us in the number of those very 'pigmies who appeared so despicable. Our marriage 'was kept private for some time, for it was not thought 'proper to make it public (the affair of the divorce not 'being finished) till the birth of my daughter Elizabeth 'made it necessary. But all who saw me knew it; for 'my manner of speaking and acting was so much 'changed with my station, that all around me plainly 'perceived I was sure I was a queen. While it was a 'secret I had yet something to wish for; I could not be 'perfectly satisfied till all the world was acquainted with 'my fortune: but when my coronation was over, and I 'was raised to the height of my ambition, instead of find-'ing myself happy, I was in reality more miserable than 'ever; for, besides that the aversion I had naturally to 'the king was much more difficult to dissemble after 'marriage than before, and grew into a perfect detesta-'tion, my imagination, which had thus warmly pursued 'a crown, grew cool when I was in the possession of it, 'and gave me time to reflect what mighty matter I had 'gained by all this bustle; and I often used to think my-'self in the case of the fox-hunter, who, when he has

'toiled and sweated all day in the chace, as if some un-
'heard-of blessing was to crown his success, finds, at last,
'all he has got by his labour is a stinking nauseous
'animal. But my condition was yet worse than his; for
'he leaves the loathsome wretch to be torn by his hounds,
'whilst I was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend
'him to be the object of my love. For the whole time
'I was in this envied, this exalted state, I led a continual
'life of hypocrisy, which I now know nothing on earth
'can compensate. I had no companion but the man I
'hated. I dared not disclose my sentiments to any
'person about me; nor did any one presume to enter
'into any freedom of conversation with me; but all who
'spoke to me talked to the queen, and not to me; for
'they would have said just the same things to a dressed-
'up puppet, if the king had taken a fancy to call it his
'wife. And as I knew every woman in the court was
'my enemy, from thinking she had much more right
'than I had to the place I filled, I thought myself as
'unhappy as if I had been placed in a wild wood, when
'there was no human creature for me to speak to, in
'a continual fear of leaving any traces of my footsteps,
'lest I should be found by some dreadful monster, or
'stung by snakes and adders; for such are spiteful
'women to the objects of their envy. In this worst of
'all situations I was obliged to hide my melancholy and
'appear cheerful. This threw me into an error the other
'way, and I sometimes fell into a levity in my behaviour
'that was afterwards made use of to my disadvantage. I
'had a son dead born, which I perceived abated some-
'thing of the king's ardour; for his temper could not
'brook the least disappointment. This gave me no
'uneasiness; for, not considering the consequences, I
'could not help being best pleased when I had least of his

'company. Afterwards I found he had cast his eyes on 'one of my maids of honour; and, whether it was owing 'to any art of hers, or only to the king's violent passions, 'I was in the end used even worse than my former 'mistress had been by my means. The decay of the 'king's affection was presently seen by all those court-'sycophants who continually watch the motions of royal 'eyes; and the moment they found they could be heard 'against me they turned my most innocent actions 'and words, nay, even my very looks, into proofs of the 'blackest crimes. The king, who was impatient to enjoy 'his new love, lent a willing ear to all my accusers, who 'found ways of making him jealous that I was false to 'his bed. He would not so easily have believed any 'thing against me before, but he was now glad to flatter 'himself that he had found a reason to do just what he 'had resolved upon without a reason; and on some slight 'pretences, and hearsay evidence, I was sent to the 'Tower, where the lady, who was my greatest enemy, 'was appointed to watch me and lie in the same chamber 'with me. This was really as bad a punishment as my 'death; for she insulted me with those keen reproaches 'and spiteful witticisms, which threw me into such 'vapours and violent fits that I knew not what I uttered 'in this condition. She pretended I had confessed 'talking ridiculous stuff with a set of low fellows whom 'I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed 'on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was 'brought to my trial, and to blacken me the more, 'accused of conversing criminally with my own brother, 'whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked 'on him in any other light than as my friend. However, 'I was condemned to be beheaded, or burnt, as the king 'pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great

'remains of his love, to choose the mildest sentence. I 'was much less shocked at this manner of ending my life 'than I should have been in any other station: but I had 'had so little enjoyment from the time I had been a 'queen that death was the less dreadful to me. The 'chief things that lay on my conscience were the arts I 'had made use of to induce the king to part with the 'queen, my ill usage of Lady Mary, and my jilting Lord 'Piercy. However, I endeavoured to calm my mind 'as well as I could, and hoped these crimes would be 'forgiven me; for in other respects I had led a very 'innocent life, and always did all the good-natured 'actions I found any opportunity of doing. From the 'time I had it in my power I gave a great deal of money 'amongst the poor, I prayed very devoutly, and went to 'my execution very composedly. Thus I lost my life at 'the age of twenty-nine, in which short time I believe I 'went through more variety of scenes than many people 'who live to be very old. I had lived in a court where 'I spent my time in coquetry and gaiety: I had ex- 'perienced what it was to have one of those violent 'passions which makes the mind all turbulence and 'anxiety. I had had a lover whom I esteemed and 'valued, and, at the latter part of my life, I was raised 'to a station as high as the vainest woman could wish. 'But in all these various changes I never enjoyed any 'real satisfaction, unless in the little time I lived retired 'in the country free from all noise and hurry; and while 'I was conscious I was the object of the love and esteem 'of a man of sense and honour.'

On the conclusion of this history, Minos paused for a small time, and then ordered the gate to be thrown open for Anne Boleyn's admittance; on the considera- tion, that whoever had suffered being a queen for four

years, and been sensible during all that time of the real misery which attends that exalted station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had done to obtain it.*

* Here ends this curious manuscript; the rest being destroyed in rolling up pens, tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped heedless people will henceforth be more cautious what they burn, or use to other vile purposes; especially when they consider the fate which had likely to have befallen the divine Milton; and that the works of Homer were probably discovered in some chandler's shop in Greece.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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